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It is perhaps not too much to say that Mr. Crosby is the only English-speaking traveller from whose pen may just now be expected an independent discussion of the grave questions of world politics presented by the British expedition to Tibet. An interesting feature of the book is a study of the effect upon human society of climate and religious influences at work through the vast region traversed—from the Caspian Sea through Turkestan to the Tibetan Plateau. The journey was not by any means an easy one. At one part of the journey they travelled [illegible] uninhabited wastes for forty days during which [illegible]n was seen. The burning heat of the deserts [illegible]r changed for the destroying cold of the glacier [illegible]s, 18,000 feet above the sea.

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Yak-caravan on the Saser Glacier, in a snow-mist, 18,000 feet elevation.

Yak-caravan on the Saser Glacier, in a snow-mist, 18,000 feet elevation.

TIBET AND TURKESTAN

A JOURNEY THROUGH OLD LANDS AND A STUDY OF NEW CONDITIONS

BY

OSCAR TERRY CROSBY, F.R.G.S.

ILLUSTRATED

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK AND LONDON
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PREFACE

THE reader need not fear that he is here invited to traverse the weary marches of a traveller's diary. In the following pages, incidents have been subordinated to the things suggested by them.

The journey herein recounted was made in the latter half of the year 1903. As I have many other duties in life than those of travel and writing, the preparation of this book has been of fitful and slow process.

Although originally undertaking the expedition alone, it was by happy chance that I met in Tiflis Captain Fernand Anginieur of the French Army, who became a companion for the journey and a friend for life. He shared with me the responsibilities of every kind that were to be met after a telegraphed authorisation from his War Minister permitted him definitely to cast his lot with mine.

I wish more of my compatriots could meet and know such Frenchmen as are typified in Anginieur. "Brilliant but superficial and frivolous" is a hasty judgment which one often hears from English-speaking critics of the French. "Brilliant, loyal, and earnest"—such is the type whom one finds in making the acquaintance of my friend Anginieur.

As to the route followed by us: starting at the Caspian Sea, we went by rail eastward through Russian Turkestan to Andijan; thence by caravan, over the Trans-Alaï Mountains to Kashgar in Chinese

Turkestan; thence skirting the Taklamakan desert, through Yarkand and Khotan to Polu, a village on the slopes of the Kuen Lun Mountains; thence up to the Tibetan plateau, whose north-west corner we explored, passing through the unknown region called Aksai Chin; thence out through Ladak and Kashmir to Rawal Pindi on the railway; thence to Bombay.

The disasters which overtook us on the plateau were those more or less familiar in the recitals of other adventurers into this most difficult land. We travelled for eight weeks, never at altitudes less than 15,500 feet, often rising to 18,500 feet. The country is quite barren and uninhabited, and the cold is extreme. Hence the ponies rapidly die, thus imperilling the lives of men, who, at such elevations, must have transport. The hardships were in every respect more severe than those experienced by me in a considerable journey in Africa—from Somaliland to Khartoum.

The Turkestan region, at a much lower level than Tibet (about 3500 feet), offered little difficulty. Its historical interest is great, and has direct relation with the development of European civilisation. Geographically and topographically the Central Asian region differs so much from familiar lands that it must be closely studied in order to be understood.

In many parts of Asia (but not all), the civilisations, both past and present, have had as their physical basis a highly developed irrigation system. Consideration of the facts presented to the traveller and to the student has led me to conclude that *irrigation-civilisations* are of a special type. They are easily distinguishable, not only from commercial or

military societies, but also from agricultural societies of the kind familiar to us in Europe and America. Such a view of the matter, when properly worked out in detail of proof and conclusion, seems to me to contain the key to certain historical problems of the first importance. In the following pages it has not been possible to do much more than to state the theme; I hope to give it full treatment at a later date. Meanwhile, I shall be gratified if the interest of some inquiring and critical minds should be awakened by the suggestions now presented.

In Western and Eastern Turkestan, respectively, the traveller may observe, and compare, Russian and Chinese colonial administration. Most interesting are the indications thus given of the characteristics of two peoples now challenging the world's closest attention. Incidentally, one is of course drawn to consider the general relation of Europe to Asia. I trust that if any of my readers have been uneasy as to the Yellow Peril, these pages may quiet some fears and awaken some charities.

The recent British attack upon Tibet is of much more moment, I believe, than would be inferred from the isolated situation and relative weakness of the Tibetan people. Although at this writing the withdrawal of all British representation from Tibet may seem to leave matters almost *in statu quo ante*, it can scarcely be presumed that so considerable an effort will be permanently left without result. The whole affair seems to have been largely due to one man—the late Viceroy, Lord Curzon. London influences seem never to have gone heartily into this lamentable excursion, and the treaty dictated by

the Viceroy was emasculated by the Home Government. But a fixed source of irritation has been created. Ultimate re-conquest by the stronger party will doubtless be the result; and permanent occupation of Tibet, as provided by the Curzon or Younghusband treaty, will doubtless be established. In such case a new situation arises in Asian politics. The two great rivals, Russia and England, will knock at China's *back door*, hidden from our view.

Discussion of the history and institutions of Tibet and of the present political situation occupies a considerable part of my text. Knowledge of the geographical situation is of the utmost importance in dealing with these topics. I feel myself fortunate in that no official obligation of any kind burdens me in the expression of the opinions that have arisen from such direct observation and subsequent study as I have made. It is, I believe, true that all others (save perhaps Sven Hedin) who have visited these secluded regions in recent years are more or less embarrassed by some official or personal ties. It is not meant by this to assail the honesty of the views expressed by the two correspondents (Messrs. Landon and Candler) who were permitted to go with Colonel Younghusband, and who have written very interesting and valuable accounts of the historic march to Lhasa. Yet it may fairly be expected that men who have been given such unique favour by official influence should either openly approve the official policy or maintain a gentlemanly reserve. In differing with the authors just named as to the wisdom of the Tibetan War, considered only as affecting the material interests of the Empire, I

find myself in accord with many opinions emanating from men of weight in England. The moral aspects of the matter demand the deepest concern of all citizens of the predatory states constituting the "civilised world." That this particular war finds, even in England, only apologists rather than partisans, must be taken as a sign of progress away from violence.

In considering polyandry, the peculiar marriage institution of the Tibetans, I have been led to point out the dependence of all marital forms upon property considerations. The special adaptation of Tibetan unions (of various sorts) to peculiar land-conditions is, I trust, presented in a manner which will convince without offending.

Perhaps many of those who may read this book are less concerned than is the writer about religion in general. To such it will doubtless seem that the faith and the works of Mohammedans and Buddhists are too frequently put in contrast with the corresponding elements in the life of Christendom. And to some it may seem that this contrast is urged with prejudice against the religion of our Western world. But prejudice lies not in the mind of one who believes, as I do, that all thoughts, acts, and things are, alike, the creations of one Power. Hence concerning the philosophisings which may be encountered in these pages only two charges may be held possible—honest error in the substance and unconscious faults in the treatment.

Among recent works (not given in the bibliography of Tibet in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, ninth edition), the following may be mentioned as helpful,

Mr. W. W. Rockhill's *Land of the Lamas*, M. Grenard's *Le Tibet*, and Mr. Landon's *Opening of Tibet* are the most important works, in English or French, bearing on this subject. The recital of Sarat Chandra Das, an East Indian surveyor who went to Lhasa some ten years ago, is of value and is in English. The journeys made by Sven Hedin, Welby, Deasey, Bowers, Littledale, and Bonvalot have been also put before the world in instructive form. The British Blue-books are as a mine of wealth—but the gold must be separated from the dross therein, which is bulky and cumbersome because of the repetitions involved in printing hierarchical correspondence. The British public chiefly, and the general reading world beside, have been already stirred by the revelations contained in the Blue-books from which considerable extracts appear in appendices to this volume. The careful reader will desire to be refreshed concerning his recollections of these official recitals; hence the rather lengthy citations.

It is hoped that the Tibetan songs appearing in an appendix will be appreciated, not only for their literary value, but also for the intimate view afforded by them of the characteristics of a people who are as yet very unfamiliar to us. A considerable collection of such songs has been made by several of the Moravian missionaries at Leh. This graceful work, added to their more serious undertaking, should win for these noble men a general gratitude.

O. T. C.

WASHINGTON, D. C., U. S. A.
September 1, 1905.

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TIBET AND TURKESTAN

TIBET AND TURKESTAN

CHAPTER I

RUSSIAN TURKESTAN — ACROSS BLACK SANDS — FROM KRASNOVODSK TO ANDIJAN

SERIOUS changes, of international importance, are about to be made in Central Asia, where conditions are known but vaguely, except to certain officials who can speak only in accord with the policies they serve, and to a few travellers. Concerning the actualities in Turkestan and Tibet, there is an English administration point of view—which is loudly proclaimed; a Russian administration point of view—which is imperfectly known to Western Europe; a Chinese administration point of view, which cannot be frankly expressed by the Peking Government; a Tibetan point of view, which is vainly uttered to the unresponsive snows; and an independent point of view, which I endeavour here to set forth. When one observes the activities of three great empires, four great religions, and a dozen races, interacting among conditions whose simplicity permits sharp definition, he may perchance see things that are somewhat hidden in the larger, overwhelming world to which we belong.

On the map of Central Asia, not many years ago, it was all Turkestan. Now it is Russian Turkestan and Chinese Turkestan. Soon it will be simply Russia.

You may, if you care to, get aboard with me at Krasnovodsk, on Caspia's shores, and sweep across the black deserts to Bokhara, Samarcand, Andijan; thence onward, but not by rail, to far Tibet. The little special car which you enter will make us comfortable enough—that is, comfortable as may be in a July crossing of hot sands. I shall first telegraph my thanks, anent the car, to the Russian Railway Minister, acknowledging his great courtesy in caring for an American traveller who has no special claims upon him. Then let me introduce to you your travelling companions—Captain Fernand Anginieur of the French army, and myself. He and I have known each other just three days. We met in Tiflis, over there in the Caucasus, on the other side of the sea. Captain Anginieur intends going the length of the Trans-Caspian railway; and since he has heard of my plans *in re* Tibet, is already revolving a request to his Ministry for permission to go with me. You are to know him very well, and hence you will like him very well. Meanwhile he helps to fill with cheerfulness the cozy little carriage, which contains a bedroom, a sitting-room, a wee storeroom, where the moujik makes tea, and a toilet room *with a shower-bath!* Think of that, O dusty traveller, even of the first class! Think of that and envy us, while we vow many candles to Prince Khilkoff, Minister of Railways.

Whether the moujik stands up all night in the

kitchen or whether he sleeps in the narrow corridor, we know not; he is always at hand, always making tea, which we are always drinking. He is an ideal porter-valet-cook combination. Let me present to you also Joseph, our interpreter. He was found in Tiflis; he speaks French admirably, and of Oriental tongues, Russian, Persian, Turki, Armenian, a little Arabic, and, if there be a surviving dialect of it, Chaldean, for by race Joseph is a Chaldean; he lived until recently in Persia; he was educated by a French missionary; has journeyed as far as Kashgar with French travellers, and promises to go there,—yea, even beyond Kashgar—with us. He is a rather weak little man, honest, I believe, and well informed —altogether a superior representative of that disappointing class, Asiatic Christians. He called me "Excellence" until he discovered that my purse and manner made no special response. Joseph is travelling second-class, but he is a neat person and does n't look rumpled in the mornings. He forages at the well-appointed railway restaurants which are a precious fruit of Russian civilisation. We go forward to the dining-car; yes—there is a dining-car in Turkestan! In it are plenteous vegetable soups, cucumbers *ad infinitum*, good meats, cold drinks. The service is slow, but clean enough. Here you meet the Russian officials and their wives going to distant duty in the queer places which now bear the Czar's yoke and enjoy the Czar's peace. Here, too, you may meet, on this particular journey, three charming young French gentlemen, who are going as far as Samarcand, thence returning, and up the Volga—thence across Siberia. Two of them are

École Polytechnique men—both sons of prominent railway officials. Their culture is wider and deeper than that of young American or English engineers. In observing a given thing they see more of its relations with the rest of the universe than we ordinarily see.

You and I, O Anglo-Saxon spirit-companion, shall find that our forty-year wisdom may learn much from twenty-five-year French intuition, and we shall learn to doubt the meaning of the word "decadence" as applied to the ripest — but not rottenest—people of our European world. A suggestive thing it was to watch Anginieur and these other temperate, complicated, critical, sensitive, intellectual Frenchmen in their amused association with the lusty, simple, strong, confident, physical Russians. What strange secrets hath nature in the mixing of clay to make men! Some sure bond there undoubtedly is between chemistry and psychology, but alas! the formula of that bond is the Great Secret which man, I think, shall never know. Thus it was that I could but ruminate and wonder, while listening for hours to the explosive French jargon of a young Russian officer, whose hairy breast heaved, whose bold, kind eyes glistened, whose brow ran wet while he drank at us, jested with us, rattled all the cups of the dining-car, and explained by his sole personality the measureless strength of his people. A mere commentary on this personality seemed the conquered deserts through whose heats we travelled, —whose children we saw quietly gathered at the stations which had been battle-fields whereon the Cossack Christ overcame the Turcoman Mahomet.

When the great bridge across the Amou Daria—the classic Oxus—has been passed, when our reluctant eyes have again turned from its cool flow to the dark, hot sands, the Russian officer recalls to us the hardship his people suffered in constructing this railway, which is a mighty engine of war, and a yet stronger implement for peace. The Oxus once flowed to the Caspian Sea—but the Amou Daria flows to the Aral basin; truly an erratic, radical change to be made by a great, dignified river. Yet not less radical has been the change in the political destiny of all the vast region which the river traverses. And as there is now no other basin to which it would seem possible that its waters could run, so there seems no other power than Russia which could govern this Central Asian region. Neither of these parallel propositions shall here be argued at length, but a relief map and a skeleton history would establish both.

Bokhara is our first halting-place. We find and monopolise the three rooms of a decent boarding-house near the station, in the small Russian settlement. Here is the residence of the Czar's representative who "advises" the Emir—and whose advice is so singularly sound that it is always followed. The relation thus established is one of the oldest in political history, and may safely be recommended to any strong power desiring to economise its strength, while never ceasing to threaten and "protect" the weaker one.

From the Russian town we drive over to the native city — fifty thousand people or more protected by several miles of sand from the rush of the

desecrating locomotive. The bazaars are like animated tunnels, being narrow streets covered over with matting or boughs that the sun's intemperate rays may not burn up the busy movement of parti-coloured people who patter back and forth, passing the squatting merchants. You enter by way of melons—quantities of them, on both sides the big city gate; you progress through brass-work, ironmongery, saddlery, butchery, cookery; then you are in a sort of focus of bazaars, and the appetising fumes from open-air restaurants may float temptation in half-a-dozen directions. Near by are sweetmeats, then brilliant skullcaps, then European calicos, then true, fascinating Bokhara silks; then, around a corner, are equally fascinating rugs, then sweetmeats, then spices, vegetables and all garden truck and then—and then—so it goes through all the series of wants of this Mussulman ant-hill. Not many women are seen, but the colour-effects of the crowd are made startling by the backs of men clad in gay hues. At the silk counters are a few ladies, formless in their all-enclosing cloaks, the long black veils falling like a great ink stain on a coloured page. Through little windows sewed jealously in the veiling, or around its perilous edge, their unseen eyes peer at the soft tissues of strange designs, and their low, controlled voices urge a zestful bargain to tardy conclusion,—so sweet is that universal communion between Possession and Desire. The very close concealment of women's faces seems here to be proportioned, when compared with fashion in other Mussulman cities, to the reputation for superior sanctity so long enjoyed by Bokhara. Its teachers

In the heart of Bokhara—" city water-works."

Photo by Comte Berlier.

have gone out to preach the very letter of the Koran —the letter of rigid practice among the Faithful, and of rigid hate against the Infidel. Until the day of the railway, the European's presence in any one of Bokhara's eighty mosques (somehow fabled to be three hundred and sixty-five) was ever a probable cause of riot.

But all this has been changed by the Russians. One is now as safe in the Emir's territory as in Moscow. His army, which we saw manœuvring handsomely under its native officers, has been organised by Russian advice and is tamely uniformed and armed in European fashion. Because he feels irritated by the watchful supervision of the Muscovite; because he is saddened by the vain show of emasculated power, which is now all that remains of a former omnipotence; because he is a lazy lover of luxurious ease—for one or all of such surmised reasons, the Emir has left the rather tawdry palace just outside the city's walls, and now dwells in retirement some thirty or forty miles away, returning only on state occasions or when some unusual occurrence draws him to his capital. We were told that such visits were not relished by his subjects, over whom the vestige of his power may yet be tyrannically exercised in many petty matters.

One must not, however, take too literally the point of view adopted by European administrators, or their native sycophants, in a subjugated Asiatic state. Practices that seem the sheerest abuse of power, even to the Russian, may yet be not disliked in these communities, whose traditions and whose present sentiments we but dimly apprehend. Nor

should occasional violence be taken as conclusive evidence of a radically bad status. Were the game of interference played among populations less pliable than those making up the majorities in Central Asia, it would certainly be found that the benefit of mere regularity in a foreign-born government would not be accepted as against native, though violent and tyrannical rule. The truth of this proposition has been abundantly shown in the fierce resistance of Bokhara's neighbour state — Afghanistan — to British or Russian domination. But the Turkestan majorities are sheep-like people, accustomed ever to be mastered by some hardier, wandering folk from the far east plains of Mongolia or the nearer steppes and mountain valleys wherein irrigation methods are impossible, and hence where the struggle of man for daily bread and comfortable shelter develops those qualities which make conquerors of wanderers, or more yielding rebels of those who plough the stiff soil for an uncertain crop.

Not generally in the study of history's lessons have we sufficiently emphasised the special characteristics due to the unvarying fertility, the enervating facility, and the great vulnerability of irrrigation systems. Societies have been divided into nomadic, agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial types. The distinction that has not been clearly made and studied in its very important results is that which makes a separate class of the irrigating agriculturist — safe against climatic risks; crowded in small holdings; dependent on combined action for the construction of irrigation works; the ready victim of any violence which seizes some certain ditch. Con-

trast him with his brother who lives by the grace of uncertain rains; forced to a prevision which makes the lean year borrow from the fat; able to live wide away from his neighbour, developing thereby an independent individualism which may ripen into civil order and liberty; each farmer whose land has its own water-supply capable of making some military resistance.

There is not space in these pages to develop an unfamiliar principle which has its demonstrations and applications in the foundation and growth of almost all human history. We must ask a large exercise of inferential reasoning, based upon the scant suggestions which have been outlined, or a large faith on the part of those whose tastes refuse to drudge the details out of which generalisations are made. To leave this subject, without leaving the country through which our journey now takes us, is hard indeed; yet it is a duty which one owes to the general reader, who, according to all sound morality, should not be dragooned into being a specialist. Let it go at this—the *dense*, *settled* populations of cultivators and small tradesmen in all the great artificial oases of Turkestan (Russian and Chinese) are like so many fat sheep when viewed by predatory wolves such as you and I, or such as the fierce mountain tribes or hardy nomads. Down any bazaar in Bokhara, Samarcand, Andijan, Kashgar, Yarkand, Khotan, you and I, each armed with but a shillalah, might victoriously drive the herded, happy people, provided always that there chanced not to be within the herd some Kirghiz, mountain Afghan, or nomad Turcoman. What you and I can do others

have done—and thus the checkered history of Central Asia and India has been written for lo! these many centuries.[1]

Again we rumble over black sands, leaving the gardens and groves of Bokhara behind us. We have seen the city as Alexander saw it, save that it was larger, I think, in his day, and perhaps there were no cotton-fields round about. Now we shall see Samarcand—glorious from Tamerlane's day—notable indeed when, as Marcando, it was destroyed by his great Greek predecessor. A little farther he marched north-eastward, but Samarcand may fairly be said to be the proper monument of Alexander's extremest reach in this direction, and only the Czar's recent conquests have ever carried European arms farther into Asia's heart. Here also may be marked the western verge of China's power, whose long arm once reached—only to be withdrawn—toward the great monuments which Tamerlane had left. This conqueror, who was of the Mongolian, virile strain,

[1] The vast development of irrigation work now progressing in the far Western States of America will inexorably produce, generations hence, a type far less hardy in mental constitution than that which we now present. Were it not that these new regions are part of a vast country chiefly filled with people who must fight uncertainties, and were it not that no great neighbour lies close to their irrigated field, we might well hesitate to produce the conditions which shall, in turn, be the source of enormous wealth and little virility. Mesopotamia, Egypt, Bengal, Middle China, Mexico! Since the first ditch was dug in your yielding soils—how many billions of slaves have been engendered, fed, and reclaimed in death by your thirsting sands! How many fretting tyrants have come down, with the fresh mountain dews upon their brows, to riot in your slave-breeding plains, and fatally to breed a later race of slaves, whose necks have also bent to later mountain men!

Beauties (?) of Bokhara.

put upon Samarcand the crown of empire. Here he builded—and some rulers after him—the great mosques and tombs whose white-and-blue beauty it is so hard to suggest in words. Under their spell, even an unimaginative American may feel the same enthusiasm which moved a cultivated French traveller, M. Hugues Krafft, to express himself as follows:

"Worthy of taking rank among the masterpieces of architecture, the 'great monuments of Samarcand' ought to be known equally with the most majestic edifices of the Greeks, the Romans, our Gothic cathedrals of France, and the most celebrated creations of the Italian Renaissance.

. . . . . .

"Beyond the bridge commences the native city. The shops, the tea-counters follow each other, almost without interruption, along a gentle rise, up to the basin which immediately precedes the Reghistan. Here one is at the heart of 'old Samarcand,' at the centre of all the bazaars and in the midst of the population's most feverish movement. . . . Should I live a hundred years I should ever retain the extraordinary impression left upon me by the first sight of the Reghistan, with its *madrasas* and its many-coloured masses. . . . The horses of our light phaeton moving at a furious gallop, we made way through the Asiatic crowd ranged, immobile, on either side of the highway, and through people on foot and on horse, whom the stationed police scattered as best they could. Along the whole distance, the Sarts, hands crossed on breast, bowed and bent one after the other; and I might have thought myself an Oriental sovereign passing before his subjects, had I not known that these humble salutations were addressed solely to my companion (the Russian

Governor). Thus there was a hasty view of the Reghistan filled with moving shops and with Mussulmans; of porticos and of minarets bright with shining faience which glistened in the sun. Beyond, there was the first sight of the majestic walls of Bibi Khanim and of the innumerable multitude which surged around them. Then, still farther, the marvellous view which dominates the plateau of Afrâsiâb and the sandy slopes occupied by the mosques of the Châh-Zindi. The impression which I experienced from this succession of fairy-like spectacles was so strong that I could scarce utter a word, wholly overcome by an extraordinary emotion, little guessed by my companion, doubtless long since accustomed to so much splendour. How many times since have I seen these scintillating monuments, that motley crowd, without ever tiring of the sight!"

The most graceful of the marvellous structures, raised here by a tyrant's power, is a monument to the power of a yet more universal tyrant, him whom all delight to honour, the great god Love. Tamerlane had many wives, probably loved many; for it is a proof of a certain largeness of nature that a man's heart should go out to many women, willing, wanting to be loved. But chiefly this heart of many mansions was filled by love for Bibi Khanim, a fair maid from far Cathay. And when God took her away from the Emperor, he commanded her name to be given to this structure, great and beautiful as their love had been. Later, when mountain and desert and river had been crossed, I saw in the world of India another most beautiful monument to a dead queen, who pleased another Mussulman Emperor, and whose bones now lie in the Taj Mahal, at

Agra—in the Taj Mahal, priceless pearl of architecture.

Think of it—polygamous Asia's two most lovely structures are monuments to the triumph of woman's charm for man. Can the system, then, be all unjust, or all unhappy, or all wrong *for the given conditions* of climate, geography, topography, and, finally, of temperament? Perhaps so—yet, then, a wrong ordained by the Power. We of European condition have been made to develop much monogamy with responsibilities, and some polygamy without responsibilities. Asia and Africa have been made to develop much polygamy, some monogamy, and some polyandry, all with responsibility. There is plainly a difference of social adaptability—as there are differences of flora and fauna. Let us cease to curse our divergent neighbour. Let us cease to worship tribal gods, race gods, continental gods,—let us try to feel that all trees and all men and all relations of things have been made by the same power and that they constantly obey it.

At Samarcand Captain Anginieur and I were agreeably entertained by General Madinsky, Governor-General, in the spacious, handsome official residence. His goodness took practical form in the gift to me of an excellent Smith and Wesson. So perfect is the Czar's peace, that the General said he was tired of keeping a loaded weapon, a use for which had not occurred in many years of wandering throughout Russian Turkestan. I was glad to get even so small an addition to my armory—which then consisted only of one Mauser pistol. The woes are many of him who would acquire arms of defence

in Russia. The old army rifles, now discarded, are tantalisingly numerous in the arsenals, and tantalisingly cheap, if only one could obtain permission to buy them. But even for a Russian officer such permission is by no means a matter of course—and only the War Minister may give it. Of course, a dealer cannot handle military arms—only sporting pieces and pistols; perhaps you may buy the shot-guns (smooth-bores) without permit: for pistols, written permission is required, and report must be made of the purchase. The *impromptu* is not encouraged in Russia.

Surely, surely, the Russian, soldier or civilian, will woefully lack initiative—surely he is but a weak competitor with, let us say, the American, if measured man for man in the strife of war or industry. A hard saying, it may be thought, when one's mind dwells upon the brilliant intellects which may be met in St. Petersburg, or the faithful, patient moujik who is seen all over the great Empire. A hard saying, it may seem, when one thinks also of the courteous, watchful, intelligent officers who administer the wide lands through which our journey takes us —who have created the substantial little white cities that guard the big black native towns. But they are too few—too few. And it remains, that if the *average* individual were strong in himself, then we should not see the cancelled columns of newspapers in hotel reading-rooms—for the man in the street would then be wise enough to read whatever the London, Paris, or New York papers chose to publish. We would not see the Jewish woman I chanced to meet in the Moscow police office, asking in vain

The boy-bayadères of Bokhara.

that she be allowed, without special report on each occasion, to go and come between the city and a near-by suburb whither her work carried her twice a week; for the average Russian would then be able to protect himself against the Jewish competition by ordinary means; while now his inferior intelligence makes necessary the brutal methods of protection which American workmen once used against Chinese coolies. We would not hear Russian officers congratulating themselves on having duty in the relatively easy-going borders of the Empire, because there excessive bureaucracy is sheer impossibility.

It is in these border lands, I believe, that Russia will learn the lesson of ordered individualism which shall transform and glorify her future. I cannot forget the most vivacious Russian whom I met *en route* from Moscow to Tiflis—a young electrical engineer who emphasised the fact that he was a *Siberian*, and because of that he insisted that he could understand America. Nor shall I forget the jolly station-master at Krasnovodsk, who refused the fifteen roubles offered out of deference to the false tradition which makes every Russian a bribe-taker, while he indicated that he would accept a lot of French magazines because their outlook was larger than the native literature. Nor shall I forget the ladies in the household of the Natchalik—colonel commanding the Osh District. There were mother and daughter, and two young friends from Tashkent, capital of Turkestan. One of these was a telegraph operator—orphan, of a good family; all three were cultured young women, better musicians than the average well-educated American girl—

speaking French, dancing prettily, nucleus of a true frontier aristocracy of refinement. They had been educated at Orenburg in Siberia, had never seen the Moscow-Petersburg form of Russian society, and would probably marry officers or civilians who likewise know nothing of European Russia.

So it was in far Kashgar. The old retiring Consul-General had spent a lifetime in Asia—and now, the end of labour drawing near, he had decided to die, not in one of the great towns of the West, but in Tashkent, in the very heart of Russian Turkestan. In Kashgar, too, were several civilians who had never been west of the Ural Mountains. It has been impossible to subject those frontier folk to Moscow discipline. True, there is always one reservation due to the very essence of the Russian system, and which sharply marks off any Russian from any American, that is, he rarely talks politics with strangers; never, at least, any radical politics. He *might*—though this is not on my part experimental knowledge—question the wisdom of the protection policy of his Government, or any such similar policy, but the *form* of his government seems to be adopted as a necessary background to life—as a "form of thought." Either a loyalty, almost universal, or a fear, equally universal (the former, I think), prevents the average Russian mind from entering this region, mysterious to him, familiar and vital to nearly all Europeans and Americans. Once outside this reservation, these frontiersmen in Asia show much of the self-reliance, the mental temerity which characterise our own frontier, or any other frontier occupied by strong men.

Now the conditions of life at the circumference are unlike those at the centre; the acceptable social organisation at St. Petersburg is not the same as that at Samarcand or Irkutsk. Sacred as are the old traditions now, for the period of expansion is short, it seems that they must be inevitably weakened by time and distance. Even now one may note, because this addresses the eye, that in the new cities men show less than in the old of fetish worship for the religious thing or priest; there is less genuflexion, bowing, and crossing, but not less of morality in practical life. In Russia, the Church, *with all its forms*, is part of the form of the State. He who finds himself unconsciously drifting from the one set of forms is also departing from the other. If the existing political body is unfit for the development of a great people, we may feel that in the ceaseless extension of its frontier the aristocracy is preparing conditions which shall operate to peacefully modify those institutions which are inconsistent with reasonable individual liberty. Powerful as will be this retroaction from circumference back to centre, it will not, I surmise, be of the violent character which may be expected in the centre itself. For these colonisations which have carried the Czar's flag so far, are made by men of old patriarchal customs.

The father has himself a highly centralised authority; he teaches and would enforce the tradition of loyalty to the Czar. Generations must pass before you could make a radical of him. Indeed he might be expected to indefinitely propagate Czar-worshippers if it were not that the frontier ceases to be frontier. It has its big towns, in time; and a

big town that is vigorous—not a Rome of the second century, or an Antioch—is a favouring environment for the liberty germ. And such movements as may hereinafter begin in Siberian towns will have, if not too radical, a support from the farming class which, in Russia proper, is almost wholly lacking. There the peasantry is a black mass in which the town-lighted fire must burn slowly; it is a mass of coagulated ignorance and superstition. And it is moulded by the old landlord class, who are not in any country good revolutionists. In the new Russia there are more settlers who own their lands—they are in conditions which encourage wide-awakefulness; and though the central Government endeavours to control everywhere the consumption of that dangerous drug, education, yet it cannot wholly refuse satisfaction to a strong appetite prevailing in a great distant province.

The cause of Reform in Russia will, then, I think, be something like this: In European Russia, violent explosions in cities, violently repressed by the dull strength of the moujik; in Asiatic Russia, stubborn resistance against class privilege and against official tyranny of the irritating sort; finally, steady demand for moderate reform in the direction of local (provincial) representative government, freed from bureaucratic veto-power, which now so largely stultifies the action of various elective bodies in Russia. Indeed it is not difficult to imagine these eastern provinces as being the seats of progressive, almost self-governing states, long before it will seem possible to yield reasonable quantities of reform to the older communities, made up as they are of a

One of the city gates, Bokhara.

Photo by Comte Berlier.

thin layer of highly febrile material, overtopping a very thick layer of an inert mass. But however variant may be the progress in the Empire's wide stretch, I see nothing to suggest destruction of the essential unity of that Empire, or any cataclysmic change in its form.

The local irritations in Finland, Poland, and the Caucasus, however justifiable they may be, cannot go to the length of establishing independent governments in an age which demands consolidation. Geographic and ethnical resemblances will tend to hold together all the vast tract from Moscow to Vladivostok—save in the Turkestan region—which we are now traversing. Here, too, there is basis for unity of empire—since all these regions must be administered by the superior race, whose members will never be considerable in these territories. They are a common heritage to the Russian people. When an inheritance is not easily divisible it becomes a force tending to conserve unity or union among its owners. While thus of common interest, yet they give political might chiefly to the new Russia in Siberia. The best administrators for Turkestan—certainly the majority of the forceful ones whom I met, are men who knew not St. Petersburg. The case is analogous to that which would have arisen had not Mexico redeemed herself within the last twenty years. Under pressure from our Western States the Southern territory would have been annexed, and, not being ripe for amalgamation to our forms, would have been ruled by men from Iowa, Colorado, California.

The man from Denver and the man from Omsk

are better frontier governors, generally, than the man from Boston or Moscow. Whatever may have been their birthplaces, General Medinsky at Samarcand, and Colonel Saitseff at Osh, remain in my mind as fine types of the Californian, less one-tenth of his verve and nine-tenths of his political instinct.

The Smith and Wesson, silent so long, exploded into a political discourse which now is ended, leaving us free to take train again for Kokand—the first big town beyond Samarcand. Here the Russian quarter is again found; avenues poplar-shaded and wide; substantial white houses; public carriages at the station offering a somewhat rickety service, but cheap and rapid. No monuments here to beguile us, but we meet a most agreeable Frenchman, one of several engaged in purchasing silk for shipment to Lyons. Besides the Russians, they seem to be the only Europeans having business interests in Turkestan. The very sharp discrimination of the Government in favour of its own subjects makes commerce an up-hill work for the foreigner. The Kokand bazaar is less interesting than that at Bokhara, but in a fairly good Russian shop we were able to make some purchases of dry groceries and canned goods, none of fine quality, all quite expensive and very Russian. Joseph assured us that Osh—though thirty miles beyond the railway terminus, would be found to offer superior stocks because of the large garrison there, and the fact that it was a point of distribution to distant troops. So it was that we passed on to Andijan,—poor tumble-down, earthquake-shaken Andijan,—southwestern terminus of the great Trans-Caspian Railway.

Here about three years ago ten thousand human lives—and some dogs and horses—were suddenly snuffed out because of something which a solar-system physician might diagnose as being merely a mild case of Asiatic colic. Our Mother Earth was indisposed, and she swallowed ten thousand of her children while shaking herself to rights. The death of each one of us, however regularly and decorously it befalls, does exemplify this singular appetite of the great mother, but an Andijan earthquake-feast advertises it, proclaims aloud the universal requiem "to dust returnest," and changes the ever-sorrowful "why" of our yearning race into the groan of one who is stunned to black unconsciousness.

In the general ruin one sees the broken cross that crowned a Christian church, and there the muezzin tower, scattered now into mere fragments, that, falling, crushed the roof of its mosque, consecrated by generations of prayer—cross and crescent alike gone down in helpless confusion. But whate'er betide the dead, we know that the faith of the living faints but for a moment, and the yearning for help never dies. So it is, that now in fallen Andijan, until the mason shall again lift the graceful dome, we hear the prayers of the believers go up from the enclosure of hasty earthen walls, through a roof of thatch, half open to the sky. And I am awakened by the early chant of a Russian priest who, in his chapel—on wheels—blesses the union of two young moujiks. They have come, ere the sun is fairly up, from among the long line of railway carriages which shelter hundreds of their kind. They are wedded; and leaving the churchly car, while still the

attendants chant, they stumble across the rails, stolid, apparently unmoved; a few friends, smiling faintly, follow the pair with significant, but not joyous glances. Verily your Russian peasant is a master in concealing his emotions—if he has any. Nay, but he surely has emotions of sorts; for this railway chapel would not otherwise minister to people shaken from their homes, and the young peasants would not have demanded the priestly blessing on a venture to which they are invited by Mother Nature, who wants another crop, and another, and another for her perennial devouring.

A Samarcand Jewess in ceremonial attire.

From *Turkestan Russe*, by M. H. Krafft.

CHAPTER II

ANDIJAN TO KASHGAR—OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY

AN affectionate good-bye to the special car, and we are off for a day's smart, hot drive to Osh. We stop there at the post-house, in charge of a simple Russian whose sick wife looks on while he tries to cook for the travellers. That he can make *chai* (tea) is incontestable. An all-comprehending soup he also makes. As to anything else, we prefer simple fare rather than watch his sloppy preparations. The stable is very near, the flies are nearer, the smells are nearest, and the man's methods are dirty. We do not like him. Even his just division of labour between the cooking of our dinner and the washing of his little child, insistent at certain critical moments, could not disarm our hostility. But the morrow shall bring a change, for we know there are Russian officers at the sobranje, or club. To these we make ourselves known and soon are invited to make our beds in a comfortable room.

And now we must stir, for Osh is the limit of wheeled transportation. A caravan must be organised. Colonel Saitseff, local governor at Natcholik, looks at a letter which is addressed, not to him, but to Consul-General Petrovsky at Kashgar. It is our only authorisation, and was given me by the Minister

of Foreign Affairs at Petersburg. We had not known that special permission from the Provincial Governor would be required for *leaving* Russian territory. Anginieur, who has now decided to go as far as Kashgar, thinks that his quality as an officer of the nation, *amie et alliée*, may diminish difficulties. There are several days of uncertain, but courteous, negotiation. Colonel Saitseff heliographs and telegraphs. He then calls to say there is no one at Marghelan, the provincial capital, who could give the pass, but perhaps a personal note from him will be accepted by the Chinese frontier officials.

An hour later we go to his office, where his aide, Captain Kuropatkin, brother of the famous general, surprises us by saying that the Marghelan governor has given consent. We are bewildered, but content. The passes for ourselves, our men, and our ponies are duly made out in two languages, and when we hasten to bid adieu to the Colonel his daughter says he is asleep, but will see us when he wakes. A few minutes later his wife says he is not asleep, but has had a headache for several hours and begs to be excused. We are sorry and ride away, never having thoroughly understood the situation. Yet eventually all went well. The caravan had been gotten together by the authority of the Natchalik, who evidently kept its preparation wholly under control. When the permission to depart was promised for a certain day, the ponies were to be had at the moment; when heliograph delays occurred, the difficulty as to ponies began; when the delay ended, the ponies promptly reappeared. Perhaps the simple story of our

chanceful meeting at Tiflis seemed a superlative machiavellianism, invented to cover some international deviltry. The combination of an American, going as far as he could towards Lhasa, with a Frenchman who thought he also might make the venture, but would first go only to Kashgar, meantime telegraphing to Paris for further instructions—all this, occurring at military Osh, doubtless seemed to Russian official minds a thing to outwardly approve and inwardly doubt. However, we were at last able to canter away from the Residency, hats off to Madame and Mademoiselle, feigning ease, all of us, as to the Colonel's non-appearance.

Our little caravan of seven ponies was now well under way: we were off for Kashgar, about two hundred and fifty miles south-east, in Chinese Turkestan. There we must reorganise, for these men from Osh would go no farther. We had engaged a good-humoured Sart as cook and general helper. There were three men to take care of the ponies with burdens. We had paid the proper head man at Osh half the caravan hire, which amounted to $7.00 per pony for the whole journey. The Sart was to have $12.50 per month. Joseph was our luxury—$2.50 per day and his food while with us, and half-pay for a reasonable period covering his return. This is princely hire, but what is to be done without an interpreter? Our food-supply had been increased by the purchase of a considerable quantity of coarse canned goods, some macaroni, rice, sugar, etc. Joseph had misunderstood Osh as a market-place, and consequently we fared badly for many days thereafter.

Just as we rode away I went to the postmaster, making what I thought to be a very clear arrangement as to the forwarding by next carrier of my chronometer (of the montre-torpilleur type), which had been notified to me as being at Andijan straight from a Petersburg dealer. The unresponsive official was asked to see the Colonel, if any sort of doubt could arise as to the immediate forwarding; we had already wasted some days, were anxious to go on, and in a moment of weakness I left the matter in that condition. Just why a man of some experience in travel should commit such folly I know not. A few months later there was full and fair punishment for my error. Indeed, my whole experience in life leaves me unconvinced concerning the necessity of a purgatory—much less a hell—as a device for "getting square" between justice and myself. Even you, gentle reader, who may be a profligate —a seven-ways sinner—could satisfy all of my mind's requirements for justice merely by having less of heaven, not more of hell than should fall to your righteous pastor, or to myself.

The road was dusty, and it was hot, because Central Asia in July is always hot. But our mounts were fairly good; the country was green all about us through the twenty-mile strip of irrigation; the people were interested and interesting. Altogether a fair start,—only the recollection of the Colonel's compound of courtesy and of curtness to worry us. The first night out we slept happily under the spreading trees that sheltered an old Kirghiz, having two wives. He was a rare bird, by the way—for the Kirghiz is almost universally a monogamic nomad.

The Righistan, Samarcand.

And now comes the question — how much, O gentle, general reader, do you want of detail about a journey across the Alaï Mountains, from Osh, in Russian Turkestan, to Kashgar, in Chinese Turkestan? Half a dozen Russian telegraph-engineers, two small garrisons in Russian Turkestan, one small garrison in Chinese Turkestan,—so much for the evidences of fixed civilisation along the two hundred miles of caravan route between the suburban villages of Osh and those of Kashgar. The Chinese frontier officer was more polished, less forceful, than the Russian post commanders. The only native inhabitants seen were Kirghiz, perhaps a half-dozen groups of tents, three or four in a group. We slept at times in these *yurtes*, smoky and smelly enough to make us prefer open-air beds except at most freezing elevations. The pasturage near the caravan route seemed not to be used to its full capacity. Joseph was told by the Sart that the Kirghiz complained of being forced by Russian soldiers to sell sheep for less than their proper value. Hence, he said, they had retired to secluded valleys. We passed many caravans, chiefly those bearing diminutive bales of raw cotton, trifles hoisted over the mountains by a toss of the horns of bulls rampant in New York and New Orleans—for surely nothing less than fifteen cents per pound could pay such toilsome transportation.

At the top of the Taldyk Pass, 11,800 feet above sea, we gave thanks to the Russian engineer who had smoothed the zigzag route, and memorialised himself in stone at the dizzy top. Here the complacent and prophetic Slav may widely gaze

upon mountain-desert, already won, and, eastward, sweep horizons which still salute the throne of far Pekin. Unless your mind be wholly given to contemplation of things abstract and general, or to things concrete and narrowly personal, you must feel something of thrill when, after Taldyk's descent, you stumble into the first Chinese station. The simple Cossack officer, with whom we ate black bread three days ago, was commissioned by a magic-worshipping, devout Christian tyrant in St. Petersburg. This courteous yellow man, whose ragged soldiers light the way with paper lanterns, lives by the breath of an old woman who guesses at outside things from Pekin's thick-shadowed imperial garden. That barren ridge behind is the political ridge-pole of Asia. On one side are the electric light and the cherished rifle, on the other the fantastic lantern and the neglected battle-axe. On which side shall be found the greater number of units of happiness per capita of human beings I do not know. Three hundred years ago it would have been easy to say on which side could be found the greater light of human reason and civility and worth of all kinds save that of savage strength. Where shall be found fifty years hence the balance of value, merely as measured by European standards, we may not know. Playing prophet is but risky business since Japan began using Christian devices and has adopted our most popular paraphrase of the Sermon on the Mount, in which "blessed" is changed to "cursed," and the whole is spoken in sprightly tones by field artillery, accents given by magazine rifles, and the gathered fragments are legs and arms *disjecta*.

We have now our first experience in circumlocutory interpretation from French to Chinese. Joseph, receiving in French, transmits in his variety of Turki to our Sart, who repeats in the Kashgar variety to a local Beg, who roars it in Chinese to our host. Joseph's general education may have reached that of a high-school boy; the Sart and the Beg may be classed as to book-learning among the infants. When my courteous French companion started this sentence on its travels, "Tell him, Joseph, that in my country we are deeply interested in the philosophy of Confucius, and are constantly increasing our knowledge of all Oriental classics," it was wrecked at the first station out.

Floundering across the Kizil Zu (Red Water) on camels, our ponies swimming free; drinking cool, acrid Kumyss on the hot mountain-side, frightening the upstart marmots into their underground homes; urging vainly the Sart to use his falsely credited art as cook; encouraging and scolding the inept Joseph, whose lantern jaws declared that rough riding and doubtful fare were no longer possible for him—thus we reached the villages which announced Kashgar, still three days distant. Food was again plentiful —chicken, eggs, sheep, fruit and melons now refreshed rebellious stomachs, giving complete independence of the deceptive Sart. The Turki people were curious and cringing; the Chinese, masters of the country, were indifferent, but not ugly. In an earthquake-wrecked village we climbed to their dilapidated little temple, whose gods had not saved the people from ruin, and were correspondingly held, it seemed, in light esteem.

The twelfth day brought its promised reward,—arrival at Kashgar,—historic, populous, wide-scattered. Nearly three hours we marched our dusty way, past farms and villages, without interval; past Mohammedan cemeteries whose coffined citizens were slipping down into the great rut which is the main highway; past groups of Turki workmen, ditch-digging under Chinese bosses; past a great mud fortification wall into the heart of the town, focus of the oasis that breeds half a million souls—nay, for what do I know of souls?—half a million bodies. The small ones—this year's crop—are rolling about under our horses' hoofs, splashing naked into the little ditches that wondrously combine the office of aqueduct and sewer, and in fatal rhythm generate and destroy the brown masses that can suffer, enjoy, and die. Looking at lovely white women, elaborately covered, one may doubt a little that crude saying, "Dust thou art"; but here!—Bah! there 's the dust, there 's the water. You feel that any one might have rolled the muck into the little bifurcated trunks which sprawl everywhere in the spawning sun.

And now where shall we go? Caravanserais there doubtless are, but that Europeans should lodge among natives — that is *infra dig.*, super-dirty, vexatious to all. Ordinarily you go to any resident European, if such there be, and ask advice; or, if you know him, you bluntly ask a roof. My letter to M. Petrovsky should help us; and as to Anginieur, is not France friend and ally to great Russia? The caravan is discreetly halted a little way from the consular compound. We enter, are

Ruins at Samarcand.

shuffled about by a loutish soldier, whom finally we browbeat into immediate delivery of the letter, which goes not to M. Petrovsky, who is old and wisely sleeps at 2 P.M., but to his assistant, a young officer, fortunately speaking French. We are courteously received. Our host is evidently embarrassed when we ask about quarters; at last, he helplessly asks if we know Colonel Miles, the British representative. "No," I reply, "but of course we shall; and may he not be able to direct us to quarters?" "Yes indeed!"—This said rather eagerly sent us straight to our impatient caravan. Again we thread through narrow bazaars, défenceless gates and blind alleys, until the British compound is reached. What moral and physical security one feels on reaching, in the earth's far-away corners, England's straightforward officers, speaking one's native tongue! No, I am not an Anglomaniac, and I 've made a fine list of British faults waiting to be aired; but when I think of Sir Rennell Rodd at Cairo, General Creagh at Aden, Captain Harold at Zeila, Sir John Harrington and Mr. Baird at Adis Ababa (Menelik's capital), Major Parker at Roseires on the Blue Nile, a lot of kind hearts at Khartoum, Miles here at Kashgar, Colonel Sullivan at Srinagar (in Kashmir)—then I must make sure that manliness, kindliness, steadiness, frankness, shall be italicised as counterpoise to various misdemeanours which the list shall disclose.

"This is Colonel Miles?"

"Yes."

"This is Captain Anginieur, of the French army, and I am Mr. Crosby, an American traveller. I

have no letters to you, Colonel, but am sure we have mutual friends in London. We have just come over from Osh, and would like to know where we may find lodging in Kashgar."

"Why not stop here with me?"

"Gladly, Colonel."

Such was the beginning of a six days' "at home" with this sole Britisher in all Turkestan. His mission is that of sentinel on the picket line of empire. Uncomplainingly he labours under the awkward title, "Temporary Assistant to the Resident at Srinagar for Chinese Affairs." And Consul General Petrovsky had a habit of saying, whenever questions arose between British and Russian subjects, "*Mr.* Miles, my good friend, we shall discuss this matter, not because you have any official position justifying a demand, but because I like you." There was unnecessary emphasis on the "Mr.," for Miles's rank in the Indian army is independent of his temporary duty. Yet, in a way, M. Petrovsky was right — Colonel Miles's civil title is an absurd and embarrassing one, save on the theory that London might in some crisis freely disavow or adopt the acts of an official in Chinese Turkestan, who is a mere assistant to an official in "independent" Srinagar, who is in turn named by an official in Calcutta, who reports to the Secretary of State for India. The enjoyment of such independence in Downing Street may easily outweigh many years of annoyance to the lonely sentinel in Kashgar.

Colonel Miles helped us much in finding men and horses for the journey. The latter are easy, the former are hard, to obtain. The ordinary

Kashgari is not adventurous. Our three recruits for permanent service were: one an Afghan, Mir Mullah; one a Ladaki, Lassoo; and one a half-breed boy, a Yarkand-Kashmir cross, Achbar by name; he came at the eleventh hour, was joyously welcomed, and as an interpreter for many days strenuously tried us. His vocabulary was painfully extended from twenty-five up to fifty words, and one blank stare. Achbar was the only human being available as interpreter in all the province about us. Joseph was exhausted; he must return to the soft care of civilisation in Tiflis. The persons speaking European languages in Kashgar were the members of the Russian colony: Colonel Miles and his moonshee (clerk), from India; Father Hendricks, Catholic missionary; a Swedish missionary family of Lutheran persuasion; and Achbar, whose English had come from another Swedish missionary, now dead. He had taught the boy to call the Bible "Angel Book," and enough of Christian doctrine to make of him an indifferent polytheist, ready to give youthful credence to any set of supernaturals presented by any respectable authority.

With all reverence for our Occidental faith, it may fairly be wished and believed that Achbar should soon be firmly re-established in the faith of his fathers, since, in the nature of the case, he could never be other than a hazy, slipshod Christian. His theology clearly resembled his English. After two days' labour to teach him the word "now" he startled me by stolidly saying: "You mean 'at present.'" And when despair had come to close further exertion on the word "perhaps," there came

quietly this: "You mean 'probably.'" So it was that all simple, basic ideas about God had been obscured by the good Swede's zeal to superpose Christ and St. John upon a still vivid background of early Mussulman teaching. Far from the full stature of the ideal convert was Achbar, yet he seemed to be the most complete accomplishment resulting from years of devout work by the Swedish mission. One other, indeed, an humble Chinaman, was thought to be nearly ready to adopt definitely the Christian title, his inner consciousness being left to negotiate a compromise like unto that which has already admirably conjoined Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism into a vague triple control of Chinese morals.

Lassoo, the Ladaki, was, for our purposes, almost pure gold. The ways of the sahibs were known to him as familiarly as his money-pocket, for he had served in the household of Colonel Miles's predecessor, who had regretfully dismissed him as discipline for some wrong done to one of his Kashgar wives. So it was, I remember, with my caravan in Africa —the cleverest native of the lot left Adis Ababa under some marital cloud, which should roll away as we wandered far; while he courted Danger's face, time might heal the bruised, too numerous tendrils of his unbroken heart. Must it be ever thus? Must the sprightly and inventive mind be found only in the shifting lover? To us Lassoo was faithful. Whether his fidelity ran to the person or to the rupee of the Christian dog, his employer, I know not; but he was steadfast and intelligent in moments of great trial.

Taking a rest in Samarcand.

Mir Mullah, an eminently respectable merchant and horse-trader, had threaded the mountain passes of Afghanistan and Hindostan for many years—yes, for too many years, as the event proved; when hardship and danger came the old man's strength wasted. The only valiant work he could do was that of prayer, while the need was—but that is theology again.

CHAPTER III

KASHGAR—THE YELLOW PERIL—TAOTAI AND CONSUL GENERAL

KASHGAR is the seat of a provincial government whose head is a Taotai. His power extends to that western verge of empire over whose rough border we have just passed. Among all the Chinese governors he is farthest removed by distance from the source of authority in Pekin. To whatever difficulty this condition may create is added that inherent in the task of governing a population alien in race and religion, and the yet greater difficulty due to the aggressiveness of the neighbouring Russians. Between the Taotai and the throne there is, in the official hierarchy, one other magnate —a viceroy, stationed about six hundred miles eastward, and having all of Chinese Turkestan within his administration. As numbers go in Chinese provinces, this proconsulate cannot be ranked high, with its one or two million souls, as against an average of fifteen or twenty millions for the Eighteen Provinces. But its peculiar constitution and its exposed situation must give it importance as long as there exists in Pekin a government cherishing the prestige of the Great Empire. It was through this region that Mohammedanism has blazed its way

into China. The older faith there is peaceful, tolerant; the younger faith, like its rival in Europe, is virile, militant, intolerant; whence great wars in China proper, and revolt here in Turkestan, where bloody deeds were being enacted in the self-same epoch with Gettysburg and the Wilderness. The forty years that have passed since those great days seem to have worked out, in Western China, a status for the Mussulman fairly satisfactory to him and to his neighbour. Doubtless this might also be said of the Turki Mussulman (for his subjection to China is of long date), but that here the situation is again made complex by the "Russian advance." The importance and the sensitiveness of affairs in Kashgaria, as they are viewed in Pekin, seem clearly manifested by the fact that China has built and maintains a telegraph line from Pekin to Kashgar—more than two thousand miles. We were astonished to learn this, more astonished on reflecting that this work, quite stupendous for China, had been completed without blowing of trumpets—indeed, so quietly that many well-informed Europeans have never given the matter a thought. It seemed to me most significant as to the unheralded development of material strength which may go on in China when her own scientifically educated people, or the headlong Japanese, shall be running in multitudes to and fro in the land.

Invention's great miracles—telegraphy, telephony—are thus made an offering by America, the youngest to China, the oldest among great nations. Over this desert-spanning line, and from its terminus at Pekin, through the great submarine lines, the

heart of Asia may be put in simultaneous pulse with the heart of America.

It is believed by some that when Asia shall have eaten of the fruit of the tree of modern knowledge, there shall arise a Yellow Peril, threatening the peace of the Caucasian world. That some disturbance of the present balance of things may be produced seems indeed not unlikely. But shall Industry be affrighted at the prospect of the birth of more coats, chairs, ploughs, and loaves in a world which ceases not to find that the appetites of men (white, black, and yellow) grow with feeding? And if we are really to be overwhelmed, is there not tariff and non-intercourse policy to keep us poor? Shall Morality be affrighted when mothers, all the world over, shall hear, each the other's common cry of pain and common speech of love? When Charity in one clime shall hear and answer the prayer of suffering in every other? When Honour shall find a mirror, now held up in East and now in West, its lineaments everywhere the same? Shall Letters be affrighted when through the magic of the printing-press the rich stores of temple and of monastery shall be spread broadcast to feed and inspire thousands of hungry minds? Shall Religion grow pale? Nay, whoever hath the truth, let him rejoice, for the way shall be open to the preacher as it never was in all our dream-haunted past! It remains that these yellow men, become gods even as we are, shall perhaps desire to possess us as we now possess others. They may enviously study our accomplished facts in India, Egypt, Manila, Algiers. They may dig up the history of the foretime dwel-

lers in the two Americas. Yes, it is true, the strong shall possess the weak; to their own good, we say. Then, when we shall be the relatively weak, our wisdom should be that of submission. If out of the long, death-like sleep of old age in the East (so it seems to some of us) there shall now be born a new youth, let it attend our senile steps, if so be we are now going a breaking pace which shall lead to premature decay. But that reversal of things, if indeed the Fates shall ever decree it, must be set off to a date so distant that wisdom refuses its consideration, and only jest or idle fancy paints the picture in.

Within the interesting future—say one hundred and fifty years—any threat of a military movement of the United East against Europe would result in a United States of Europe and America—an invincible, probably beneficent union. One might almost wish for some high heat of war to produce a fusion in which should be seared to death many childish differences—childish, yet pregnant with strife and sorrow. Let the weak become strong—'t will be easier to establish a balance. Let the weak become strong—'t will be harder to make markets by the cannon's roar. Let the weak become strong—'t will be easier to stifle a national avarice when its gratifications shall be made dangerous.

Taking into account the covetousness and the kindness that are in us, the wisdom and the folly, it appears clear that there can be no condition of stable equilibrium until there be developed in the great national units a condition of approximately uniform strength—military strength, manifest or

potential. Now, in respect to military strength, ignorance of physical science is weakness. If the Chinese, possessing organisation, intelligence, experience, patience, and character, but lacking science, should be put under European rule, it could be only temporary — they would thus, perforce, get science and be strong. They will enter the syndicate of those who rule the weak. And these, the weak, we shall ever have among us because of certain ineradicable climatic race-differences which will always cause certain races to be subject to their neighbours of sterner mould. The great moral and intellectual qualities which have made the Chinese Emperor to be the "Elder Brother" to all Eastern Asia sufficiently mark the potentialities of this powerful people. Until these larger movements, shall have taken place it is profitable to the occasional Western traveller to study the dignity, the poise, the civilisation of such a man as the Taotai of Kashgar.

To this worthy official we paid due visit, interpretation being done by Colonel Miles's cultivated moonshee, a Mohammedan gentleman from Lahore, who tabulated his ancestry through the Prophet to Adam's self. Conversation ran in well-worn ruts—health, age, number of children, nativity,—present objective. When I pointedly asked that we might have letters of safe-conduct to Khotan and Polu, the old gentleman simply did n't answer, and soon began sipping his tea, a decorous signal that the interview was closed. We felt "in our bones" that the cautious Mandarin wanted to hear from M. Petrovsky before committing himself. We were, in a measure, under Colonel Miles's wing, yet, as we

Committee of reception in a village of Chinese Turkestan.

were in no way accredited to him, it was impossible that he should officially adopt us and ask the Taotai's good offices. The presence of his moonshee and our temporary establishment in his quarters went far to give us good character; yet, after all, we were chance wanderers, save in so far as the sealed letter to M. Petrovsky might give to me the harmless character of an American citizen without a mission, while Anginieur's claim to be a French officer entitled him to a certain consideration. But whether our simple story of accidental association was believed by M. Petrovsky we never knew. In our first interview with him, before visiting the Taotai, he had seemed to warm genially toward us, but utterly discouraged the venture up the plateau. He made no offer of assistance save that he would write to his representative in Khotan to help us there. Farther than Khotan, even if so far, he thought we should not go. If by chance we should reach the inhabited portion of Tibet he believed we would be killed, etc.

Now, the old gentleman's conduct was a bit annoying, yet reasonable enough from the Russian point of view. We were fairly under some suspicion as to our motives, and even if the simple facts were believed, it remained that our presence might produce complications in a region where Europeans are events, and where Russia's present preponderance of influence has been expected at any time to become Russian control. Such a situation is always delicate until worked to an accepted conclusion. China is still the actual and effective ruler. Great Britain is still an eager critic of all Central Asian

happenings, and ready, if to her it shall seem good, to write her criticism in the blood of men. Hence much discretion, much patience on the part of Russia. The sixty of M. Petrovsky's consular guard, and the similar body strangely stationed at Tashkurgan,—up there on the shoulder of the Pamirs a hundred miles away,—must idle away hours, days, years perhaps, before they shall be told to destroy the Chinese force, whose mean appearance suggests that butchers of men and butchers of cattle occupy the same grade in Chinese philosophy. The Tibet expedition of the British-Indian Government was not yet undertaken. Its normal effect would be to hasten the Cossacks' march of conquest from Kashgar to Khotan, as a reprisal at China's expense. But the Japanese war, on the other hand, must tend to check him, if for no other reason than that every spring of action in St. Petersburg is now bent towards Manchuria. Meantime it is not to be desired by Russia that the minds of the Turkestan native should, by intrusive travellers, be disturbed from their simple conceptions. "We must be ruled by somebody. The rulers of the earth are the Chinese, who now possess us; the English, who possess India, and who do not seem much concerned about us, since there is but one sahib here, and he has no soldiers; and the Russians, who possess all the world to the north of us, and whose officer, with soldiers and merchants at his back, is able to do almost as he will with our Chinese masters. Besides these three great peoples there are none other rulers of men on earth."

Such being the sentiments of a million or more

of docile folk whom you would benevolently exploit by firm government and an exclusive commercial system, it appears plain as a pikestaff that vagrant French and Americans should not be encouraged to spy out the land and perhaps to create incidents out of which new ideas might be born. Would Cortez have welcomed independent English or French travellers in Mexico while he was preaching to wondering Aztecs the doctrine of his master's universal dominion? Would the British have left a free latch-string to indiscriminate Europeans when they had undone the work of Dupleix in India, and were considered as special envoys of the gods, irresistible? Already the Russians have done much political and commercial pioneering in Chinese Turkestan. Our international code gives them what we call a "right" to garner the fruits of seed sown in wild places.

We watched the play between Petrovsky and Miles with some amusement and much serious concern as to our plans. The cards ran to Miles. A parade of other nationalities through Turkestan could do no harm to British designs, which cannot reasonably look to conquest north of Tibet. And, small as was our individual importance, we *might* a little disturb the Muscovite program.

The powerful Consul General could probably determine the Taotai's mind for or against us. As to the result we were left in dangling doubt until the very morning which we had set for our departure. Then came the Taotai's smug young secretary bearing letters which we might present to the Ambans in Yarkand and Khotan, and telling us that other letters would be written to the chiefs of nomad

tribes in the corner of the plateau still under Chinese direct control. M. Petrovsky also called in formal fashion, mounted Cossacks riding before and behind a quaint low carriage which looked homesick. He said that *since he had so promised* he would write his Aksakol (=white-beard=chief of merchants) at Khotan to advise him of our coming. And, indeed, the sleek Andijani who spoke for the Consul in Khotan was on the *qui vive* and watched us well, and did naught else. Whether our later misfortunes were in any way connected with the sealed letter, or were caused by the left hand of Chinese policy undoing the work of the right hand we never knew. Most probably 't was only the duplicity of the timid native Begs which undid us.

A pleasant visit we had from a young Mandarin of great name, acting as mayor of Kashgar, under general direction of the Provisional Governor (Taotai). This young man was the son of a Manchu general who reconquered, forty years ago, all Turkestan from the failing power of Yakoob Beg, whose rise and fall make the last great epic of ambition which has been played across these sands and within these waving oases.

While this delicate-featured, refined, peace-loving Asiatic was making his call, there came another caller, another Asiatic (?) whose personality, in its strong contrast with that of the young mayor, seemed to present the whole Russo-Chinese question. He was a captain of Cossacks, who might have been the original of the Russian officer in Kipling's powerful sketch, *The Man Who Was*. He had entertained us with song and drink, with tossing

us up on the strong arms of his soldiers, who caught us in breathless fall, as rubber balls are caught; he had reviewed military history in masterly order, and in the two languages we used; he had declared, in good-humoured banter, that might is right, that his people had the might to take what they wished, and that they wished much of Asia. His manner was nervous with surcharge of energy; his spirit was vexed by inaction. He was impatient Aggression. The young Chinese aristocrat was patient Resistance, and between them Colonel Miles was interested Peacemaker. A fourth characteristic personality in the international good-bye assemblage was Father Hendricks, Hollander by birth, Christian priest by profession, Mongolian citizen by love of his heart, dweller in Kashgar by love of change, I suppose. A good man, a polyglot, a missionary without followers, a priest without a bishop, reporting only to the great one in Rome, and to him only as moved by the spirit; a European plunged deep into Asia for thirty years; a lone man dreaming new sciences out of multitudinous but inaccurate data; hated by Petrovsky because he represented something other than Russia; liked by Miles for the same reason, and because of his goodness, his versatility, and his loneliness; loved by some of the natives, who consumed his medicines; celebrating mass on a table whose untidiness measured the loss of one Dutch trait by a lifetime in Asia. Such was Father Hendricks.

If his heart harboured any malice, 't was something impersonal in the way of Russophobia—justified, he believed, by biblical condemnation. "They

are the cursed people of the north," said he. "But the Russians were not known to the old Hebrews," said I, ignorant. "Nay," he answered, "read you this." Then he must run over to the Swedish mission, borrow a Swedish Bible, and show me Ezek. xxxviii., 1–4, reading in our King James Version as follows: "And the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Son of man, set thy face against Gog, the land of Magog, the chief prince of Meshech and Tubal, and prophesy against him, and say, Thus saith the Lord God: Behold I am against thee, O Gog, the chief prince of Meshech and Tubal; and I will turn thee back, and put hooks into thy jaws," etc. Now in the Swedish edition, plain as print can make it, stand the words "Prince of *Russ*," instead of "chief prince," for reasons good unto Swedish philologists and unto all who love not the wide-spreading Slav.[1] A great comfort was this to one whose nature and whose creed forbade that he should curse the persecuting Petrovsky! Behold, now, him and his all cursed together by Ezekiel!

The indifference which marks the attitude of all highly developed peoples toward religion appears in the relations between Father Hendricks and the various *dramatis personæ* on our far-away scene. It is political or personal sympathy which binds or loosens amity here. If their national or individual interests chance to clash, no consuming zeal for common Christianity can weld together the half-dozen Europeans found far in a most sequestered

[1] I find our English Revised Version also reads as follows: "Set thy face toward Gog, of the land of Magog, the prince of *Rosh*, Meshech, and Tubal," etc.

Madrasah Khodja-Akhbar, near Samarcand.

From *Turkestan Russe*, by M. H. Krafft.

population of unbelievers. The Christian official will brother to the Mohammedan or Buddhist more firmly than to his fellow-servant in Christ if so be that worldly profit cometh from the heathen.

Now if humanity be wider and more vital than dogma, this subordination of creed to life may be accounted as progress. Whether it be so rated or not, it is undoubtedly pleasant to put behind one the dividing creeds of Christianity and Mohammedanism, and ride forth merrily as we did, cheek by jowl; Indian moonshee, good Mussulman; Chinese moonshee, good Confucian; Cossack captain, good Orthodox; Miles, good Anglican; Father Hendricks and Anginieur, good Catholics; Mr. ——— (the Swede), good Lutheran; and myself, good American. And our parting was the parting of men who liked each other—of mutually helpful beings thrown together, thrown apart, by the Power which made your eyes brown or blue and your faith whatever it may be.

Of this fraternal cavalcade all turned back after a five-mile gallop save the two Catholics and the American. Father Hendricks had agreed to travel with us as far as Khotan—a most fortunate happening. Achbar was thus coached for two weeks before it became necessary to put him into play; mandarins, merchants, and horse-dealers were met in a variety of tongues; our evening meal was spiced with a *potpourri* of mechanics, philosophy, theology, history, philology, the germs of which were drawn from Father Hendricks's Latin notes. Anginieur and I were unable to assimilate much of the classic original, being far from our *Arma virumque*

days. But the good Father's French seemed to have taken on no rust in Central Asia, hence he and I were able to dispute our radically divergent views on nearly all abstract topics, while in philology his superior wisdom changed discussion into authoritative declaration.

In such days and in such ways it is learned how slight are the material requirements for satisfactory existence in either one of two planes—that of the lazy, dirty, sensuous, or that of contemplation. We, contemplative, were happy in learning new finite facts about a part of our earth, and in speculations concerning things infinite, unknowable; and, being few, we were free from pose, almost free from vanity. The daily march across the heated desert, the nightly shake-down in *langar* (empty road-house) or in the comfortable mud home of some village notable, kept body and mind in good mechanical condition and produced a sense of solidarity with stars and sand and trees and men. Without woman, art, or ambition—those chief elements of general life—value in living may yet be found, for a time at least, merely in regulated exercise of body and mind.

As for the values given by the lazy, dirty, and sensuous life, they were abundantly, incontestably in evidence everywhere about us. Leprosy may claim its fiftieth, goitre its fifth, unseen disease its third, dirt its four-fifths, political tyranny its nine-tenths, yet let me fill the belly, destroy ambition, and pour sunshine over all, and I shall guarantee something that a jury of wise men must call happiness—though not the variety which grows in New

England, yet a modest, evenly distributed growth, which might be called "Asia's early and late special," and which, when the years shall be old, may grow a little in Southern Europe. A nearly related variety may now be seen in Mexico.

The cleanest-looking people, and the handsomest, whom we saw in Turkestan were the Hindoo merchants. Of these a prosperous colony is found in each of the three big cities—Kashgar, Yarkand, Khotan. In the two latter, we were met by a committee of these gentle-folk, whose official leader or Aksakol, named by Colonel Miles, prepared our quarters, sent us fruit and sweetmeats, aided us in purchasing horses and provisions, and in all ways showed us as much hospitality as is permitted in a world of caste, which builds walls between the most loving friends.

These Hindoo merchants are the bankers of Turkestan. Frightful as is the route which connects Kashmir with Yarkand, it is yet so much shorter than the lines reaching toward the far eastern centres of Chinese wealth, that the shrewd celestial leaves the field largely to his southern rival. Because of the railway to Andijan, only twenty days by camel-caravan from Kashgar, Russian goods and Russian money are coming rapidly into competition with Chinese and Hindoo products. A branch of the Russo-Chinese Bank, recently established at Kashgar, (how the world changes!) gave me Russian gold on a New York letter of credit. This Muscovite movement, however, is slow as yet to cross the sands stretching between Kashgar and Yarkand. One sole Russian was said to be in the latter city,—a

cotton buyer,—but he was some sort of Asiatic Russian. No true European residents are found east of Kashgar. At Yarkand you are in Asia, *rien que ça.* Our best acquisition made here was Mohammed Joo—Kashmir man, Mohammedan horse-trader, follower of Captain Deasey in his journey across Western Tibet and Turkestan. He had just come down from the Himalayas—a week's softening in Yarkand was enough for such a sturdy traveller. Danger and toil at twelve dollars per month were preferred to inglorious ease and nothing per day. He and Lassoo live in our memories as associate heroes and saviours. We learned later that the Kashmir man generally is, in North India, considered to be a commercial craven, fair prey for the warlike Dogra people, who now rule him. But Mohammed Joo had sucked strength into his bones from a thousand mountain-sides. In the morning he rose with might. The day was filled with his good counsel; by watchfulness he brought peace for the night. Whether his heart would be stout against the glint of steel or the loud report of powder, I do not know, but as against the menace of starvation and death in loneliness, his courage failed not. And what a master of horses! He soon out-generalled good Mir Mullah at every point and modestly took away from him, at our direction, the title and function of *caravanbashi.* The wonders of transportation contained in the history of Asiatic horde-movements become in part understandable, when one sees Gordian knots untied without swords; horses made to ascend impossible mountains, yet without Pegasus' wings; hoofs shod under con-

Russian chapel, after the earthquake—Andïjan.

ditions that would discourage Vulcan's self; men plodding across gasping deserts, and again across shivering snows without the protection, in either case, which would be given to a manikin in Europe; and through it all a patience which knows not neurasthenia.

CHAPTER IV

KHOTAN—DREAMS OF THE PAST—DOUBTS OF THE PRESENT

REINFORCED by Mohammed Joo and another helper (his pay was five dollars per month), we fared forth from Yarkand and in nine days reached Khotan, last of the big oases in Turkestan. The two hundred miles intervening between these cities, like the shorter stretch between Kashgar and Yarkand, is chiefly desert. The big towns and the little intermediate ones may all be said to lie on the irregular border of the Taklamakan desert, which the general reader may perhaps best consider as the south-western corner of the Gobi. The streams that fall from the Alaï and Kuen Lun ranges crawl as best they can across the sandy wastes. The smaller are lost. The larger conjoin to make the Tarim, and eventually reach Lob-nor, a great inland basin. The towns are found not far from the mountain range, whose cold white heights may be seen to the south, as one swelters across the hot sands. This distant line is about sixteen thousand feet high, the desert from which we gaze is not more than four thousand. Some of the reaches of sand are close to forty miles in width—*i. e.*, from irrigated tree to irrigated tree. In certain exposed stretches where the wind has a habit of putting the traveller into a

deep night of sand-clouds, we found stakes driven where the trail ought to be—a sort of raised-letter-print for the blind and groping caravan.

At intervals of about fifteen miles the Chinese Government has had langars built, houses of stone, without furniture, but offering welcome shelter from sun or snow or sand. If near a farm, one could buy horse provender, perhaps chickens or a sheep. We paid the attendant fifteen cents per night for this shelter — covering ten men and as many horses. Generally the same sum was paid as rent to a private owner for our rooms and a court where our men and horses were lodged. Chickens usually cost five cents each; wood for cooking dinner and breakfast, another five cents—a little more if in the blank desert. Forage for horses cost about ten cents per day per head. The scale of expense is pleasing, is it not? Trading generally seems all retail—straight from producer to consumer without intervention of the wholesaler. The turn-over is quick, I fancy. The stock may be incredibly small. While developing Achbar's English I one day painfully conversed thus:

"What did you do before you came with us?"

"Merchant."

"In the bazaar?"

"Yes."

"Who bought your goods when you left?"

"My brother."

"How much?"

"Nineteen tenga."

Now a tenga in Chinese Turkestan is worth about five cents, so it appears that Achbar's daily bread

was made from the profit on a stock worth ninety-five cents.

During a bad quarter of an hour of wounded vanity, I wondered whether in the universally reduced scale of things the native estimation of my honor's worth had likewise shrunk to the dimensions of a rupee. It happened a few miles out of Khotan, when we were met by a committee of the Hindoo merchants, all eager to do honour to the friends of Miles Sahib, who doubtless were mighty sahibs themselves. As each man advanced, dismounted to my saddle, there were many "Salaam, salaam, Sahib," and then I felt a palmed coin drop into my hand from each welcoming Hindoo grasp. It was instantly returned, and accepted, without a word on either side. My rising indignation was well dissembled until it quite disappeared in the light of the explanation given by Father Hendricks.

'T was tribute money offered to their lord — a pretty compliment of which the most appreciated element is the giver's confidence that the coin will not be kept. Would any save the satiated High-born release the rupee in his grasp? What a gallery of pictures was opened to the mind by that touch of Indian silver on the palm of the Man on Horseback! I am no longer an humble, khaki-clad, peaceful traveller, with but a dozen ponies and armoured only in the courtesy of a Chinese Taotai and of a British Assistant to the Resident at Srinagar for Chinese Affairs. Nay, I am a great emperor, my name it is Timour, it is Aurungzeb, it is Clive; I am clad in the dress of pomp and of power. In my hand is a sword which drinks men's blood. For

escort there rides behind me an army in myriads. My will is their law. In my heart is the lust of dominion and glory. Suppliant to my knee are come these merchants—thousands of them—from Lahore, Amritzar, Delhi, Lucknow, Benares, from a hundred cities of the plain are they come, begging of me the privilege to live, urgently praying that, for a price paid to me, they may have their lives, their wives, their children, their goods, all the things that were their own until I came, until in the name of the great gods and by might of the warriors whom the gods gave me as a sure sign of my divine agency, I had declared that the land with all its fatness of men and of beast and of grain, was mine. Whereupon I had killed many of the men (what matters it? they must soon rot), and am now permitting these to live, upon strict condition that they support myself and my army, even as is meet for the Heaven-born and his friends. And in this brown mud city of Khotan I shall erect a great palace; shall hang it with silken rugs, for the Khotanese slaves are famous rug-makers; and shall establish a harem of delight, for the women here are reputed fair above the women of all the land. Thus it was in the days that are now as dreams. Thus it is now. Thus it shall be again. When the great conquering lord is also a great administrator, able to make a system by which all the rupees shall closely come to his treasury, whence they may go out as sufficient largess to the small lords — then are these small lords men of honour, like the English officials of to-day, spurning the surreptitious silver. If the conqueror knows not the art of the exchequer, and has not the

practices of systematised official generosity, then the small lord welcomes the furtive coin, like the English official of yesterday, the Chinese official of to-day, or the American alderman. Therefore the Hindoo who honoured me by presenting a rupee which, he well believed, would not lose the warmth of his own palm ere it would be returned from mine, had marked me as a satiated sahib.

When Father Hendricks had explained that I had been complimented, not insulted, and when I had come back from meditating upon the troubled history which the custom of the tribute money suggested, I enjoyed all the more our cheerful entry into ancient Khotan, survivor of many sister cities now asleep under the moving sands. The welcoming escort, eight or ten well-mounted, well-dressed men, galloped bravely along, their white turbans and bright-hued silken "Sunday clothes," conspicuous and gay in contrast with the dirty cottons of the increasing stream of natives flowing in and out of the busy central bazaars. Quite in advance, with much show of zeal and authority, rode the Russian Aksakol, an Andijani, a trans-Alaï Turkestani, and here on the dusty road to do us honour and much lip-service. He had gone even farther than the Hindoos to meet us, had seemed to take possession of us, but we learned from Mir Mullah, who had been sent on one march ahead, that it was the Hindoo, not the Andijani, who had placed at our disposal a large house, with garden and court.

The appearance of this smart-looking chap, and his many protestations, had much surprised us, until we learned that he had been ordered by M. Pe-

In front of the Officers' Club at Osh.

trovsky to meet us and offer his help. At news of this, remembering the cautious, ineffectiveness of the Consul General at Kashgar, we expressed gratitude, but were the more content to feel the Hindoo at our side. Father Hendricks was keen to disconcert the Andijani, particularly when the latter proffered to present us to the Amban, to his very good friend the Amban.

"Thank you," said our wily man of God, in Turkestani, "but he is my good friend also—it is I who will present these sahibs." Then, to us, in French: "The rascal! He wants to take you in leading-strings and with blinders, but I am sharper than two Andijanis. It is true I do not know this Amban, but his predecessor, who died suddenly of apoplexy two years ago, was one of my best friends; that is enough truth for this man; we shall not let Petrovsky beat us—we shall win!"

We were still uncertain as to whether the way would be left clear for us to go to Polu, a village on the Kuen Lun slope, and thence up to Tibet. The Amban of Khotan governed this Polu territory, and we were in his hands. What instructions had been given by M. Petrovsky to his Aksakol we did not know. Father Hendricks, in the double zeal of his friendship for us and his almost-animosity toward the Russian, moved on the very ragged edge of policy in his rejection of the Andijani's obtrusive aid. Even to his saintly mind, satisfaction came from pitching French invective in the very face of the unconscious Aksakol, who curvetted in yellow silk dignity and drove the common people before our cavalcade as we splashed over irrigation ditches,

crawled over the occasional fearsome little bridge, shied from a wayside beggar, disappeared into the man-high, centuries-old ruts which are roads; and finally along a well-shaded avenue, marked by the dull mud garden walls, we get into the maze of alleys, paths, streets, which for more than two thousand years has been a well-known breeding-place of men. From the main bazaar, where a submissive but curious crowd can scarcely let us pass, we turn into an alley, skirting an empty enclosure whose stench quite staggers us. We thread our way between lines of expectant horse-holders, then enter the gate of a respectable court, flanked by roomy quarters for our men, and closed by a reception platform. This is under cover, and constitutes the front part of the building in which are four good rooms—the quarters for the sahibs; back of those rooms, a garden of fruit trees and some flowers, all growing in thick disorder. Personal cleanliness one does see among high-class Asiatics, but *general* neatness, order, decorum, in all surroundings—that is European. We were very comfortable, however; our bedding was soon put in its proper corner, and a few rickety chairs were found for our use, this house having already received Sven Hedin, Dr. Stein, Captain Deasey, and perhaps other white men before us. As the two Americans (Mr. Morse and Mr. Abbot) who had preceded me in Turkestan had not gone as far east as Khotan, that ancient city now felt its first thrill from contact with the Very New.

To fleece the sheep bearing wool-of-gold is a hereditary right of all communities small enough to

be sensibly disturbed by the sheep's demands for food and shelter. Yet we think that in Yarkand and Khotan our purchases were made at rates not inordinately above the market. Our ordinary ponies cost an average of about $17. For special mounts of excellent blood we went as high as $35, and in one case $50. Big coats of undressed sheepskin, carrying the wool, cost about $2 each; native shoes, a sort of high-quartered moccasin, cost fifty cents each. Saddles of painted wood, with excellent felt pads, complete with girths, stirrup, and bridle, cost $10. Pack-saddles, shaped like a long letter U and filled with straw (ah, how it burned up there on the cold plateau, when the horse lay stiff on the sand!), cost about one dollar each. Wheat was approximately forty cents per bushel, and the bread made by the natives was excellent and seemed to be abundantly provided in the bazaars of all considerable places. Meat also, in the large towns, was apparently plentiful, market and butchery being generally combined in one unedifying shop.

Silk carpets, for which in old days Khotan was famous, are not as fine as those made in Persia. Even here the mineral dye has done its meretricious work. We saw a very big carpet in the making for some equally big mandarin. Part of its hundred feet of length was rolled around a beam resting on the ground, thence rising to a yard-arm fixed athwart the top of a tall tree-trunk. Forty feet of width exposed a brilliant but well controlled design. The industrious workmen sit under a rainless sky and quietly weave the giant fabric. What clattering of looms, what paling of faces, what straining of nerves would

be the price of the mandarin's luxury if he and his carpet were of our manufacture! Rugs of raw silk, not fine in any way, and about five feet by nine, cost us $12 each; rather dear, we thought. But if ever there was soreness of heart caused by Khotanese prices there came a day which salved and healed it all, a day when I bought a mass of old paper, mere scraps are many of the pieces, but *so old*, and so miraculously preserved with their messages from the dead!

Dead twelve hundred years ago are they who wrote the strange characters and fashioned the strange clay heads whose images you see in illustrations here. Forgotten are the societies to which those dead belonged. Buried in the desert sands are the cities in which those societies dwelt. Choked and obliterated are the streams which gave to those cities the water of life. Can the busy, noisy present spare a moment to hear the story of the silent past?

In 1895–96 Sven Hedin discovered ruins of ancient dwellings in the Taklamakan desert of Eastern (or Chinese) Turkestan. These ruins are in no sense impressive from the architect's point of view, being quite similar to the ordinary Turkestan dwelling of to-day—plaster or adobe around wooden frames. But historically they are of prime interest. For testimony is thus given that civilisation once existed in regions which are now quite uninhabitable because they are completely without water. As the distance of the ruins from present watercourses is too great to justify the supposition of irrigation ditches stretching from the one to the other, we are

River bank at Osh.

Photo by Comte Berlier.

forced to conclude that the same great sand movements which destroyed the towns must have resulted in a shifting of the stream-beds which were once the source of life.

In addition to the sites discovered by Sven Hedin in several great journeys, others have been found by Dr. M. A. Stein of the Indian Educational Service. His admirable work at a number of points around the modern city of Khotan, together with the philological research of Prof. Hoerule, now at Oxford, may be taken as the basis of a special body of learning which we shall call the archæology of the sand-buried cities of Turkestan.

It may seem strange that even in Khotan one must be on guard against forgery in ancient manuscripts. Yet Dr. Stein, by close cross-questioning, forced confession from a clever native, who for several years, and until 1901, fed the Aksakols, and through them the great museums in London and St. Petersburg, with mysterious bits of yellow paper over which the wise men vainly studied. They were particularly puzzled, and at last made suspicious by the fact that a number of different alphabets, all unknown, were represented in these cabalistic writings. Now, alphabets are generally less numerous than languages, and when Dr. Stein, fresh from his own personal unearthings, saw that the genuine manuscript showed no letters similar to those that had been coming from this industrious forger, he was able to confound him and turn him over to the mandarin for punishment.

The true manuscripts are hard enough for the paleographs, since they seem to contain, in separate

pieces, three distinct languages—one is Sanskrit, one a language simply called Central Asian, and Prof. Hoerule, to whom I showed the bundle bought by me, says a third language, not yet deciphered, also appears in some of the fragments.

Whether all the leaves in the manuscript as handed to me had been taken from the same site, Father Hendricks could not learn. Those in Sanskrit are almost wholly Buddhist sacred literature, and they constitute the bulk of the whole. Their approximate date is 750 A.D. The other fragments have not yet been studied sufficiently to fix a date.

Prof. Hoerule, in the short afternoon which we spent together at Oxford, was able to determine only this as to the non-sacred, non-Sanskrit pieces —that they seemed to contain a contract for agricultural materials. I hope some of our scholars may be interested to probe deeper. Prof. Hoerule was good enough to say that he would be glad to correspond with any one desiring the aid of his work, which stands almost alone in this field. As it is not probable that other examples of these finds will be seen in this country for some time, I have placed these in the Congressional Library, with request that they be made available, as far as possible, to any inquiring paleograph.

The discoveries thus far made indicate that during a period of about four hundred years there was a progressive diminishment of the habitable area. It is ever shrinking toward the sources of the streams, which find it ever more difficult to fix a constant course across the wind-swept sands. Thus we see the desert as destroyer, the desert as preserver, but

as preserver only of the empty husks of that life which for a season was permitted to flourish.

These fatal movements, however, were not cataclysmic. There is no reason to suppose that our forgotten brethren of the destroyed oases were smothered instantly, as were those of Pompeii or Martinique. There was, perhaps, time to starve through many years until, hopeless, they abandoned home and farm to seek some friendlier spot where they might meanly support their diminished numbers.

Some unconsidered trifles they left behind, to be folded in the warm bosom of the sand while the centuries moved on. These we now cherish as mementos of that drama, intimate to each one of us—the drama of human life and death.

CHAPTER V

ON TO POLU—AND THE LURE OF THE UNKNOWN

A CHEERFUL, probably a sincere individual we found the Chinese Amban of Khotan. He urged us not to go to Polu, the village which should mark the beginning of our ascent to the great plateau. He thought it foolish to try unknown dangers, when Ladak, our nominal objective, could be reached by the arduous but familiar route via Yarkand. Whether or not we should have frankly told him that we wanted to make a try toward Lhasa, I do not know. Father Hendricks thought not. He believed we would not be permitted to even start for Central Tibet as our avowed objective, nor, thought he, could we try to provision for so long a journey without arousing suspicion. So we talked Ladak—a province once belonging to Tibet, now lately stolen away by the Maharajah of Kashmir—and thought Rudok, a village in territory that is still Tibetan, and where we hoped to reprovision; and where, if pressure of time required it, Anginieur, whose year's leave approached its end, could start for Ladak, and I might try again for the East, eventually returning to Ladak.

The Amban advised, but did not command; and after a four-days' stop in Khotan, we were off one fine day with Father Hendricks, the Hindoo Aksa-

Youth and middle age in Osh.

kol, and a collection of Begs escorting us to a big surburban bazaar about five miles from the town. Then came horseback good-byes, our hearts quite upset at leaving the good priest behind us, and we were away to struggle with the desert, the mountain, the deathly cold, and with Achbar.

Think of it—your comfort, and, as befell us ere many moons, *your life*, depending on the painful marshalling together of about fifty words over the empty parade-ground of a boy's mind! That we came out alive has been a marvel to us—that Achbar lives, is a double marvel.

'T was a week to Polu, much like the earlier desert march, except that the oases became narrower as we entered the rougher foot-hill country, and the human type became also rougher and more sturdy. Those whom we met *en route* were shepherds driving sheep, goats, and inferior yaks down to the Khotan abattoir. The yak of moderate altitudes is doomed to slaughter. His usefulness as a moving machine is in the high places. In every village we were hospitably received, plenteous food was purchasable; often there were offerings of fruit, apparently without thought of pay. No Chinese, either official or private, were seen after leaving Khotan, but the Amban's messenger announced our coming and gave directions as to our privilege of travel. The general kindly conduct of the people toward us seemed, however, to be wholly unofficial.

In Polu we hurried our final preparations for ascent to the plateau, spurred by fear of some complication with the authorities, and by desire to cover as much ground as possible before being forced to make for

the passes ere the winter set in. Our haste was also in part due to the mere fascination one feels in affronting the unknown—as such. Why, by the way, may not this sentiment, of common occurrence in respect to things mundane, offer an element of character which, if carefully "bred to," should take away all the terrors of journeying to the unexplored land called Death?

The village was not entirely a stranger to Europeans. Seven years ago it had sheltered Captain Grombtchevsky of the Russian army while he surveyed the tortured country around it, possibly dreaming of Muscovite empire, to be won in peril and suffering by a soldiery that thinks not, but obeys. Przhevalsky also reached it from the north. Both the Russian travellers considered the place as an impossible starting-point for long journeying on the plateau. Then the fated Frenchman, Dutreuil du Rhins, with his brave companion, M. Grenard, twice visited Polu during their unhappy but fruitful travels. Captain Deasey, in 1901, again put Polu on the map, and as far away as 1886 Carey had descended from the plateau by way of the wretched river-bed which we were to climb. It is this absurd, but possible, trail between the plateau and the lower desert, this slanting fissure in the northern slope of the Kuen Lun range, which gives to Polu its geographic prominence.

Even while we were still bearing the scrutiny of many curious eyes, it was announced that another white man was in Polu, and we wondered greatly how this had come to pass in the very jumping-off place of Turkestan, for we had heard no rumour of

a European in the hundreds of miles traversed since we left Kashgar. Soon he came to our quarters, truly a white man, a Russian; but whether a man born in Siberia and never west of the Ural Mountains, should be called European or Asiatic let each determine as he will. A genteel chap he seemed, and kindly, as we had reason to know when he gave us Chinese money for Russian gold. His mission was a queer one. On the surface, he had no other occupation in life than to astound the natives by a graphophone performance—a polyglot machine that spoke Russian mostly, but also gave echoes of the Boulevards and of the Bowery—words and music that almost denied the existence of the deep Asiatic world around us. Through a clever Andijani our Russian friend seemed to be presenting the graphophone as a miracle of his own people. No fee was charged, at least while we were present, nor did it seem possible that the venture into these remote and small villages could have a commercial motive. Rather it seemed political propaganda—eccentric, childish, but perhaps effective. Had he been sent by M. Petrovsky to follow our trail a bit? Or was the probability of meeting him the secret of the Consul General's opposition to our eastward wandering? Certainly he and the Andijani would not be holding hither and thither across the Turkestan desert without knowledge and consent of M. Petrovsky. And then, when later our troubles began —but why speculate thus in the trackless air? Moreover we learned, the second day out, of a sounder and more familiar reason than political misgiving to explain such double-dealing as may have been meted

out to us. 'T was lust for gold that inspired the first limping effort of the natives to scale the rough valley of the tumbling stream above Polu. Guided in part by the dead bodies of their predecessors, in part by the dizzy, man-made trail, the patient donkeys strive up and down the gorge, laden, downward, with the placer "concentrates," upward with bread and tea for the score or more of Turkestani toilers who do the bidding of their Chinese masters.

One group of gnome-like miners appealed to us, through Achbar, lamenting their enforced stay away from the village, and praying the sahibs to intervene with the Kitai (Chinese) in their behalf. But the men did not seem hungry or overworked, and we left them, absorbed as we were in trouble of our own. Their methods, compared with placer work which I had chanced to see in Mexico, California, and Alaska, appeared very crude. The number of worked-out pockets, multiplied by their evidently small rate of daily progress, attested long usage. The village *entrepôt* showed no sign of garnered wealth from the operations, which must be a strict government monopoly, let out, perhaps, on some royalty basis to the Amban, one hundred and twenty miles away in Khotan.

Looking back now upon the troubles which befell us after our departure from Polu, and which seemed to be born of treachery, I am reminded of similar troubles occurring when I chanced to stumble into a gold-bearing territory far in the interior of Abyssinia. As in the present case, I knew nothing of the gold until close upon it. But the local dignitary, a handsome, courtly Ras—or duke—fairly

suspected me of the universal cupidity which marks us all, and felt that even Menelik's passport was not sufficient warrant for permitting a white man to enter territory theretofore unknown to our race. Fearing to contravene the King's authority, concerned because I insisted upon going to a village which to me was only the outpost of an unknown territory, but to him was known as a native gold market, he finally resorted to deception, telling me of impossible trails and of the fearsome Shankalis, not yet thoroughly subdued, he said, by Abyssinian arms. "I love you as a brother," said he; "you tell me that you have a wife and children whom you love; then for your sake and for theirs, I tell you, do not go to Gomer." He furnished me with an intelligent guide—and evidently told him to lead me away from the desired village.

Fortunately, the map and compass showed me that we were being drifted north instead of properly to the south; the guide repeated the stories of impossible roads, then when I persisted he yielded and looked troubled. About this time came two runners, Jewish-looking Abyssinians, I remember, announcing that, wherever I may have been thus far taken by the guide, I was to now know that I should go where I chose, and not where the guide willed. The "Duke" had probably had time to receive assurances from Menelik that he really meant me to go anywhere along the Blue Nile. Then the whole thing came out. We reached Gomer by some of the best trails that fell to me in Africa. There were no threatening Shankalis, but the natives were trading gold in the sky-covered market, filling the

dust into quills for one measure, and weighing small nuggets against pebbles for another. Moreover, my interpreter found that Gomer also boasted another lucrative trade, which the Ras fairly supposed should be concealed from the European,—for have not the white men cajoled Menelik into some sort of agreement to suppress the slave trade in his realm? But his great vassals, far in the interior, where the troubling European had never been seen, feel no hesitation in maintaining the patriarchal relation of master to such Shankalis or other low tribes as may sell themselves or be seized in war.

Now, the Ras did not like to lie to me, I feel sure of that, for he was very much a gentleman; but in statecraft, alas! who is spotless? He fenced with a lie, while seeking a sure footing between new policy on the one hand and consecrated tradition on the other. So perhaps it was at Polu. We knew nothing of their wretched little placers (they may be direfully rich for aught I know), but when, within the short period of twenty years, four different sets of white men poke into an almost impassable valley and spy at things through tubes and are seen to write in books every night, is it not fair to presume that they are possessed of the Devil of gold-love, which is known to enter white and black and brown and yellow hearts all alike? And if you are snugly ensconced in life as the Beg of Polu, making by the sweat of the miner's brow an honest living for your hard-earned wives and children, would you not feel constrained to set a pitfall under the feet of a spying stranger? Ras Worke, Lord of marches in far Godjam, and you, humble Beg of little Polu! a

Typical irrigated region near Osh.

great circle's quadrant separates you in space, a hundred kowtows separate you in social rank, but you stand together in one white man's memory as having given him, each of you, a bushel of trouble for an even bushel of reasonable suspicion against him!

Now, the things which the Beg did, or inspired, or seemed to inspire, were these: the desertion of the head-and-tail holders for our ponies before the plateau was reached; the disappearance of the donkey-caravan, bearing two-thirds of our grain-supply, of which a part was recovered; and the desertion of our guide before he had taken us to an agreed point on the plateau, beyond which neither he nor we knew the way, but which we wanted as a tie-point on the map. It all smelled of treachery. But one never knows. We dealt through the unspeakable Achbar. There was room for some misunderstanding.

The assistant caravan-men, eight in number, did excellent work for three days, fording the ice-cold stream scores of times, legs bare, coats soaked in the swirling torrent, no possibility of warming their half-frozen limbs. Then, all the frightful steps saving the last two having been surmounted, they disappeared one after the other. The caravan was badly strung out — impossible to watch them. Hence Achbar was told to promise backsheesh when the end should be gained. Their regular pay, fifteen cents per day, had been deposited with the Beg. The backsheesh would have nearly doubled it. The donkey men started away from Polu ahead of us. We stipulated that they should take

their burdens of grain, together with a live sheep and the bread-supply of one of our regular men, up to the top of the pass, thus relieving our own ponies. These were now sixteen in number, and their strength must be husbanded against the unknown, but surely great, demands which awaited them.

We passed the donkeys the second day out on our way up; they were struggling bravely against mighty odds. We were harassed during four trying days, from Polu to the pass: horses falling in the torrents and slipping on the narrow trail, men and beasts breathing harder as we climbed into the thin upper air; sahibs as well as servants sleeping in holes in the ground or in the open cold, because all were too tired to mend a broken tent-pole. But at last it was over, and we were camped about ten miles beyond the pass, which looks northward over all Turkestan and southward over the far-rolling, mountain-marked plateau of Tibet. We were warmed by a splendid sun; the waters of a little lake shone at our feet, the tent was cosily set, there were grass-roots from which fire could be had to boil a pot of water for brewing tea, and for the softening of a hare which Anginieur had killed at fifteen thousand feet elevation; wild ducks and geese invited us to make resounding shots in the empty waste; we were tired, but happy, and we waited for the donkeys. Each one of us in turn played Sister Anna, mounted on some bare hillock and far-gazing across the desert which closed around us. No signs of life save an occasional hare and a troop of wild dogs. These must have been a hungry

lot, as we saw no prey for them during several days' march, save one wild horse.

A day and a half we remained in the lazy lap of repose. Then the sky clouded, literally and figuratively. Each meal given to men and horses meant a shortening of the possible journey across the inhospitable region which Mohammed Joo described as "Adam Yok,"—"There is no man,"—and which certainly extended a hundred miles or more in every direction. Two good men were sent back to search for the truants. They took three ponies, and on the next day returned, quite played out, but in a measure triumphant. No hide or hair of man or donkey had been seen, but they found, cast down by the trail-side, a part of our grain and our sheep, its throat having been thoughtfully cut. The missing grain may have been stolen, or, more probably, lost in the torrents. The three ponies were just able to bring the salvage. On taking stock we found about a thousand pounds of grain. If each horse were given four pounds a day we were good for fifteen days. If we found occasional grass, or if we shot some horses as their loads were consumed, we could hold out yet longer. If we had no bad luck we ought to reach Rudok in about twelve days. As to the men, we were provisioned for thirty days.

Perhaps we should have gone back, made a row, gotten more grain, and made a fresh start. But the trail behind us was a fearsome thing, worse now by reason of a snow-fall since the ascent, and we could not be sure of better treatment a second time. If we were to make a try at the plateau, it seemed best

to push on; we might reach Rudok or meet nomadic Kirghiz. So off we started.

Our guide, Caliban's double, had been ugly from the moment we crossed the pass, and Mohammed Joo had thumped him a little to keep him from balking. He was, or pretended to be, ill; remembering that the mountaineers are occasionally subject to nausea when taken to unusual elevations, we put Caliban on a pony, though none of our own men complained of anything more serious than shortening of the breath. We were then at an elevation of about sixteen thousand feet. It seemed wise to tie our Mercury to a less volatile element, and Mir Mullah was chosen for the rôle of anchor by night and shadow by day. Except for the cords that bound his legs to Mir Mullah's the fellow was well treated, and was promised backsheesh, besides the unpaid half of his hire, if he duly led us past Baba Hatun, an ancient, deserted Tibetan fort, to a point which had been agreed upon by Mohammed Joo and the Beg, and which we hoped to identify on the map. We were therefore disgusted and troubled when at the end of two long marches from the lake the guide was understood to say that we had already left Baba Hatun to the rear. Remonstrance was useless. We were told that the Beg had ordered us to be taken by another road, but that we should reach the other agreed point in two days. I remembered similar trouble in Africa. Not infrequently and not unwisely the simple native refuses to take explorers into his country if it has heretofore been free from the curiosity that finally upsets him. We wanted to be fair, and were forced

Russian officer commanding the border-post near Russian-Chinese frontier.

to be patient. When we pitched camp at the end of a day's tortuous march Caliban was more cheerful than usual, chatting with our men in human fashion. The next morning Mir Mullah awoke with a free leg — Caliban had vanished. With only a crust of bread he started alone and on foot across the trackless and bitter cold desert. His good humour had probably resulted in a loosening of the bonds that held him to Mir Mullah, who now could only sheepishly report that he had slept heavily and knew nothing of the escape. The man safely regained Polu, as we learned months later when inquiry was made through Mr. MacCartney, now representing Great Britain at Kashgar. And our complaint of desertion is answered by Caliban's statement that we were forcing him to follow a bad road! Poor lamb! Now, indeed, was the summer of our content made dismal winter by this inglorious son of Belial. He had bestowed us at the end of a valley, whose blackened volcanic sides gave it a more than usually sinister visage. But no question of appearance would have weighed against it if we had only known where it was—I mean if we had known with that satisfying intimacy which latitude and longitude alone can supply.

I had left behind me all hope of recovering my chronometer, lost by reason of the mulish delay of the Osh postmaster. That meant no longitude. But latitude by meridian passages is determinable without a chronometer, provided you know the declinations of the bodies observed. These, with all other required astronomical data, are given in nautical almanacs, and nautical almanacs should not

be lost. But when a thorough search of all our kit at the lake encampment failed to find the precious book of figures, I knew that latitudes also must be rare.

Even a very exact determination of position would not have given us a trail, but could have determined general directions toward an objective and the distance to be traversed. As things were, we had nothing save compass readings for guidance. My instrument was small, not well made, and I did not know the magnetic variation on the Tibetan plateau. Experience had taught me in other journeys that results, sometimes remarkably accurate, may be had by compass work, assuming an average rate for caravan speed. This must vary with the animals used. Thus, Somali camels go steadily at about two and a quarter miles per hour; Abyssinian mules may be counted to do three miles per hour over anything but very rough country. Our Turkestan ponies, as we had determined on the lower desert, were good also for three miles. And this figure was, for a time, assumed on the plateau, making specific allowance for all stops over one minute. It proved to be too high, the animals being slowed down by the rarified air and equally rarified food.

During the first five days beyond the pass the error of magnetic variation was of small account, as our course had been generally southward with approximately equal east and west diversions. It became serious on the long westerly course soon to be pursued. The compass course pointed a wavering and inaccurate path across the untracked wastes.

When later corrections were made by tying to known points at the ends of the journey over the unexplored region, and checked by corrected, intermediate latitudes,[1] a fairly good result was reached.

[1] Meridian passages of the sun were observed, declination being calculated, after return to civilisation, based on approximate longitudes.

CHAPTER VI

A PLUNGE TO WHITHER-AWAY—THE AKSAI CHIN OR WHITE DESERT

THIS dissertation on survey methods seems not to belong to the narrative which brought us up short at the end of a scoriac valley. It is probably here as a reflex from memories of the halting and embarrassment experienced while getting out of that valley. Caliban's desertion led to the discovery of a curious mental phenomenon. He had already deceived us in the important matter of the fort. He seemed brutally ignorant, and we feared he would make a bad use of such small intelligence as God had granted him. Yet we were sorry to lose him. There were seven of us left, but we felt lonely on that great desert without Caliban. It is the power of a word,—and of faith,—irrational faith, I suppose. We had engaged him as a guide, and, indeed, he had taken us to the lakes, which were on the map. We very much needed a guide. After the lake, Caliban had only pretended to know, or had actually deceived us. Yet he was our guide. The word is a noble one, full of sentiment. Trust on the one side, helpful knowledge, all the way up to omniscience, on the other. That is what the word implies. And though all these elements of sentiment were lacking in our case, yet, for a few

minutes, we mourned for our guide. But it is one of the fixed laws of travel in a foodless, fireless, houseless, roadless land that no feeling, however sacred, can be indulged, *standing still.* "Move on!" That is Alpha and Omega as you must learn them there, provided you wish to remain You. So it was that, cursing Caliban lightly for the bad heart that was in him and for his evil face, yet hoping he might not suffer on his long journey homeward, we saddled up and began to speer a way outward and onward.

We said we must travel south-westward—toward Rudok—and we hoped to find trace of some path, or an occasional pile of stones laid by the hand of man. It was a grievous job, I remember, getting out of the valley. The gorge, which was its vermiform appendix, was attempted by us, but refused us admission, scattering boulder behind boulder. So we turned away from it, and climbed out, having to unload the ponies and man-handle our goods in the first quarter mile, covering, all told, about a mile of progress in three hours of labour. Some of the ponies were badly shaken up and bruised from falling, but we had lost none. Here, as in the Polu gorge, Mohammed Joo ranged on the field, a valorous Achilles, saving, not destroying.

More than once our most precious packs had trembled to their fall, as the ponies slipped and gripped against a thousand-foot roll down the luring slope, which seeing I, at the rear, unable to pass, could but cry out for our Achilles, who then, holding in some spider-fashion to the face of the steep, found his way to the point of peril, got foot-hold or hand-hold

under the horse's belly, let the burden gently down, urged the animal past the projecting rock, regained the trail, moved forward the loads to some safe, wide-stretching plain that might measure four feet in width, where the charge was repacked and our nervous march resumed. He told the ponies in their native tongue how he expected to pull them out of the snarl of packs and rocks into which they may have fallen. The rest of us did such obvious, but not always helpful, things as might occur to strangers looking at some family trouble, but only those two, Mohammed Joo and the beast, knew how four-foot was to be rolled over to come up, all-standing, on some scarce perceptible bench that broke the smooth face of the steep descent.

Something of remorseful zeal burned, I think, in the breast of Mohammed Joo, now that we were thrown helpless on an unknown desert. He had believed that he would be able to take us to a point from which the route to Rudok would not be difficult to pick up. Now, only four days from the pass which puts one on the plateau, he found that the mountains and valleys traversed three years before with Captain Deasey were confused in memory with thousands of their kind that cover all this roof-region of the world over which his endless journeys were ever leading him. The sahibs now must determine the march which should result in life or death for all of us. Mohammed Joo would nobly do his part in nursing the afflicted ponies, prolonging their lives beyond the span which would reasonably be measured to them in terms of the hunger and cold and fatigue which were their daily discipline. Dis-

Crossing the Trans-Alaï Mountains.

cipline? That is the theological term under which many of *our ills* are covered. What is it for the poor beast? What is the object of his discipline? Briefly, we do not know—neither as to horse nor as to man. Suffering is a part of the universe, inherent as is joy. While watching them, one after the other, stagger to their death I could see only this: a mass of carbon, oxygen, nitrogen, and hydrogen, which, for reasons unknown to me, or to you, had for a time been endowed with the fatal gift of consciousness. And a man-corpse suggests nothing different, save a less weight of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, with a greater weight of consciousness. That is all we may *know;* but there are infinities for which we may hope.

In getting out of Caliban's valley we were led up over a ridge 18,300 feet above the sea, and then, at the end of two days' march, we were down again to about 16,500. As to direction, we yielded to the welcome constraint of mountain and valley, glad to note that our general trend was south-westward. So powerful is the reasoning of desire, we had convinced ourselves that we could identify certain ranges as shown on the meagre maps, and for a few days we actually saw, at about five-mile intervals, artificial heaps of stone, probably marking some native trail of rarest use, from Polu to the salt lakes or to Rudok. But we now know that we depended too much on maps that were necessarily sketches only.

We turned away westward from the best course to Rudok, earlier by a good two days' march than should have been done, and were thus thrown in

the desert known as Aksai Chin—White Desert. This region had not been anywhere traversed by Europeans, but the compilers of the maps had, as is customary, put in certain features as vaguely reported by natives. These were erroneous, but we, not then knowing definitely our position, were misled by giving some faith to the representations. Finding the mountain system very different from that indicated for what was our actual latitude, and very similar to that indicated for a lower latitude, we were thus confirmed in an error which at the end came near costing us "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

On each day we were sternly asked, by each of the four elements, certain embarrassing questions, and the witness *must answer*. The Fire Spirit said: "How shall you find me, that you may have hot water for your tea and for the warming of your tinned foods?" And we answered: "With the happy trove of yak dung, or the grass-roots, or, these failing, with splinters of our two wooden packing-cases; and these being sacrificed, with this straw torn from pack-saddles, whose bearers are stretched stiff there a mile behind us. Thus, O Fire Spirit, we shall seek you and conjure you to the end that we may have tea, and we shall not ask then your direct comforting of our bones." And the Air Spirit spoke, saying: "How shall you protect your pulpy bodies from me, relentless, cold, as I seek to steal away from them the heat which is their life?" And we answered: "With the sheep's wool, and his hide; and these protections against your sharp tooth we shall not at any time put aside. And at night the

tender Europeans shall sleep in a tent, and the Asiatics shall sleep on the uncovered ground and pile up packing-cases against your blast."

Then the Water Spirit spoke, saying: "You may perchance live without hot tea, you may, with food in your packs, burn those internal fires whose protected warmth shall defy the Air Spirit. But how shall you deal with me when I shall mock at you as a mirage, when I shall sink into the sands at your feet, when I shall change into stone before your eyes? How shall you possess me, the Indispensable?" And for answer we could but say: "When you mock at us with a shining lie, we shall yet seek after you; when you are buried in the sand, we shall go yet farther to find your reappearance; when you have turned into stone, we shall be the better able to carry you from place to place until you shall melt to the wooing of the Fire Spirit. We shall thirst for you, and struggle for you, but you shall yield, you shall comfort us." And, lastly, the Earth Spirit spoke, saying: "I have trapped you here, you who have come into my sanctuary which I have kept apart for its quietness. You shall see doors in my mountain walls, they shall seem to be open, but they shall be closed against you. Your feet shall be heavy, your breathing shall be as a bellows that creaks. This land I have lifted far above the thick air which your lungs desire for the quick cleansing of your blood. This land is not made for man. You have sinned against me in leaving the habitations which I have widely prepared for you, to come into my high solitudes." And we answer: "The shut door shall we leave,

seeking yet another, though the feet be heavy. Your solitude shall then be respected; open only the way. Let no strange skeletons be mingled here with those of the yak, the gazelle, the wild dog—proper offerings on this your barren altar."

Thus may struggle the spirit of man with the spirits of all the conspiring elements. But the ponies? Ah! they could but answer to the shrill jibe of the death-bearing night wind: "We bear the burdens of man, his will must we serve while we live, yours to-morrow when we die." How the poor brutes churned and churned all night long! They were tied in pairs, head to tail. Thus they could move, but could not stray. Little rest for them, this all-night milling round and round. But to stand still meant death.

The loss of one's ponies is the peril that hangs over all travel in this fatal region. It is impossible to soften the frightful conditions in which they strive to exist. They *must* travel to the limit of their endurance, because the land is foodless. They cannot be relieved from the effect of excessive altitude; nor can they be protected at night from excessive cold. If the journey be long, they must be fed on small rations. A fair load for a pony in rough country is one hundred and fifty pounds, or say two hundred. If he were fed ten pounds a day, he could carry nothing more than his own food for a twenty-day journey. The occasional grass one meets counts for something, and we always sought to camp near even the meanest-looking patch of it. But one cannot rely upon it, and in the short time available for grazing over sparse growth, the animal

A cotton-caravan—Trans-Alaï Mountains.

gets only a lunch—not a dinner. If one starts from a mountain-base, such as Darjeeling or Ladak Leh, the animals are hardier than those recruited in Turkestan. But even these are not accustomed to regular life at elevations above fourteen thousand feet, and the increase to an average of sixteen thousand feet, which must be met in any considerable journey on the plateau, seems to tell on even the hardiest.

The first to succumb was Captain Anginieur's mount, a high-bred animal with too much mettle. For about ten days after ascending the Polu gorge he continued to be ready for a morning gallop. He soon dropped, fell several times under his rider, tried to follow the caravan, bearing a nominal load; then, on another day, without load, he stumbled forward several times, bleeding at the mouth as he recovered; finally, gave it up, and when I last saw him he was on his knees. Anginieur did not like the thought of shooting him; the cold of the night must have promptly done the bullet's quicker work. My own mount, an excellent Kashgar purchase, died one night a few days after he had made a noble effort for his salvation and mine. We had made a hard march the day before and went into a dry camp, moistened a little, however, by water carried in my rubber bed from the previous camp.

We were moving in a valley about ten miles wide. Small streams coming from the neighbouring snow-tops wandered lazily over level surfaces, and often disappeared almost while you watched them. At night they were frozen. We ought to reach them early enough to let the animals drink liquid water.

Ten miles is a wide stretch to cross and re-cross, unless you have nothing else to do. But we wanted to move forward as rapidly as possible. At about twelve o'clock noon I left the caravan, which was near the middle of the valley, agreeing with Angi-nieur that he should keep the march headed on a selected peak far in front of us, while I sought for water near the foot of one of our bounding ranges. At about four o'clock, finding none, I turned to rejoin the caravan, and soon reached the line of the front-and-rear peaks agreed on in the morning.

The caravan was not seen, nor the trail. For a time we kept on the supposed line of march, but when no trail was found and the sun sank low both horse and I were troubled. Finally, quite against his will, I turned the animal square across the valley, determined thus to find the trail before dark, or prove that the caravan had not gone so far. The poor beast flagged now; he thought I was wrong and he knew he was tired. But when the tracks were seen, what an intelligent leap he made! Turning freely to follow, now forward, he again tried to gallop. But the fire was gone. Thus we passed on, hoping every moment to see the caravan in motion or the tent set for a cheerless night. Then came a stony stretch, the moon sank in clouds, the trail was gone.

It was no longer possible to make out anything in the dark. Just what to do was a puzzle. I must not stop too long, as that meant sleeping and freezing, but I was very tired; hence I concluded to lie down for a while, keeping the bridle on my arm.

Then, remembering a crust of bread in my saddle-bag, I providentially moved round the horse's head to get it, when a flash—no sound, but an instant's flash—struck through the black night. As we were the only men for several hundreds of miles about, that flash was conclusive evidence that the camp was near. Now we need not fight the bitter night through against hunger and the killing cold. I sprang to the saddle and again urged forward the over-worn horse. The signal he could not understand, yet he forged on, dejectedly but patiently.

In less than half an hour we were splashing through a good stream. Shot after shot guided us on, then shout after shout, then hand-grasp after hand-grasp, for even the men put aside the reserve of station to welcome the lost sahib. But the poor horse never recovered his spirit. He had endeavoured, yea, accomplished, too much. He could scarce make the next day's march, and, though he showed again a bit of energy, in a week he was dead. Even when an enforced halt had come to the caravan, and he had days of repose ahead of him, he chose eternal rest. Our trouble had arisen, like many others less serious, from a mirage. My long absence from the caravan caused Anginieur to feel that he must look out for water. A beautiful little lake spread out to the left of our agreed line of march. He veered over toward the vision, which was n't water, but only the ghost of it. That accounted for the long loop in the trail and my failure to pick it up when I reached the line of the direction peaks. Moral. When you have been long separated from your friends, remember that they may

have excellent reasons for changing rules of conduct supposedly fixed.

The caravan was in motion about ten hours during the day just described; that is a long pull for weak, underfed horses, so we had to shoot one on breaking camp next morning. The straw of the now useless pack-saddle was given in part to the tea-making fire, and in part to the famished horses, each one striving for a mouthful of the woody fibre.

We are now nearly at the end of the long, flat valley in which we had marched for eight or ten days. It was closed just ahead of us, and there was thus closed one chapter in the history of our woes. Yet withal a few pleasant elements had entered into the experience. Two lakes were discovered, one drinkable, the other salt. The fresh water lay beautifully blue at the foot of sharply rising mountains and gladdened our eyes for two days. Around the other tracks were found, some quite new, and these lifted our hopes. But the trails thinned out into the silent hills. They were evidently made by wild horses coming to the salt licks. Both the lakes were new to the maps.

It was near the sweet water that we had a half day's diversion furnished by a herd of wild yak. Miles had given us a Berdan rifle. With this and the Mauser gun-pistol we taught the yaks and the virgin echoes how noisy and how harmless may be the artillery of the breath-spent hunter. That we were exhausted by our vain stalking efforts was of small concern; that we failed to get fresh meat was a disappointment, particularly for the men, who

worked hard and shivered much during thirty days or more on a diet of tea and bread, while we had sustaining tins of sausage and pork in various other forms; also dreadful Russian fish. The folded valley in which we saw the yaks contained a bit of grazing, which would have been relished by the ponies, but we had to retreat from its impassable sides and regain the broader desert in which our course had been held. Even here occasional gazelles browsed invisible grass, and invariably flung away, rejoicing, from our long-range shots.

Except for these things, the lakes, the yaks, and the gazelles, yes, and the sunshine, and the solitude and the snow-tops around us, I can think of nothing agreeable in connection with the long valley which stretches across the Aksai Chin. Except for these, life there was but a constant strain of search for water, for fuel of roots or dung, for a bit of grazing, and always for a trail that never was found, because it never had been.

Now, ahead of us the mountains closed the way. They were not ugly heights; we felt that they could be climbed, or a way threaded between them. The portentous question was, which way? We had evidently passed beyond any opening, if it existed, that would lead us by short line to Rudok. Might we not be near Lanak Pass? That is on the map. Several explorers had crossed it. Indeed, Mohammed Joo now took courage and declared that he recognised the black mountain there in front. We microscoped the rumour-made maps more closely than ever and then plunged into the heights which confronted us. Soon we were up again to eighteen

thousand feet, then down again to sixteen thousand five hundred, in a rather narrow valley. Lassoo now began to revive memories of his march with Captain Welby. His little yellow face was turned knowingly from side to side, and he soon delighted us by declaring to Achbar that we were going in the wrong direction. Think of it, somebody who knew what was the wrong direction! The next morning we gave Lassoo his head, and were soon scaling another eighteen-thousand-foot ridge, down into another valley at about sixteen thousand five hundred feet elevation. Mohammed Joo, ever an optimist, said that was Lanak Pass. Lassoo said it was not, but he could take us to Lanak and probably find shepherds there. Our hearts swelled with satisfaction. A shepherd meant a trail; a trail meant a way back to the world where people lived, where the map should no longer be blank and where the ear should no longer be hurt by the refrain "Adam Yok!"

Another day we followed Lassoo, who held down the valley wherein a friendly stream accompanied us for a while. But now the little compass read N. W., and all day long N. W., and there were no shepherds. But men had been in this valley. Lassoo triumphantly chuckled over a piece of pottery found near to three blackened stones, dear to the eyes of the trail-seeker. Then we passed a curious line of little stone-piles about a foot high, two feet apart, and stretching a clean mile across the valley, with a six-foot opening about the middle. I think it served to cull the foolish flocks that may have grazed last year, or a hundred years ago, or a thou-

A Kirghiz family under observation.

sand, on the hillsides, that now bore, here and there, only a little furze like the three days' beard on a man's chin.

Night came on, and our stream had left us by burying itself alive. We turned up a side valley and pitched camp in the dark, all very blue. We had not filled the rubber bed in the morning, and all my previous exhortations in respect to water bottles resulted only in two—mine and Achbar's. Two pints of water for seven men. Achbar's bottle went to the men. They would not accept the whiskey I offered, and whose use under such circumstances I thought even the Prophet himself would have allowed; but he was not there to make a dispensation.

And now the worst of it came. Poor Anginieur had been always more affected by the altitude than the rest of us. He was forced to open his lips for breathing. We had been riding for days into the teeth of a cruel wind, which, I suppose, inflamed the exposed tonsils and made things worse. It was impossible to keep warm enough for continuous sleep at night, though we wore all our day-clothing and got under everything else available. This lack of sleep produced general feverishness, and now a long night had to be passed with only one cup of water, a body temperature of 103° F., and an atmospheric temperature of —20° F.

My little stock of medicines had not seemed to be selected to meet this case, though they had been rather liberally applied during the past few days. Moreover, I never treat Europeans with the same confidence which spreads from patient to doctor

when the patient is a native. In Africa, where I had a flourishing practice, another condition added to my professional aplomb. I was always moving forward and thus left my clients behind me, cured by faith, I trust. Now, when the case seemed grave, and was that of my friend, I felt miserable in my ignorance. I could but give quinine and look cheerful; it was a hard night for Anginieur, whose fever gasped for water, though he must be covered *cap-a-pie* to keep from freezing. Very early we were up, looking about for H_2O in any form.

Mohammed Joo climbed to a forbidding niche about a mile away and came back about seven o'clock with a bucket full of reviving snow. Then Lassoo explored a near-by elevation, found abundant running water within a quarter of a mile, and soon the rubber bed was full. Perilous as was our position now, a day's rest for the invalid became imperative. And it was equally imperative that the caravan should be lightened. We had now eleven horses and grain enough to quarter-feed them all for about five days. Unless some of them were better fed, all would soon die. So we made a pile containing civilised clothing, books (about a dozen good heavy ones that had come with me all the way from London), our little camp table and chairs, my sextant, and various odds and ends, altogether amounting to about two loads. Then we redistributed the packs and found that we could get rid of at least three animals. Mohammed Joo was told to give no grain to these three, to let them follow, if they chose, in the hope of some sudden relief, or, if he preferred, to shoot them. As his heart was half

horse, he did not shoot them and did, I fear, sneak them a mouthful of food.

After one day's rest, Anginieur was again able to get in the saddle. In an hour's march we had picked up our disappearing, re-appearing stream, and in another hour it was running strong wherever it could break through its fetters of ice. But the valley trended stubbornly north-west. This seemed to mean that we should soon be in the open desert again, and certainly we were wearing away from Lanak Pass—away from possible food and life. So when a wide opening appeared, looking south-west, we felt that reason pointed toward the new valley. I had many misgivings about leaving a *descending* stream to *ascend* a long valley. Lassoo's leathery face almost changed colour when he saw us leading away on a new tack, and my conversation with him was thus:

"The sahibs will surely die if they leave this stream."

"But how do you know we shall not die if we follow it?"

"At Lanak Pass there was big water, and this too is big."

"But I am sure now that we are far from Lanak; the sun has told me so."

"Even if we are, this is good water."

"But many times we have seen the streams die in the sands—why not this one?"

"There are fish here. I saw some under the ice as long as two hands; such fish are not in the waters that die in the sands. And we now go down, that is good. If we go up the horses will die first. The

sahibs cannot sleep without horses to carry their food and their blankets. Even we cannot walk and bear burdens in this land; we shall all die."

"But this stream goes ever in the wrong direction."

"It will change—if it does not yet I shall soon find men—shepherds of the Botmen (Tibetans) or the Kirghiz, perhaps."

I felt that Lassoo's talk was good medicine, but the compass and the maps won the day and carried us on to further trials. One of our ponies had dropped just before we changed direction. Another considerately went down a short time before we camped, thus assuring us a straw fire for our tea. The next night, a bitter one in a snow-fall at an elevation of seventeen thousand five hundred feet, was cheered by this sort of death-flame. Three ponies had now eliminated themselves from the grain equation without help of powder and shot. By noon of the following day we had clambered out of the upper defiles of our tempting valley and found ourselves on a mountain-top, the very abomination of desolation. Again we looked at the world from an elevation of eighteen thousand five hundred feet, and it was not good to behold; magnificent, but not good. Vast snow-crowned heights, like gigantic foam billows, met at every point a now threatening sky. A deep valley looked up at us from the west, but visible issue there was none. There was absolutely nothing to suggest a way out of the wildly massed region of snow save death or retreat. Again the little leathery face of Lassoo seemed drawn as by cords, yet composedly he said

Holland, America, England, and Russia in Kashgar.

to Achbar, who composedly interpreted to us: "Now the sahibs see that we must all die if we go on; and shall we go there, or there, or there? It is all the same. Last night the ponies were nearly all dead in the snow. All of us were very cold. You see it is worse around us. But it is not too late, I think, if we go back!"

Just then, at the psychological moment, the snow began falling around us, and even Anginieur, who sympathised less with Lassoo's views than I, felt that our lives were now hung on a slender thread, which pulled us backward. Lassoo was all wrong about Lanak Pass, but he was all right in respect to the wisdom of sticking closer than a brother to a good descending stream. And now we could hold out but a few days longer, for our grain supply was just two bushels. We had been travelling for more than twenty days without seeing a human being and had no idea where to find them, and we were simply lost. So down we went. There remained much to suffer, but that decision saved us eventually. I remember just a little regret at leaving so splendid, so savage a view. And, as we knew later, the spot was geographically of unique interest. The ridge which stretched its forlorn length to right and left of us separates the Hindustan plains from the central desert. It is the true ridge-pole of the Asiatic continental mass. The snowflakes that fell around us might be divided even as they melted, part going to the hungry sands of the cold northern wastes, part to be warmed in the glistening bosom of the Indian Ocean. Here is such a frontier as Titans would declare for fending wide apart their jealous empires.

And here is such a seat as Icy Death would sit upon for throne.

In a day and a half we were again camped in the big valley near the point where we had left it, an unusually fine grass-patch near us, abundant water at our feet, and a fair supply of yak dung, garnered there by passing decades. On the way down we had proposed to Mohammed Joo and Lassoo that they should go alone down the good stream to seek help, while the rest of us remained in camp, thus avoiding transport of five men and our European necessities, tent, and heavier bedding. They eagerly assented. Indeed, it was evidently the only course possible. We had now just *one* bushel of grain. That would keep two horses going several days, and at good speed, but it would last eight horses only two days, at half rations. Lassoo was calmly confident that he could return in six days. Just why he said six instead of sixteen I don't know, unless he merely wanted to comfort us, for we could live comfortably for ten days on the food remaining to us, and we hoped the idle horses might keep their life-sparks burning by consumption of the grass.

Our two messengers then fared forth to ask of the silent mountains whether we were to be granted a few more years of respiration, of see-saw 'twixt pain and pleasure. How grave it all seemed to us! How indifferent to the dumb world around us! How petty to the babbling world of men to which we once belonged! Perhaps a few broken hearts there, grief-filled for a season, then the salve of time and routine, then, for them also, the sovereign cure-all, death.

CHAPTER VII

CAMP PURGATORY—PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION *VS.* PROBABLE DEATH—KIRGHIZ SAMARITANS

THE tardy sun reached the black mountain-tops and slanted his arrows upon our tent somewhat after eight in the morning. When thus we were invited forth from our covers on the first day of our sojourn in Camp Purgatory (for so we called it), it came to pass that another blow from Fortune's hammer fell upon us. Now it struck Anginieur's leg, and the effect thereof is called phlebitis, and the effect of phlebitis is acute pain, a sort of paralysis. A short cable's length of assisted promenade, that was a day's work for a so stricken leg. For the upkeeping of our courage we had talked much and fallaciously about walking toward safety, when the ponies should all have died; scheming to use them inside of us when they could no longer bear us as burdens on their backs. But if no help came from down stream, whither our messengers had gone, we should be forced back into the maze of fatal mountains which had encircled us since we left the Aksai Chin valley. Even the natives felt the hopelessness of such an effort for themselves.

The attempts that I had made to give relief to my pitiful mount whenever the uphill work halted him had made it clear to me that even a well man,

burdened with a few pounds of food and the covering necessary to protect from freezing at night, would be able to make not more than three or four miles per day. Now, as we frequently had to travel twenty miles a day to secure water, the shorter march might be fatal. Of course, the immortal principle of Micawber would doubtless keep a live body moving as long as motion was possible, but I had now revolved the situation in many different lights, and had become convinced that relief could come only from the down-stream course of the black valley in which we found ourselves. If not there, then a good dose of Mauser lead could at least shorten heartache and hunger pangs.

Anginieur's spirit had for days been far stronger than his body, and even now, when this sore affliction fell upon him, he always joined me in whiling away the long hours by talking about what we should do when we should get out. When several days had passed, and our poor ministrations to the invalid leg were shown to be futile, there came—so secret and complex are mental processes—a sort of resignation to our inactivity, a sort of restful finality concerning the impossiblity of walking out of our trouble. As the days wore on we even tried to bar the wearisome discussion of what to do if the men came not back within the necessary limits of days, or if they came back empty-handed. And in this the phlebitis helped us. Nursing it gave occupation to sunlit hours that came staring at us, and to rushlit hours that came peering at us, inquiring, "What can you do with us? We must be lived unto our death." Anginieur's leg and the Bible,

these were the two diversions, the two clean-picked bones of discussion.

The story of how the Bible came to Camp Purgatory is this: I have told you that before making our dash up Disappointment Valley we had cast aside all save the indispensables. Now, we found ourselves about ten miles below Camp Abandon, imprisoned for a time or for eternity. My little library spoke to me through the solid earth, and I longed for it. The intricacies, the profundities, the absurdities which should be found in Kant, Spinoza, Descartes, the Koran, the Bible, Buddha's Meditations these would lead one away from self, a too intimate personage when his existence seems threatened. The little collection had been put in a leather box and named *Kitab*, this being Hindustani for book.

Mir Mullah now was sent with two ponies that could walk to recover Kitab, ten miles away. The old man had done nothing thoroughly, save his prayers, but there seemed little chance for error. "Go back to the abandoned camp and recover Kitab, also some shoes." We reckoned not, however, with the possibilities of Achbar's translations falling upon a mind vacant and now disturbed. Mir Mullah returned, after a day and a half, bringing my trunk,—Kitab still ten miles away. Both were of leather. On this similarity Mir Mullah stumbled. The trunk contained evening dress, summer clothes, and the Bible; and weighed twice as much as Kitab; the wretched pony died of it two days later. The book had been accidentally separated from its companion volumes. It was ungracious that one, even nominally a Christian, should curse a Mussulman for

bringing him the Bible, but I could fairly scold the poor old stupid for putting half a normal load on a pony having only one-tenth its normal strength, and no grain at the end of the journey. When men look at you with the deep, patient eyes that light those Asiatic faces, and when one's wrath must filter through Achbar's brain and Achbar's tongue, the victim still lives when you have finished with him.

And the morning and the evening were the second day when I began to read the Bible to Anginieur. Ere a week had passed, even my orthodox Catholic friend felt that the early books of slaughter and the vitriolic prophets left much to be desired as an elevating preparation for probable death. Job, the patient and Ecclesiastes, struck a more sympathetic note. The ante-Abraham traditions were suggestive, even absorbing, to the intellect that would inquire critically into the history of religion. So, also, though of far less hold upon one's interest, the childish babbling of the dream-interpreters, down to Daniel. Much of all this turns around life, but the life of a nation rather than of an individual. It could enter little into the meditations of those whose chances of living were down to the Camp Purgatory measure. Ruth, Esther, and the Songs of Solomon were read, together with some torn pages of *Childe Harold*, which had been hidden in our kit; all these spoke to us of the Heaven of woman's love, from which we seemed to be permanently exiled. To the life of Christ, he of Christian childhood, though long since forced beyond the fold, might fancy that he could more con-

A Kashgar crowd.

fidingly turn for inspiration and for solace. But those who were chosen to tell us the story of this great life piled Pelion on Ossa of intellectual difficulty — Pelion of resurrection on Ossa of virgin birth. Frightened by these uplifted rocks, we are then forced to sail between the Scylla of individual interpretation of ancient writings, on the one hand, and, on the other, the Charybdis of severe church authority, rising from foundations of musty tradition. Under the lee of this Charybdis rock, Anginieur's bark, driven by fate, had been anchored, and some peace found, but a peace disturbed by thoughts of the many who seemed to have vanished out into the far sea of unbelief. And lo! there, where the storm of doubt has been outridden, there also is peace. There one sees his neighbour-barks sink quietly, sails all furled, into the sea from which they rose. Some, in the gradual engulfment of age, seem but to nestle back into the water as the tired child seeks its couch. Others, downward drawn by a law more sudden and more secret in its drift, swirl quickly out of vision.

As the mariner goes down, the clear sky around him is not peopled by fantastic forms of Jewish, Egyptian, Greek, or German myth. Under the smooth sea which receives him, no Satan, no Pluton dwells. The law gave him birth, set him to move athwart the sea of existence, called the voyage Life; is now about to end it, and for whatever he may now be, something or nothing, he is still held by the law. Or so it all seemed to me in the black silence of the nights when the days were ended and their hopes were buried with the setting sun. The

silence and the darkness were as waters to quench the thirst for identity, for separateness.

Although it was clear that Lassoo's six-day limit was purely fanciful, we could not but feel a bit more lost when the seventh day's sun rose on our unbroken solitude. Our men would undoubtedly have made great effort to return on the appointed day. Moreover, their horses must now be dead unless they had found help. The grain, less than a bushel, could not keep them going more than six days of hard work. We counted our paltry store of tins and hefted our bag of rice. This had now to be divided among our three servants whose bread stock was very low, Mohammed Joo and Lassoo having been supplied generously for ten days' constant riding or walking. Allowing Anginieur and myself together one box of sardines, a one-pint tin of pork swimming in water, a cup of rice, and four ounces of bread, and to the men a cup of rice and eight ounces of bread (for the three), we were still good for eight days. Happily the tea supply would go even a little longer. Oh, blessed beverage! As we were quite inactive, the rations would have been satisfactory but for the extreme cold, which demanded the production of a lot of heat units. We usually spent fifteen hours in bed, covered in due form with all our trappings, thus minimising the heat losses.

It was, perhaps, an hygienic *régime;* we could not eat enough to satisfy appetite, but we had enough to tame hunger. The only severe trials proceeding from our larder came when some unreadable label gave us a mere mess of cabbage, with-

out meat, for our *pièce de resistance.* Then we gripped our belts and had doubts as to Russian civilisation. The men were stolid and uncomplaining, though Mir Mullah's resigned assertion that Allah had surely chosen this spot, as his burial-ground did not tend to make the two younger ones light-hearted. And the old man's voice was distressingly broken and womanish when lifted up in long prayers which every day became more plaintive. There was a note of dissolution in it, of incorporeality, which shivered one's nerves. Was it ugly of me to have Achbar tell him to pray like a man, not like a weeping child?

When we had been in Camp Purgatory a week three crows began to visit us, our only friends. Achbar said these birds would eat nothing but men and horses, and that they knew three days in advance when God meant to give them a feast. We laughed at him and flung stones at the crows. Then we discovered some fish insultingly curling under the ice of a near-by pond. Here was occupation and food, if we were successful. Fish-hooks were found and let down through ice-holes. The cunning beasts viewed our stratagem and sailed away. Several hours of several days were patiently dedicated to such wiles, but each night closed up our silly breaches in their walls, glazing over an undiminished number of these water foxes.

The tenth night was a blue one, for we had laid great stress, when instructing our messengers, upon the importance of sending some word on that day, in case help had been found, even if our men could not themselves return. However, nothing remained

to us but to await the designs of slow-moving Fate.

Three of our ponies, having nothing else to do, had now died. The others were festering racks, their proper sores having spread and grown more malignant under the pack-saddles, which Mir Mullah had not removed during the whole period of inactivity. Anginieur was still a prisoner to his leg, charging himself at times with being a burden upon the move, which now, he thought, we ought to attempt. But it was not difficult to convince him that, without a single horse that could carry a burden, we were not all tied to his leg, but that all were separately tied to our desolate prison ground in a common inability to cope with conditions all awry.

The eleventh day wore away to its afternoon; for distraction it was suggested that the fishes be bombarded behind their ice-fortress. Perhaps our smooth-bore, belching out duck-shot, would break the ice, and repeated cannonading might somehow reach the finny garrison. Three futile shots had set the echoes ringing, when lo! an answering, distant sound rolled up from the valley's hidden stretch below us. The long strain was ended. That single rifle-shot meant life. Then masters and men looked into each other's eyes as brothers and strained away their gaze toward the black cliff which closed the down-stream view. When the sober, silent joy of first relief had changed to laughing gaiety that felt its right to live, our anxious watch discovered two horsemen urging up the valley. In half an hour they were at our sides, the faithful two, weary with

long travel, radiant with success, happy because they had saved their friends.

Achbar's halting words were spurred to tell the story. Four and a half days down the valley, their ponies pushed to the limit of endurance, they had at last found *man*. The thirty-day refrain of "Adam Yok" was ended. Three Kirghiz tents, set where the valley widened and bore abundant grass, sheltered a kindly people. The exhausted ponies, the way-worn men, were fed. But the paterfamilias being absent, nothing there could be done for our relief. Nearly two days' away were two other tents. There the elders had gone, there our messengers must hasten, on fresh ponies now. The good Kirghiz were quick to act. Three men, four camels, and two extra ponies were at once set in motion. Grain for the going and for the return, and food for all, were promptly gathered. The Kirghiz knew the valley well, though none had gone as far up as was our camp. Travelling fast, under the friendly constraint of our servants, they covered in four days what we afterwards covered, with fair marches, in seven. They were now only an hour behind our Achilles and Ulysses. Soon we saw the familiar swing of the camels rounding the black rocks, and ere the sun set, we were a happy camp of friends. So material a thing is life that we must mark the reassurance of it by eating away all hunger and all appetite; the fresh mutton was good, the yak's butter was good, and the yak's clotted cream was good.

Good and surprising it was also to learn where we were. The great valley was that of the Karakash,

one of the principal rivers that digs a torrential course down the Kuen Lun Mountains, to fret its way through the slow sands of the Taklamakan, and to die of inanition as part of the great Tarim stream. The waters which appeared between Camp Abandon and Camp Purgatory were evidently its permanent sources, instead of the much more distant points which the maps had heretofore assigned to that character. Thus our stumbling among the mountains turned to some good account in the laborious effort which man has made to know the globe he inhabits.

Then came the blow to my hopes. The Kirghiz would not go farther from their tents; they could not help me to get back to Rudok. We must go out, if we wanted to be saved, by going northward, back to their grazing ground, thence westward until we should reach the Karakoram caravan route between Yarkand and Ladak Leh. They had not grain enough to furnish me forth for another journey, even if I had the horses, and they could not afford to part with such animals as I should need for such an attempt. Man is an essentially Unsatisfied Desire and an Irritated Sensibility. These people had come in the nick of time to save my life; their refusal to help me Rudokward was in every way reasonable, yet there was a moment of rebellious indignation. Soon, however, It-might-have-been was buried deep in It-is, and we turned towards thoughts of departure. Something like thirty days must pass ere we could reach the railway on the far north of India, but the route was known to our Kirghiz as far as the link that should bind Camp Purgatory to

A morning bath at Kashgar.

a well-known trail, thence to all the Yarkand–Ladak world. And at Ladak we knew the telegraph could be reached—that was only twenty days away.

There should be some hardship still—the Karakoram route is not Rotten Row—but, barring such accidents as are always possible in crossing glaciers, snow masses, and narrow defiles, we might now consider ourselves at the railway station in Rawal Pindi, or in Paris, for that matter.

CHAPTER VIII

GLACIERS, YAKS, SKELETONS, A LOVE AFFAIR, AND A HIGH SONG ON THE KARAKORAM ROUTE

A RETRIEVE of the luggage at Camp Abandon, a day of rest for the weary ones, plenty of grain in the bellies of the surviving ponies, and we were off again down the dismal valley whence had come our salvation. We were delighted to find that Anginieur, once trussed up on his mount, could "stay put" without much suffering. Then, the third day out, came a sensation, and for the game leg the beginning of its cure. We had a roaring fire made of shrubs that grew at least three feet high, the most gigantic vegetable we had seen since leaving Polu. The leg was fairly roasted by the leaping flames, and a luxurious *bien être* took hold of Anginieur's soul.

Then two days later came the triumphal entry into the Kirghiz camp. What a simple, hearty welcome from these good people! Their little population normally filled the three lodges—those felt-warmed, lattice-framed tents which sparsely dot all the wilds of Central Asia. One was given to the sahibs; one received all the men, a dozen of them; while women and children swarmed in the third. It would be pleasant to believe that one-fourth of all the Christians whom one must meet in an ordinary

life should possess the elementary virtues developed as they were in this band of nomads, dwelling in the western wilds of Tibet, hundreds of miles from their kind. They were dignified, yet respectful; they were poor, but honest; they were hospitable, but not fawning; we were helpless in their power, and they sold their scant provisions and their labour (vital to us) for the usual Central Asian prices. On the mere word of our men they took Russian gold in payment, though they were familiar with no money save the Chinese silver, and must send the gold to Yarkand or Kashgar for exchange.

The service of the camels that brought us out, including the men who tended them, was charged at forty cents per day each. The ponies which we rode were also forty cents each per day, including the necessary grain, which is here very precious, as it must be brought by caravan from Yarkand. The Good Samaritan could not have better played the rôle which he created than did these Mussulmen, astray from temple and from mosque. Judging from the glimpses of Kirghiz life which we had while crossing the Alaï Mountains from Osh to Kashgar, I had thought these nomads quite careless about all religious ceremonial, as, indeed, must be probable, since they are never in communities where they may be assembled in pious celebrations. Yet so strong was the hold of the Prophet's law that the morning sun, looking into their cheerless camp, found all the men in genuflexion toward Mecca. This persistent but unostentatious performance of the prayer rite is—well, it is *not* European, or, shall I say, not Protestant European.

Yaks, camels, horses, sheep, these are their wealth. Tradition seems to give the right of grazing in certain valleys to certain families, who must have several places of accustomed resort in order to keep their animals in condition. Few, I believe, have been found living at higher elevations than our friends, who spent regularly a part of each year in the spot which received us, at an elevation of fourteen thousand feet above sea. If their pasturage is good they may eat meat not infrequently; if scant, they must not vary from milk, in many forms, and bread. This they obtain, by exchange of skins or condensed milk, from the caravans that may pass nearest their camps. So also they obtain their clothing, which is generally heavy and well made. Their rugs are home-made and excellent. The women are modest, though not veiled. The high, white turban of myriad folds seems never to be laid aside, though the whole day is filled with a leisurely industry, milking, cooking, weaving, nursing babies. They work quietly; one never hears the scolding and quarrelling which so frequently advertise the concourse of working women in civilised lands. Their faces are strong and comely, but not vivacious. Both men and women seem gentle with children, who, like their parents, are not noisy. The babies cry but little, unless ill. They all seem to suffer from colds, nasal catarrh being not uncommon.

While our new caravan was being organised, clothes patched, and bread cooked, we passed two days in Capuan ease at Camp Kirghiz. The tent was warm, and one's eyes harden to the smoke.

A busy corner in Kashgar.

We put our camp folding-table in commission again, stretched our legs, all four of them, in defiance of phlebitis, and voted the world a merry one. Then we were off, following the stately camels, not to be warm again for a week or more; but there was food a-plenty and action a-plenty. We were bound for Sasar, several days' march beyond the junction with the Yarkand–Leh caravan route. There we must change camels for yaks, thus to get over the great glacier on which pad-feet would slip and ingloriously sprawl the humped majesty of Asia.

In the week's hard march we passed one habitation, a single Kirghiz tent, whose owner's cattle struggled for existence in as dismal a loneliness as hermit could desire. We stopped there while our attendants gathered a few small sticks from the furze-growth. The men of the family were absent, but we were permitted to sit by the scant fire and watch the household life of the women. One of the daughters wore the matron's turban; her sisters, comely girls, were not yet mated. One of them, however, was the *fiancée* of a young man in our caravan. It was a pretty play of hide-and-seek we witnessed. When his voice was heard approaching the tent, she bustled quickly behind a screen, where she must remain while he warmed his fingers. Surrounding nature's severity is thus reflected in their customs. He must not see her during the year of their engagement, then, with guise of swift violence, he will seize her away to some lonely neighbouring tent, distant fifty miles or more. Does the picture please you, O Araminta? No matter: there are deep reasons for it, which I could better explain to

your mother than to you. In the decent veil of figure, the fact may thus be presented: If the pent-up volume of some mountain lake can find but one outlet, down into some one valley whose wasting sands shall be fertilised into life by the rushing waters, and if the due season be not come for the flood-letting, then it is better that the valley be hidden from the covetous lake by some great dam (or slender screen) of custom.

The women were neatly clad in Bokhara patterns of the cheap silks, which give colour to brown humanity in Central Asia. When I wondered, through Achbar, where our hostess did her shopping, "From the caravan," she said. "Have you ever been to Yarkand, only ten days away to the north-west?" "No." "Or to Leh, only ten days away to the southward?" "No, the caravans pass two days from here." So this happy, incurious female had never seen the bazaars, palpitating with men and women, though to say ten days' journey there is as a few hours to our nervous selves. Had she not, for neighbours, those whom we had left three days ago? Yes, she had even seen one European before, when in another camp. Was not her existence full enough?

When, a few days later, we struck the main trail beaten by the foot-fall of the centuries we felt that we were again suddenly caught in the whirl of life's currents. Now caravans were met—one, two, or three each day. Now we got tobacco and sugar; we even had news of a friend, the Hindoo Aksakol from Yarkand, *en route* to his old home in the Punjab and now just a day ahead of us. All the while

we were gaining elevation, the cold growing sharper; water carried in ice-cakes to provide the dry camps; fuel in precious bundles on camel-back, two stretches of four days each being wholly without vegetation. When we mounted the great Karakoram Pass we were eighteen thousand three hundred feet above the sea, the fourth time we had exceeded eighteen thousand feet since leaving Polu. The route, which is often designated by naming this pass, is abominable, but the divide itself, while rough and cold, is not perilous save when snow-covered. We crossed without difficulty, but were reminded of the true merit underlying the reputation given to the spot, by an almost unbelievable number of horse-skeletons which blaze the way for more than a day's march on either side. Where the death-harvest had been most rich, they could be counted a hundred to the quarter mile. Legs ridiculously in the air, heads absurdly ducked between legs, backs broken, backs curved, necks defiantly lurched upward, rampant, bodies half set up on haunches, every possible fantastic position was seen, as resultants of three forces —*rigor mortis*, gravitation, and vulture. Thus in regions uninhabitable, death remains the only evident monument of the transient life that ventures here.

Throughout the vast length of the Karakoram and Himalayan ranges Nature seems to have raised these tremendous masses that here, wrapped in spotless white, she might sleep undisturbed by her inquisitive progeny, her *enfant terrible*, restless man. But in vain. Children of the desert, children of the delta, led by love of gain, led by lust of war, for

thousands of years they have climbed and crawled over the frowning mountains. Religion too has cast its spell over the minds of men, to send them across these uplifted sands and snows, some uttering the battle-cry of Mohammed, some chanting Buddha's peaceful name. And after the fever of it all reigns Icy Death.

It was the chill hand of night which drew us into the unwonted life of Camp Sasar, the bourne to which our Kirghiz led us, the term of their travel, the limit of the camel's usefulness. Here were enclosures, unroofed walls of stone, mute prophecies of return to the world of man. The lune, the demi-lune of brooding nature's refuge were now taken; it remained to storm the citadel's self,—the bleak heights of snow and ice which put a cruel crown on Sasar's head. It had been hard to understand Achbar's report of this strange sentinel-post of commerce. We had learned that it was a point of exchange and of deposit for goods of all kinds, but that, save for the passing caravan men, it was still "Adam Yok." How can precious bales be left, guarded only by the untenanted rocks? Yet so it is—opium lies here in many two-hundred-pound masses—left by Kirghiz or Turkestan's caravans which turn backward to the north, taking with them bales of silk or cotton, which, perhaps a month before, were here deposited by some yak caravan, shuttling between Leh and Sasar. Meanwhile caravans have come and have gone, "through" caravans of ponies paying tribute of dead to the mountain spirits, and "shuttle" caravans of camels working between Sasar and the north.

Kashgar types.

Opportunity breeds the act, and here the European would look for theft and deem it a wrong almost condoned, provoked by negligence. But this upheaved world is only seeming wide. The perilous track which we have followed is its whole width, for man; and some hundreds of Ladakis and Yarkandis, bound in a sort of acquaintance-guild, are its population. Familiar to each other are they, nor less familiar their yaks, camels, and ponies. These honest brutes, in conspiracy with the very snows and sands, spread over this too-narrow world their tell-tale tracks, the entangling meshes of a Bertillon system; and the keen Hindoo merchants, squatting at Srinagar, Leh, Kashgar, and Yarkand, those master minds which defy nature for traffic's sake, would not easily let go the unseen threads which bind the caravan-man; they are harmless guiding threads if the opium and the silk find their true way over the passes to the destined recess of the noisy bazaar, but sure strangling ropes if aught should go awry. So honesty salutes necessity as her mother, and the riches of the Hindoo may be left for days visited only by that blustering roundsman, the night wind.

We were three caravans camped cheek by jowl among Sasar's rocks, all content with much hot tea, wherein was brewed also a certain sense of brotherly love, of sympathy with each other, compacted together in struggle against the night, the mountains, and the bitter cold. Even the luxury of giving to the poor was not denied us, shaggy-haired, dark-faced men from the Balti country coming to the camp-fire, asking bread and warmth that they might

continue some hard, wild venture across the mysterious mountains stretching westward.

One of the caravans of Sasar was that of our old friend, the Aksakol of Yarkand. What a clear-cut face he had! Our European type seems gross when set against the bronze cameo features of the high-bred Hindoos. And such hospitality in his welcome, in his congratulations over our escape, in his pleasure over this chance meeting within the heart of the great mountains! His little tent, where we sat to smoke and tea-drink, seemed, because of his kindness, a nest-like home, and Achbar, squat in the tent-door, redeemed himself with fluent phrases, employing at least fifty words. And all this courtesy, this true charity and gentlemanly spirit, grew out of a stomach which had not known meat—no, not even pre-natally—for generations unnumbered. His caste (one of the subdivisions of the four basic castes) forbade that animal life should feed on animal death.

It was a glorious, breathless, freezing struggle we made on the morrow, up and over the great glacier and the vast fields of feathery whiteness. Starting at sixteen thousand five hundred feet, we were soon testing the thin, keen air of eighteen thousand feet elevation ere the icy crest was gained. And from the serene, glistening heights five thousand feet above us we felt the reproving eyes of the Himalayas looking down upon the toiling ants that strove and sank and rose again in the rifted green, in the drifting white. The vision that comes back to me is one of supernal clarity; across it, here and there, a veil of snow-born, wind-driven mist; pressing

through it, a line of small black figures, men and yaks and ponies, surging slowly forward to some end known only to these heavily burdened, uncouth Tibetans striding cheerfully in the van of the panting column. Sound is dead. It lives again in the heavy grunt of some shaggy beast as he slips, recovers, and struggles forward. Then up to the high, clear heaven floats the wild song of the mountaineers. It rings in the empty air, a triumphant bugle-cry flung into the face of Mother Nature, who, with icy fingers, would slay her children and shroud them here in the eternal silent snows. It is a brave, confident, manly note. By memory's trick comes back to me, as my soul rises to the carol, another song of Asia—the last-heard music ere this —three months agone, in fetid Bokhara. 'T is the low whining and womanish drone of the boy bayadere, the voice of weakness and of shame.

And if, indeed, in the tired tumult of the city the only concord heard is that which sated luxury sounds, forget not that Asia has yet her mountain-tops and her mountain tribes, who shall lift their incorrigible heads to shout and to echo the cry of a strong man's heart. We may spurn the heavy-eyed sloth of the crowded town, but this man of the hills is our brother.

Another memory of the great glacier is that which pictures two among the exhausted toilers, slow, overcome, but persistent. Last of all were they to reach the spent camp at nightfall. They had joined us near the Kirghiz tents, the good Hadji (pilgrim) and his wife. Bound from some obscure town in Western China, they had reached Yarkand in sixty

days; had, through mischance, been separated from the caravan with which they journeyed thence; had been befriended by the nomad Kirghiz, had waited ten days for our coming, and for another ten days had now been our patient, courteous companions. Each rode a stout pony, which must carry also a twenty days' provision of bread and tea, and such thick clothing as was not permanently worn on the body. No daintiness in this, my lady fair, but if your husband be full of zeal for the life to come, if your duty and your pleasure be to follow him, and mayhap gain heaven also, if you live in Western China, and if Mecca lie across vast deserts, titanic mountains, burning sands and freezing snows, then, O lady fair, you must, like the rest of us, Hadjis and explorers, bundle your delicate body in many warm folds and leave it there for many cold days. The good man had already won the green turban, but now his soul yearned again for the sacred city, and this time he goes to live in the shadow of the Kaaba until his spirit shall have been caught up to its awaiting joys, welcomed home by the compassionate Prophet, whose word is the Law. And she goes with him, a plain, brown woman, forty-five or more, unconscious of her heroism.

She has done more for duty on earth and for hope of heaven than you, average man or woman, may dream of doing. Her home life was of scant comfort,—you would consider it hard, indeed,—but it was languorous ease compared with the strain which for weeks she had now uncomplainingly borne. It is three months since she quitted some quiet sheltering roof, another month or more ere they may reach

Father Hendricks in his private car.

the railway, then pell-mell in the crowded carriages of slow trains, to Bombay or to Karachi. Thence, as steerage passengers, a weary, suffocating voyage to Jeddah; then the short, dusty, teeming, glorious march to Mecca, the body begrimed and worn, the soul enraptured. And if disease and death be met on the way, they are seen to have angelic smiling faces—they are the welcome guides to Paradise. Of *true* truth in all this, nothing I suppose; but of dream truth, of life-supporting, joy-making, faith-begotten, heart-believed truth, a great deal. The Mohammedan Hadji *really believes* in immortality and makes light of things mundane, as you and I would do if the creed of after-life were fixed in our minds as is the creed of next winter's cold weather.

CHAPTER IX

TREES, TIBETANS, AND THE TELEGRAPH—PANAMIK AND LADAK LEH

SPLENDID visions of mountain majesty, wrapped in cloudy glory, ten thousand feet above Sasar's crest; gorges riven as though by a giant's thrust at the heart of mighty hills; quick avalanches crashing down the startled slopes; torrents of boulders, waiting to be unleashed by some puny force, that they may rush to fill a valley or destroy a fated caravan; such are the memories that come and go as now, in slippered ease, I nimbly fly where once I crawled. They are memories that will not tether to the pen. But there comes another image more tractable. At the turn of the dizzy trail, we look across the chasm whose sides we scale, and lo! a *tree*, the first to wave familiar salute since fifty days or more. Then the naked mountains, as if resenting the too intimate prying of man, now soon to be seen in his dwellings, began to clothe all their secret places with leafy growth.

The eglantine overhung our crag-encircling path, and its perfume subtly evoked memories of the wild approaches to Harar in distant Abyssinia, of plantation lanes in sunny Louisiana, of youth and manhood garlanded, perfumed by this sweet, bold, flower. While our delighted eyes are not yet wonted

to these lovely sights, when we have climbed by an ever-reversing, ever-returning trail far up the granite facing of a high cliff, there lay far below us the wondrous Nubra valley, green, gold, and russet groves, yellowing fields of grain, and behold! there were men's houses! White, squared, well-roofed, walled about, and set in orderly array, trooping toward a goodly village called Panamirgh. A nobler sight one may not see than this Himalayan vale set against the far-shining snow-peaks from which the high gods look down to bless. Here Lamaism, sheltered by Sasar's icy rampart on the north, by Kardung's glassy heights on the south, still turns its prayer-wheels, flutters its painted appeals to the passing breeze, builds its white shrines more numerous than the living men, piles its myriad carved stones on roadside monuments, sounds its solemn drums, teaches Buddha's distorted word, yet practises a peaceful life and a resigned death, all unmindful of the thin streams of Hinduism or Mohammedanism, flowing backward, forward, along the road which time and Asia's genius, Patience, have worn through the tranquil valley, over the forbidding mountains, this way to Yarkand and far Kitai, and there to Leh, Kashmir, and all the Indian world beyond.

Dark superstitions may haunt the minds of these remote valley people, but the outward expression of religious feeling is seemly enough. The *chortens* —wayside tombs of saints and shrines for living prayer—are white, shapely structures, so much beyond the building capacity of any one generation of this sparse people that they attest the secular

piety of many ancestors. So, too, the long, low mounds whereon are placed countless stones resembling this book in size, each bearing in neat carving the myriad-throated prayer, "Om mani padma Hum." From twenty to a thousand feet in length, from ten to thirty feet in width, these masses built up of rubble walls bear not less than millions of these mute appeals for grace—and this in a valley some sixty miles long, and containing not more than six thousand souls. The people have been hewn from the political body to which they belonged. Lhasa is now only their spiritual capital since the Maharajah of Kashmir, some forty years ago, struck at Leh, where reigned a Ladaki king who bent to the distant Dalai Lama's sway. Now the king's palace is empty, and Kashmiri officials lord it over a land whose cue-wearing heads avouch the long reach of China's emperor, overlord to wide-stretched Tibet.

The present rulers from the West seem to have emptied, by fright or famine, several of the big monasteries, even here in secluded Nubra, distant three hard days from Leh. But now again the dingy red robes thread back and forth, carrying consolation to satisfied believers. Groups are seen, wayworn, of calm face and worthy mien, who are just in from Lhasa, five hundred miles away. They bring superstition, inspiration, and direction, as it would be brought from Rome to a secluded valley in Spain or Mexico, by some pilgrim priest of long ago. Perhaps because of the recent exodus of priests to Lhasa, the lamas now, in all the Ladak country, are not a devouring horde of locusts,

A type in Khotan.

eating up the people's plenty, but seem to be a reserved and dignified body not over-numerous for men so profoundly religious as are the Tibetans. Throughout this vale of delight there seemed to be a reasonable comfort, and with less apparent distinction between very rich and very poor than I have seen elsewhere. The houses are rather large, generally of two stories and of solid build; the monasteries, from three to six stories high, rose in dignity from all but inaccessible rocks. Supplication to heaven is literally "in the air." Nearly every dwelling floats a closely written flag of prayer. Occasionally a vertical cylinder, set in an outer niche, permits the passing worship to be made by a respectful twirl, or the deposit of another prayer-slip that shall find its way to others inside the cylinder; whence, if there be a listening God, I think its spirit shall fly to Him, for in His sight there should be no little and no big, no poor and no rich, no ridiculous and no solemn in religious ceremonial. Your softly breathed prayer, but for the thought in your heart, is only a vibration of the air. The cylinder-prayer makes also a vibration of the air, and as there is a thought behind it, the celestial values may be equal.

In each village we were shown to some proper place for receiving the stranger; abundant food was procured,—that is, chickens, eggs, milk, and bread, —and no effort was anywhere made to annoy us by extortion. A pleasing drink, tasting 'twixt wine and beer, cheered the thirsting palate. Curiosity to watch our movements was strong but bridled. The women looked frankly at us and merited our admiring

glances at their comely features and their turquoise-decked tresses. The men were genial, frank, and dirty. We once more had become sensitive in the matter of cleanliness,—we could again criticise the unwashed,—for had we not bathed? Yea, at the first village, riding up the mountain-side near a high-perched monastery, we found a hot spring, a blessed gift from the Plutonian deeps! The awful need which it subserved, the revelling joy which it produced, give to that water a perennial current through memory's greenest field.

The Maharajah of Kashmir was mighty enough to send conquering armies from Srinagar, sixteen marches distant from Leh, and reduce a country whose military vigour had been sapped for ages by partial application of the non-resistance principle—dear to the hearts of Gautama and of Jesus. But the Maharajah himself was not mighty enough to escape the "protection" of a valorous European people whose hearts, like those of all their brethren, have never learned to love humility. So it came to pass that in Panamirgh, twenty marches distant from the nearest permanent British official, we came upon a proclamation of King Edward's enthronement, avouched in proper English and hung in the dak-bungalow. In such strange and outcast places do the antennæ that radiate from London and Pekin now learn to touch each other, to irritate, withdraw, return, first at Leh, then at Lhasa, then farther afield.

Thrusting aside all contemplation of the eventual, the probable, and the vexed ethical, we rode merrily on through this valley of sumptuous scenery,

ordered industry, inordinate piety, and average morality. On the third day we were at the base of huge Kardung. Its glacis of solid ice proved steeper, its eighteen thousand feet elevation narrower, than the front and crest of Sasar. The ponies on which we had cantered through the low lands (twelve thousand to thirteen thousand feet elevation) were quite out of the climbing if burdened with aught save their own weight. They could have done it on stones, but the deceitful ice laid hold upon their feet and tripped them to a bone-breaking fall. Substitution of yaks, happily found at the base of the ice-slope, permitted us to top the slippery height, whence we looked far down into the Indus valley. Now, indeed, the way was won, for ere the night had gone two hours, we were in the dak-bungalow at Leh, and there were English magazines, a few months old, but for us, contemporaries. Lassoo had told us of the Padre Sahib—we were to see white faces again. Of these we found five all told: an Englishman and his wife, a German and his wife, and a young unmarried Englishwoman, a few months out, all of the Moravian Mission. Yea, and there were others, baby faces in both households. It was the usual story—pathetic to all save the actors.

For forty years this mission has been at Leh, and there are forty poor Ladakis who profess some sort of allegiance to the gods of the good sahibs. Plainly, conversion is not supposed to be an intellectual process. Its usual course may thus be described: There is a dispensary whose bottles and powders affect the body. There are brilliant chromos

shown before dispensation of medicine. They represent, crudely enough, certain stirring scenes related in the Bible. The sahib, who knows the secrets of the bottles, tells the wondering yokel that here, wearing a purple or green robe, is God on earth, here are His chosen friends, here, in sickly yellow, a man new-raised from the dead. He tells them that God on earth gave rules for living, the same in general terms which they have heard from Buddha; some particulars, and many European interpretations, constitute the bill of differences. Chiefly this is told: If you believe that the God on earth, of whom the sahibs now speak, is the true and only such manifestation; then, living as padre sahibs live, you may inherit with them a glorious life eternal. If you do not, the alternative is not pleasant. I do not know how much it is emphasised.

As result of all this,—the medicine, the chromo, the good sahib, son of a powerful people,—some humble soul does now and then declare that he believes the God of the sahib and of the bottles to be a good spirit for worship, and he is declared a Christian. No quibbling here about higher criticism, no paltry inquiries into the authenticity of the Gospels, no question of *homoosian* and *homoiosian;* no tearing to pieces of the miracles, no fright as to the concordance between Jew-made prophecies and Jew-rejected fulfilments. The sahib's medicine is good, the sahib's chromo is brilliant, the sahib's words are kind—then the sahib's God may safely be acknowledged. Poor, dull brain, poor tired heart! Rome and the Bishop of Westminster are as far away from him as is the seventh pleiad, but

Busy traders in Khotan.

the medicine brought back the little one's fleeting life. Such a brain and such a heart find God in the quinine and give Him such name as may please the sahib.

I think it would be a destructively pathetic experience for the missionaries were it not that the gentle hand of daily custom leads us around the sharp flints of disappointed emotion. The missionary becomes attached in human ways to the human lives around him, and the fierce letter of denunciation against the unbeliever is unbelieved. The simple, helpful days at the mission slip quietly into years. Jesus will convert the heathen in His own good time; meanwhile faith, and, above all, interest in the new wing of the dispensary, in the new baby of last year's sole convert, in the water-on-the-knee case reported yesterday, in the folklore that is being slowly transformed into literature, in the last white man who flitted through the station, in the papers from home with their strange talk of wild excitement on the Bourse, in the letters from home with their talk of mother and sister and cousin—even this growing now a little strange to the tranquil hearts in the mission. Such lives have I seen in Abyssinia, in Alaska, in Egypt, in Turkey, in Turkestan, in Kashmir, in India. 'T is true my passing glance could not read all that time had writ on the exiled faces. Sometimes disease had drawn its furrow across the once placid brow; sometimes the eyes still mourned a dead love or a dead ambition. But generally, carried on the smooth tide of occupation in medical and school work, the mission life passes the measured hours with such

contentment as you may find in household, in club, or in office.

The predecessors of those whom we met in Leh had grown old and had grown away from our world in this sequestered western capital of Lamaism. Age had come on to stale their powers, but not their interest in this Himalayan home. Much persuasion, we were told, was needed to start them on the twenty days' march to Rawal Pindi, where the shrieking locomotive should remind them of that noisy civilisation which was their birthright.

It was a stiff climb which took us up to the monastery, temple, and palace, all looking protectingly down upon white houses, half hid by trees, hay-covered roofs, and broad bazaars. In the temple is a great statue of Buddha thrusting its broad shoulders through the roof, the head sheltered by an added structure. One mounts a stair in order to look into the quiet, benignant face. Here is no agony of the Crucified. Repose of self-submersion, of self-immersion, of the "dew-drop in the ocean" —that is the motive of a Buddhist artist. This was Gautama's dream long time ago, and the dream has been in the minds of millions since, and men have tried to carve and paint this dream into the attitude, into the face, into the very hands of Buddha statues, hoping that other men, gazing in rapt vision, might also have this dream, and that these many should try to *live* it, and thus be led away from self, the sooner to fall, formless, calm, as the dew-drop in the ocean. For further guide to him who gropes, candles are set at the feet of the statue, as saying, "Here is eternal light!"

The Christian looks through such symbolic lights and sees the suffering martyr, save where Rome, in substitution, answering the heart's cry for beauty and for love, has set Mary's beatific face; then, above, he sees the radiance of the risen Saviour who beckons to Him, to *the self*, and smiles a welcome to that self in its eternal individuality. How should the souls of men be gloriously tried if each might meditate quiet hours; first in a noble cathedral, with its *via crucis*, its saints, its woman-god, its Christ crucified and triumphant; passing thence to a near-by temple, where the silent, brooding peace of the Buddha might be contemplated while time and self slip unnoticed by; then, moving the body but a stone's throw, entering a lofty mosque, untenanted by statue or by picture, unfurnished save by the Koran on a reading-desk, empty save of the felt presence of the only God. This was an insistent thought as we wandered through the sanctuaries on the high hill at Leh. At my side one, a priest of Christ; another, reverential before the Buddha's altar which he daily tended; and, waiting at the door, faithful Lassoo, looking toward Mecca as the sun sank behind the Himalayas.

The king's palace, a rambling, uneven, dark but imposing structure, is now unpeopled. Across the Indus, yonder a dozen miles away, lives the illustrious, once royal, family, poor but honest. Power has gone to the Dogra, and his power in turn has become but a mirage, floating at the pleasure of the British sun. One of the passions of kings all the world over (this does not include Napoleon) seems to be that for private chapels. Our Ladaki monarch

worshipped in several elaborately furnished sanctuaries, one of which had not been opened for years, it was said, when an obsequious attendant showed us its unprovided altars.

On a high balcony or rampart, outside the palace, queer little flags were flying, efficient to protect the royal residence from devils, we were told. But that may be symbolic. To European minds it would seem much more important to know how to get water into the palace than how to defy devils out of it. Our own forefathers of the Middle Ages likewise put their monasteries (can a monastery supply forefathers?) and their castles in just such impossible places as these Tibetan buildings occupy. It is humiliating to think that our monks were probably equally dirty with the Lamas, and more obviously so since the dust of which we are all made has, in these people, been left in its native hue—and brown upon brown is still only brown.

Specimens of manuscript recovered from a sand-buried city of the Taklamakan Desert.

CHAPTER X

LADAK LEH TO RAWAL PINDI—FROM YAK TO RAILWAY VIA PONY TRAIL, OVER THE HIMALAYAS, INTO THE VALE OF KASHMIR

WHEN we had seen the sights of Leh and had watched its four thousand people pour along the bazaar, when we had broken bread with the hospitable missionaries, when we had sent the telegrams that quieted fears at home, then came the breaking up of our little force. Mir Mullah had not been willing to brave the Karakoram route; he had left us at the Kirghiz camp, and his prayers by this time were rising again from a Kashgar roof. Lassoo (who was here in the bosom of one of his several families) and Achbar, must go with us to Srinagar, for there were no English along the great caravan road from Leh to Kashmir, and we must make shift to speak with the attendants at dak-bungalows.

Because you have probably read Kipling, that word has gone into my text unexplained, but by some scurvy trick of fate you may be outside the Kipling pale; then, for you, dak-bungalow is post-road house. They are open to all white travellers and to big natives. You are supposed to have your own bedding, and it is best to have with you any European food which you chance to crave. The dak-bungalow is a shelter, has several rooms and

sometimes chairs. Your servants care for you as best they can, and you put down in a book found in the bungalow an entry of the rupee which you have paid the native attendant, and which goes to the up-keep fund. The whole caravan route is well kept. There is a British Commissioner, assisted by a native, to look after it.

Mohammed Joo and Osman, faithful, humble, uncomplaining, these two would go back to Yarkand, and they must hasten over Kardung, Sasar, and the Karakoram, that the snows of coming winter might not fatally entrap them, or imprison them idly in Ladak. Grateful for the backsheesh which their courage had so generously earned, they left us, and out of our sight faded two who shall live in our hearts, eminent citizens of that republic of the affections into which the memory of the traveller introduces men of every colour, every tongue, every creed.

Now we are off again, clattering through the Himalayas, two stages in each day, changing ponies at every post. For two or three days we are still in the country of the Tibet people: long, black, and dirty cues, three-cornered hats, rusty lama-gowns, fluttering prayers, graven stones, rude shrines in high places, eyrie monasteries, the scant, laborious fields rock-anchored on the steep hillside, huddled villages, the sinuous and sparkling Indus, the unattainable heights of snow crowning the barren slopes —such was the ever-changing, ever-recurring vision which fleeting day disclosed, while night was for deep sleep. Then at a turn of the trail we were again, and for the last time, suddenly ushered into

the serene presence of the Buddha, where he stood, carved in the living rock, as if the impersonated Earth should to her toiling children say: "Peace—let the dewdrop to the ocean fall."

Just a moment's meditation, then we cantered on, out of Lamaism, and slept in another world, a pukka Mohammedan village. Pilgrims are met in the fine feathers of new preparation; they have but yesterday bade good-bye to homes which shall not see them until they return, glad and crowned with the green turban of the Hadji. A dozen of them were sheltered one night by the same roof under which we had found place for our bedding. When the waking hour had come, I lay awhile amazed, sorrowful, hearing from the neighbouring sleeping-rooms such groans and cries as we give to our dearest dead. Alas! has misfortune already joined their caravan? Has Death so soon struck at those who go gladly to meet him, but who would first win the Prophet's smile? Perhaps I may serve them in their sudden distress, perhaps the loved one is not yet dead, and even that minimum of European medical science which is mine may happily win in the struggle with disease. Achbar, lethargic with cold and sleep, is called—sympathetic messages are carefully set forth. Unmoved by the wailing, he slowly answers, "That is prayer." Yes, but we must try to help. "They cry for Ali."

Ah! now my heart is relieved. He whom they mourn died thirteen centuries ago. His name was Ali, and he was Mohammed's nephew. Many people thought him a sort of prophet on his own account and that he should reign as Caliph. Others

thought differently and enforced their opinion by thrusts of a poisoned weapon, which ended Ali's life in the year 661 A.D. His saintly reputation lived and grew, and these, our chance companions of the caravan trail, were lamenting his demise, as all good Shiïtes do and have done, for lo! these centuries gone. But their grief is controllable. Its expression lasts just so many minutes, and, as I remembered when the spell of sympathy was broken, is rhythmic, more cadenced even than the rudely musical lu-lu which the black women in Africa chant in misfortune's hour.

The recovery of spirits takes place automatically as soon as the wailing is ended. Our combined cavalcade set off as merrily as if Ali had never lived or had never died.

Our speedy march soon left the cheerful mourners far to the rear. We hastened on, dodging past the slow caravans of commerce, meeting here the tins of Caspian kerosene which once we saw in far Baku, giving the courtesy of the road to a native governor or what-not, whose escort swarmed the trail and whose invisible wife rode for hours on end, silent and stiff in her litter. We chatted (you may imagine chatting through Achbar) with coolies who pack dried fruits two hundred miles or more across the Himalayas, fifty pounds, pig-a-back; we talked with a golf-stockinged, English-speaking, joke-loving native Commissioner, fresh from Kipling's pages, who proposed a drink and mystified Anginieur by calling it a "peg," and then we crossed the Zoji Pass, thus ending all hardship and dropping into fair Kashmir. This pass is not quite twelve thousand feet high,

but it gave us a hard struggle through a new-fallen snow. It is an ugly spot, claiming native victims almost every winter and stopping for several months of each year the thin stream of official or sporting travel which sets toward Leh. There were twenty-five Europeans up and down during the summer which had just ended as we, the last birds of the season, made our escape from the Himalayan mountain-cage, to spread an easy wing over India's open plains.

We haltingly trudged the steepest slopes; the ponies rolled and lunged heavily in the belly-deep snow, losing the trail on dangerous side-hills, and finally we had once more the joy-killing experience of discharging the animals and man-handling the loads. But night found us under smoky shelter—we rejoiced in our success—and the morrow! Are there not a few days in your memory which are garlanded for their beauty and are perfumed by their happiness?—the day you learned to swim, the day you went to college, the day you left it, the day you were engaged, your wedding-day, the day you won your first case, the day your underwriting was complete, the day you were elected to the office that sought you, the day your story was accepted? Such a day comes to him who, breasting still the Himalayan snows, out from the Himalayan nakedness, rides down from Zoji Pass, viewing the glorious vestments of the Sind, where it rushes to sink on the fair bosom of the vale of Kashmir. Hindoo, Afghan, Persian, and Arab have seen and sung this Eden, whose riches of spreading branch, clinging vine, brilliant flower, and sparkling stream have for

ages fed the famished souls of travellers, incoming from all the bleak mountains that guard it. Loveliness, that would charm the senses in any land, here ravishes criticism of its censure and receives from flattered imagination the crown of perfect praise. By nature's unwonted opulence sober judgment is bribed, and declares that here is every tree and shrub and flower that would delight the eye in gazing wide "from China to Peru." Set against this sudden magnificence the splendid verdure of Chapultepec, of the flaming Catskills, or the Abyssinian Nile all seemed to me but grudging penury; so false is memory, so powerful is the force of Now.

If the soul be but ripe for it, a gentle hill in Surrey may outrear the mightiest Alps. But as we exultingly galloped forward there was no introspective scalpel that might pare the beauty which filled our hearts. Absolute, relative—no matter. Life became precious because it contained this waving of green, golden, and red banners, and each of us could ride through the rich carnival as a king to his prepared heritage. We had come into the vale of Kashmir through its most beautiful gateway, and we were among the few Europeans to thus have the great canvas flung before them, for the first time, from this point of view. The general travel into Kashmir has been from west and south to Srinagar. If then Ladak be sought, the traveller goes up the Sind, as we came down. But the great lower plain will already have shown him glorious views (though a sparser beauty), and perhaps the piled-up riches of the narrow valley will not be deemed by him so

Specimens of manuscript recovered from a sand-buried city
of the Taklamakan Desert.

splendid as to us they seemed, coming out from months of travel in naked lands.

One starry night we spent in this enchanting spot. Near by, the Sind curbs his impetuous speed and purls a gentle way, while his valley opens a gracious door to those who come up from the flat, teeming field below. The morning gave us sunshine, fresh eggs, good ponies, and light hearts. To ask more than this is avarice. And now if the eye were for a moment sated with the leafy luxury spread before it, there were men and women to gaze upon—clear eyes, graceful garments, upright mien, and somewhat of that Caucasian cleanliness which avouched them as our kin.

Neatly uniformed natives were directing road-gangs to smooth the path of commerce, and then I knew that I smelled the blood of an Englishman, and, dead or alive, I should soon find him. Ere an hour's ride had ended, ponies were seen bearing such truly squared kit-boxes as are unknown to native caravans, and coolies were met, shouldering gun-cases which fairly cry out in leathery tongue, "We were made in England!" Lassoo and Achbar mingle in the train: "This is a Sahib's caravan?"—"Of course."—"And the Sahib?"—"He is there." Aye, there he was, and the very back of him all British, from the comfortable outing-gear which he wore, to his imperturbable tread which puts surveyors' marks on the vale of Kashmir and makes it an extension of Regent's Park. His welcome was not the less courteous, but his measured surprise was the greater when the two white men who bore down upon him proved to be not British, but a

Frenchman and an American—rare birds in that part of the world. Colonel Sullivan had started, a few days too late, to make Zoji Pass and do a winter's shooting in those fastnesses which, if they would but yield the head of an Ovis Ammon, would be for him Paradise enow. Note the distinction between Colonel Sullivan's ideal retirement and that of Omar Khayyam. The inhospitable wilds of bleakest mountains, a gun, an arduous chase of hermit brutes—that is one. The other

> "A book of verses underneath the bough,
> A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou
> Beside me in the wilderness;
> Oh! wilderness were paradise enow."

Mark particularly the absence of "Thou" in the first ideal.

There you have the conquest of the Asia that is luxurious or literary by the British man, who has two natures, one that loves and builds St. James Street and the National Museum, and one that loves and conquers the Himalayas.

Hindoo ruins, mysteriously suggestive; a good hotel; plenty of white people, sahibs and memsahibs; golf grounds; gay marriage-boats on the river boulevard; shops overflowing with fascinating goods and oily smiles of the merchants; a meretricious palace rising, effective withal, from the water's edge and hiding the Maharajah's many wives; dinners, all mutton because the pious ruler will not have beef slain in his realm; a busy, comely people filling all the bazaars; two-storied wooden houses,

somewhat rickety but sufficient unto man's needs; mosques and temples in neighbouring rivalry; splendid tree-lined avenues leading toward the mountains; caravans coming and going; dogs and babies under one's feet in the narrow streets—such is Srinagar with its hundred and thirty thousand souls dominated by the great hill Fakht-i-Suleiman—Solomon's throne—whose crown is half-temple, half-fortification. Around it waving green fields, which are cut by roads straight, smooth, and beautifully shaded. And beyond the fields ever the white guardian mountains. The whole valley is such a spot as would be chosen by the high gods (if they had not invented man) for exclusive garden-parties, with the rabble of lesser gods peeking enviously over the walls. Gods failing, the English will doubtless take and "preserve" it.

Had not the home-fever now laid fast hold upon us, we should have lingered in this fair lotus-land. Our horseback days were past. We were now to roll on the king's highway, four good wheels beneath us. Three days, and sixty miles 'twixt rising and setting of the sun, would let us gain Rawal Pindi, lying over the western range. These are not towering mountains like the Himalayas, but high enough to have cut off Kashmir from the greasy touch of the locomotive, high enough to have given for ages almost a separate history from that of the surrounding countries. Englishmen in Srinagar still speak of "going down into India." Most of those who hot-weathered in the English hotel had already "gone down," as we were now well into November. It cost us a pang to turn our backs upon Lassoo and

Achbar, who must hasten over the Gilgit route to Kashgar. Lassoo had compounded in some way with his Ladaki wife and no longer talked of spending the winter in Leh. In parting with these faithful servants we were definitely closing a short, eventful act in our life's drama, an act in which both of them had nobly played their allotted parts. So, it was with a yearning back to the Chang, the great, desolate, high plains, and to the humble companions who had shared our toils, that we jumped into the impatient *tonga* and were swept down the royal road to the Outside. And the Outside is, first, Rawal Pindi, which is on the railway, then all India lying before us. It is in the guide-books and in Kipling. You may drink it as beer from the guide-books or sip it as nectar from Kipling.

Clay ornaments found in a sand-buried city of the Taklamakan Desert.

CHAPTER XI

A LITTLE STUDY OF THE MAP

POLITICAL history is as the flesh applied to the dry bones of the skeleton, geography. Study of the one implies knowledge of the other. Were we not, from youth up, generally familiar with the geography of those countries whose history most concerns us, we should the more clearly and often be brought to consider a relation which is obscured, even by its familiarity. The osteology of Central Asia and Tibet is peculiarly important to a study of Asian politics because of its unusual characteristics. While the field for exploration there is still considerable, yet the important outlines have been well determined by recent travel. To the practised eye the map (opposite page) will be, perhaps, more instructive than textual description, but a *résumé* in words will aid the general reader.

[Let us begin our survey at the point where we crossed the Russo-Chinese frontier on the way from Osh to Kashgar—in the Alaï Mountains, approximately 75° east, 40° north. Using round figures for all distances and locations, let us now go north-east twelve hundred and fifty miles. We shall then be at the top of Mongolia, 95° east, 53° north. Everything west of this line is Russian, everything east of it Chinese—at present,—and our top

point is within two hundred miles of the Siberian Railway. Now go east one thousand miles—Russia to the north, China to the south,—the railway generally parallel to our line of march, and two hundred miles away. We have reached the western tip of Manchuria—but the distinction between Manchuria and Mongolia, both being Chinese territory, is not politically important. We may go eastward another two hundred miles, into Manchuria, making this second line twelve hundred miles in length —east and west. Now strike south-westward twelve hundred miles,—on a line nearly parallel to the first one,—and we shall have left Southern Manchuria and Northern China proper (the China of the eighteen provinces) to the east, enclosing Mongolia, lying to the west; now westward, on a line which refuses to be even approximately straight, for it must follow a curve of the great Altyn-Tagh—Kuen-Lun range, but which is roughly an east and west line. We have now nearly closed our 1200-mile trapezoid. We have reached the Pamirs; and by running north about three hundred miles we are back at the starting-point, having enclosed the area known as Mongolia, and in the south-west corner of the pentagon, which is nearly a trapezoid, we have skirted the region known as Chinese Turkestan—roughly, one million and a half square miles, one half the area of the United States. Now for Tibet.

Go back to the south end of the third line, near the lake known as Kuku-Nor; thence go southward, crossing mountains and streams if you can—a hard journey of, say, six hundred miles. You have the southern part of China on the east, Tibet on the west. Now another twelve-hundred-mile line, trending a little north of east, —Assam, Bhotam, Sikkim, and Nepal are on the south; Tibet on the north,—and you have been cresting the Himalayas all the while. The valley of the Brahmaputra

has been crossed at its unexplored elbow, where it turns south, and you have seen it in the great valley north of you, where for hundreds of miles it flows from west to east and is known to the Tibetans as the Tsang-po. Lhasa is in the valley — not far from the great river. Now to complete the investiture of Tibet, run a line northward from the west end of the last line, a little west of Nepal's north-west corner; make it about four hundred miles long to join the Kuen-Lun range, and you will thus enclose Tibet, lying to the east of this last line, with Kashmir and part of the north provinces of India to the west of it. Thus your straight lines are, respectively, 1200, 600, 1200, and 400 miles in length—about six hundred thousand square miles in area. Every foot of the boundary is in great mountains—on their tops or crossing impossible gorges of rivers that flow out of Tibet; none of those you have crossed flow inward, because Tibet is high—very high—and the rivers are seeking the seas. We have crossed, in drawing the first line, north and south, six hundred miles—the headwaters of the Hoang-ho, the Yang-tse-Kiang, the Mekong, the Salwin, and the Irrawaddy—these are all the great rivers of China, Siam, and Burmah. Going eastward we have crossed the Brahmaputra and the headwaters of the Ganges, or its northern tributaries. Going north we have crossed the waters of the Indus. These are all the great rivers of India. On the northern boundaries of Tibet we have crossed the headwaters of the Keria, the Khotan, the Karakash, and other smaller streams — all going to swell the Tarim or to be lost in the sands. And the Tarim flows inconclusively into an inland lake, Lob Nor, which has no visible connection with the sea.

And so it was also for running the boundary of Turkestan and Mongolia, except for the desert streams from Tibet, just mentioned, and the Kizil Zu near Kashgar,

also a Tarim affluent. We found nothing coming in—all going out. We crossed, or passed near, the headwaters of the Amou Daria (Oxus), the Syr Daria (Jaxartes), whose waters go to the great Russian lake, the Aral Sea, so-called. Then proceeding on the long lines, drawn north-east, then east around Mongolia, we could cross or see the sources of the Irtysh, the Yenisee, the Lena — all the tribe of Siberian streams that seek the Arctic Ocean.]

We may now give meaning to the long circumferential inspection—an airy journey of seven thousand four hundred miles. It is evident that we are dealing with great plateaus, one much lower than the other. The Mongolia-Turkestan region has an average elevation of about three thousand five hundred feet. The Turkestan region, separately considered, and with which we are most concerned, is at once a plateau and a depression, since it lies much lower than the mountains surrounding it. This characteristic is not so marked in the Mongolian region, as the Gobi desert area is in a sort of great terrace-form, stepping up to the surrounding mountains eastward. The Tibetan plateau, in all its northern (much the larger) area, is approximately at sixteen thousand feet elevation. The great valley, toward which the slope is more gradual from the north than from the south, varies from thirteen thousand to eleven thousand feet elevation; Lhasa is between eleven and twelve thousand; Gyangtse, Leh, and indeed all the other considerable towns in similar region are at about the same elevation.

The whole of the three great regions we have

considered, Turkestan, Mongolia proper, and Tibet, may be broadly put down as desert, save for a few oases (chiefly artificial) and the narrow valleys, in which there is some natural grazing, but which yield valuable crops only to irrigation. There are some regions of good natural grazing, considerable in extent in north-eastern Mongolia. But no important concentrations of population are found except in Turkestan and in the Tsang-po valley of Tibet.

Kashgar, Yarkand, and Khotan, which you have patiently traversed with me, are the three big towns. Lhasa, largest of Tibetan cities, is now well understood to contain not more than twenty thousand souls. The present inhabitants of all this almost empty empire are much better fitted to the physical conditions than any European race. And for commerce, the Chinese and Hindus will undoubtedly hold all the trumps as against possible white competitors. Yet, despite all these frowning facts, Tibet is to-day the scene of a great and bloody political drama, in which the white man plays the rôle of—hero or villain—which shall it be? And to-morrow, the Turkestan theatre will probably open a rival show, changing the *dramatis personæ* and the stage setting, but closely copying the plot that unwinds itself in Lhasa.[1]

[1] Some geological and minor geographical notes are given in an Appendix, "A." They are taken largely from a paper read by the author before the Royal Geographical Society, London.

CHAPTER XII

THE TIBETAN PEOPLE—POLYANDRY AND MONASTICISM

AT the foundation of Tibetan character there is probably the Mongol nature; an East Indian strain has come in from the rough watershed and flat valleys of the trans-Himalayan world. To measure the relative value of these ethnic elements is impossible. Nor is this greatly important in view of a diminishing confidence in our ability to sharply define the traits distinguishing those various stems which constitute the early Eurasian family. The lessons taught us by embryology indicate that the differences must be less as we approach the beginning of things, and we look more and more to long-continued geographical and climatic effects for explanation of existing divergences.

Even in adopting the highly probable theory of multiple origins for our race, we are yet bound to a recognition of the wide range and enormous force of earth-environment lying between the pole and the equator, between sea-level plain and mountain-top, between rain-sodden swamps and arid desert. So restless has man been, that history records not a single example of a social body known to have been subjected to *but one type* of physical environment during the period of its development from the

Our rescue party at Camp Purgatory.

beast-stage, or lowest man-stage up to its present condition. Assuming a tropical, sea-level condition as that best suited for first development, it may fairly be concluded that the inhabitants of relatively high altitudes and high latitudes have passed through a relatively wide range of ancestral experiences, and hence carry with them to their modern and difficult seats an average temperament resulting from widely varied influences. Thus, in the most central marrow of his bones, in the most hidden promptings of his soul, the Tibetan may be urged by secret influence from the sun-heated slime of the Euphrates delta, from the salty breath of Aral plains, from the freezing winds of Siberian forest, from the heavy exhalation of Indian jungle. However composite he may have been when first he wrestled with niggard nature in the Tsang-po valley and its even less hospitable neighbour-lands, he has, since that time, been singularly free from miscegenation, and has had time to develop a type strongly marked by the very special conditions which surround him. A similar isolation may be noted of peoples in the far north, of the Arab in his inaccessible deserts, of the Abyssinian in the northern part of his high plateau, of the Chinaman in the core of his valley empire, of the African pigmy in his undesired forests.

Unique physical features have, in each case, developed unique human traits, which shall be found ineradicable within periods of ordinary historical view. The process of "benevolent assimilation" may then wisely be restricted to the control of external relations and the introduction, slowly, of

a few of the material ameliorations which art has given to human life. Add, perhaps, a regularly and sufficiently paid body of public officials (always a late invention of society), and we have reached the limit of healthful assimilation possible in a body of such special organisation as the Tibetan state. The constraint under which that state has developed is chiefly to be found in the scant area of arable land, the lack of a distributed rain-supply, and the extreme elevation of the whole country. As to the effect of this last very special condition we are unable to give definition. Certain physiological results may, indeed, be determined, but just how these are translated into physical traits we do not know. We may assume, safely enough, that no such considerable difference of physical environment can be without its due mental effect in man. It is not easy to argue even from the known influence upon those who suddenly enter these conditions back to the influence working itself out in the lives of those who have never known sea-level conditions—neither they nor their fathers for many generations before them. The most frequent mental manifestation in the newcomer is an abnormal nervousness, often enough culminating in insomnia.

At Leh (eleven thousand eight hundred feet) we were told that a certain British officer had found it exceedingly difficult to sleep in the town proper, and frequently descended to the Indus bank, finding in this change of about one thousand feet enough relief to insure normal repose. Akin to this unpleasant demonstration of nervous excitement, is a certain elation, not infrequently felt, if great physical

effort be avoided; and, in the long run of travel, this may become a cheerfulness under difficulties which, at lower levels, frequently induce heaviness of spirits, if not actual discouragement. Certain it is that every Tibetan traveller has met with conditions which are always on the edge of being fatal to him, yet in no recital familiar to me can I recall any expressions of that gloom which the honest traveller in Africa or other lowlands has often recounted. Certain also it is that in his struggle for life the Tibetan is cheerful, almost gay. He is dirty—it is not easy to be clean when you are poor and live in a perennially cold country, where fuel always, and water often enough, are in scant supply.

Would you not, O dainty reader, compromise with your morning bath if it were frozen, if you had no fuel but yak dung, if you must strip in a temperature anywhere below zero? Since, in spite of his dirt, which is a depressing influence, the Tibetan is still a cheerful being, he may fairly thank the thin, keen air, the clear sunshine, the blue sky, for the simple joyousness of his narrow life. But these, for their good results, suppose a living, nourished body, warm with the internal combustion of food. And there 's the rub! Nearly all the Tibetan fields have been wrenched from the valley's arid flank, have been terraced and revetted against occasional rain-flood, and then have been fed through a tortuous ditch with water from the nearest mountain-stream. The difficulty of thus obtaining workable areas is great, or, in other words, the land supply in this shut-away world being so closely limited, it is obvious that population must be correspondingly limited.

The further difficulty of dividing small fields, which must retain fixed relations to an irrigation system, will largely affect the means which shall unconsciously be adopted by society for its perpetuation without increase. Here, indeed, we have the simple relation considered by Malthus—the pressure of population upon sustenance,—a relation obscured in our world, where continued expansion into new lands (either by direct immigration or by commerce with new peoples) and continued invention, have combined to fill easily an increasing number of stomachs.

But the Tibetans are so situated that their world is apart; it is for them almost as if it were all the world—a narrow, snow-bound, treeless, upheaved world, in whose rough creases and folds they must scantily live or incontinently die. That some systematic check upon population should appear, together with the variable checks, war and pestilence, is to be supposed. The relative *indivisibility* of the land has, I believe, determined the particular social forms, polyandry and monasticism, as such systematic checks. A marriage relation so unique as this, standing quite on the opposite side of normal monogamy from the more familiar variant, polygamy, challenges attention and at once declares the existence of special predisposing causes. This is not the occasion for insisting at length upon the generally intimate relation of property to marriage relation. It will be sufficient to summarise thus: In highly developed societies, polygamy (including concubinage) suggests concentrated wealth and privilege. Monogamy is democratic; it suggests divided property and privilege. Polyandry suggests poverty and

Cave-dwellers near Polu.

indivisibility of property. If the last generalisation seems hastily put in line with the two preceding and more obvious principles, I think its truth may be established by inversion of reasoning in considering Tibetan conditions.

Suppose a family of three sons, without just now inquiring into the marriage relations of their parents; suppose a patrimony of miserly fields, which are barely sufficient to sustain the family in question, and suppose this patrimony to be physically difficult to subdivide; the house and court being obviously indivisible, the fields practically so by reason of their small individual areas and their relation to water supply. Suppose it to be exceedingly difficult, nay, practically impossible, to have other fields anywhere within a distance of hundreds of miles. Suppose, in spite of these untoward conditions, each of the three brothers to marry him a wife. We may then postulate as follows: There will be a fight about the division of floor space; there will be continued wrangling between the families; there will be frequent and murder-making adulteries; and there will be too many children to be fed from the meagre field, hence child-killing, or fell disease, must cull the o'er-rich crop. How then shall two objects be accomplished, that of securing a certain sense of unity in the conglomerate family and that of diminishing the number of births? However we might have ingeniously devised other systems, it remains that, impelled by the forces just described, the Tibetans have evolved a custom by which, first, the property goes into the control of the eldest brother; second, the wife chosen by this eldest

brother becomes also the legal spouse of the younger twain. The children of this woman are the objects of a common affection, and when one of her sons shall have grown to full manhood, and shall have married a wife chosen by his parents, he in turn shall come into a primacy of power over the patrimony, his elders reserving just enough to prolong their habitual comfort—not enough to prevent the establishment of a new generation. And thus, indefinitely, the cycle repeats itself; not less regularly, not less blindly, obeying nature's demand for new individuals, than elsewhere in more favoured lands, by other forms.

Should some rare good fortune befall, then the eldest brother may choose another wife, even a third. And so it may be, if the first wife have no children, though the property be not increased. And even when the number of wives is equal to the number of husbands, in polyandrous marriage, it is thought that the fertility of the women is less than if living in the monogamic relation, thus securing in part, that restraint upon population which is most fully developed when, as is often the case, the three brothers have but one wife.

Chinese officials reported to M. Grenard that female births are to male as seven to eight. If this be true, we have here a second, unconscious effort to diminish the surplus of unmarried women, which would result from the one-wife and three-husband marriage, taken as the type of polyandric unions. But it is by no means the universal type. Equal numbers of husbands and wives in one family are frequently seen. The women not disposed of in

some form of polyandry are found in polygamous and monogamous unions (not infrequent), in convents, and in the loose life. As the various forms of marriage operate to establish almost a balance of sex-numbers, it results that nuns and prostitutes are probably not more numerous than the corresponding classes in monastic Europe.

The withdrawal of men into monastic life does not affect the problem as directly as it would in a monogamous country, since in the typical polyandric family it merely results in a diminution, by one, of the number of husbands married to the wife or wives. It diminishes the number of women actually married under some form, only in so far as the monk may be considered as belonging to a family which might have enjoyed the luxury of monogamic or polygamic marriage. Such monks are not numerous. M. Grenard thinks that the various forms of marriage are seen, as to frequency, in the following order: Several husbands with several wives; several husbands and one wife; one husband and several wives; one husband and one wife. Whether or not this be exact, it is obvious that by giving legal recognition to this variety of unions, the Tibetans have created an elastic system easily adjustable to the economic condition of individuals or communities. Relatively stable as are these average conditions in Tibet, it may well be supposed that, in so far as they may be disturbed by war or pestilence, there will be change in the position of any particular type of union, appearing in the above series, while the forces work toward the end of maintaining a fixed population in times of normal peace.

That even this ingeniously flexible system has not been able to prevent the considerable development of prostitution goes without saying. That is a bye-product of all systems, or rather it is the fixed and necessary product of forces planted in us when we were indiscriminate as are the unpropertied beasts, and even more indiscriminate than we shall be when socialism shall have swept away private property and marriage with it. The nested wild bird, the laired lion, and the housed man—those who have individually built or pre-empted houses for themselves and their young, these are mated. But the man-protected barnyard fowl, the unsheltered grazing herds, and the state-protected man, these are or will be carelessly indiscriminate. And as we never find a human society that is not in transition, bearing marks of dead processes, so we never find a perfectly symmetrical, definite marriage-system, or property-system (these two are wedded), but we must ever find irregularities, exceptions, vermiform appendices.

Our European-American world is one of private property, tempered by state ownership and adventure to wild land. Its marriage-system is one of monogamy, tempered by adultery, with adventure into the indiscriminate relation.

It is not improbable that other influences than those just described have conspired to the establishment of polyandry; as, for example, the need of protecting women and children when separated for long periods from that portion of the male population which must be occupied in caring for distant flocks. If one of three could remain, having at heart the supreme interest of the *Family*, which en-

globes all his own personal rights and properties, he would be held to a duty which works in favour of all. It may further be supposed that the impossibility of maintaining strict observance of the marriage tie, under these conditions of absence, which must have been more frequent in the past than now, has led to the practical course of legalising, and thus controlling to good ends, an irregularity which would otherwise breed destructive jealousies and cloud titles of descent. The whole thing may be viewed as an example of family co-operation carried beyond the limits familiar to us, because the conditions producing family co-operation in any degree are likewise carried beyond all limits familiar to us.

The very rigour of nature's restraints in Tibet has required a more flexible marriage scheme. As there is no such thing as specific morality in the abstract, so there is, in the discussion of this system, no other reasonable inquiry than this—Would the substitution of some other system, as ours for example, be followed by greater or less product of human happiness—happiness in this world? That deep-searching question will not be discussed in these pages. It is sufficient to say that the best observers have reported no special, considerable evil as traceable to polyandry, and that, in general, social conditions are, in the long run, adjusted, for the best good, to the controlling physical conditions — that "best good" never resulting in an extermination, but only an alleviation of inherent evil in our lives. We, the strong, should be therefore slow to impose our methods upon those whose relations to material nature are widely different from our own.

The feature of Tibetan life which would next attract attention by its relative unfamiliarity is the great development of monasticism. M. Grenard estimates the number of monks at five hundred thousand in all Tibet. This obviously is inaccurate, if, as further supposed by several observers, the total population be about three million. Adult males would then be about seven hundred thousand. Of adult males, M. Grenard estimates the monks to be about one-fourth; but he neglects to work out the result of this assumption, which, for a total population of three million gives approximately one hundred and seventy-five thousand monks—widely at variance with the first-given figure. The lower total thus reached is far more probable. The higher figure would, inversely, lead to a total population of about ten million—obviously too great. Dismissing any attempt at accuracy in totals (and apologising to M. Grenard for seeing a single bad grain in a heaped-up measure of soundest wheat) we remain astonished at the high ratio which undoubtedly holds in this matter. In explanation of it, we do not feel satisfied by a mere reference to the well-known ascetic doctrines of Buddha. Monasticism finds in those teachings, as in the gospel of Christ, abundant authority, nay, more, a very special favour, for its practices. Yet we have seen monasticism pass almost entirely from the Christian world—the doctrine meanwhile unchanged by any subsequent revelation. And Buddhism has not elsewhere produced such a full crop of adherents (more or less formal) to its creed of abnegation. The causes which filled Europe with monks in the

The Beg of Polu and Caliban.

Dark Ages may fairly be taken as related to those that now crown so many Tibetan peaks with high-walled monasteries. The contrast between the European situation during the centuries when monachism flourished, and the situation now, in Europe and America, when it does not flourish, may give suggestion as to what are the special conditions tending to develop an institution which is no longer prospering in our world.

The most general and striking contrast between the old and the new, in our Western civilisation, is perhaps this,—a far wider present extension of settled peace, a far greater development of physical comfort, a far wider field for the fruitful application of a man's labour to the piling up of treasure in this world where moth and rust do corrupt. It seems universally true that no inhibition in accepted creed can effectively work to keep large numbers of men from the pursuit of wealth, if that pursuit be reasonably safe and reasonably productive. Vows of poverty are taken by multitudes only when it is difficult to escape poverty—*willy nilly*. Moreover, poverty is a relative term, and certainly the self-denial to which monks are pledged often enough became a comfort greater than that enjoyed by the average poor peasant in the brave and hungry days of old. Communal labour added its store to the gifts of a superstitious people, eager to buy celestial favour through a purchased intercession measured to the price. Relative also is obedience. Not more exacting is the abbot, bound by the rule, than the temporal lord who in feudal day owned the homage of his followers as well as the land on which they

lived. And as for the third vow—one cannot strictly say that chastity also is relative, yet men know the dark ways of compromise that have been trod by those who failed to follow either the steep heavenward path of observance or the flagrant way of open breach.

In all the long record—from St. Augustine's protest against the upstart ways of the low-born monks unused to respect, down to the recommendation of a Christian Pope in 1650 that certain monasteries be closed, their revenues to go to the Venetian State for the making of bloody war; in a hundred ways we learn that the cloister was at once a chamber of travail and of triumph for a few pure religious souls, and, for grosser minds, a comfortable refuge from the rough battle of life, or an alcove for crime. Its occupant made a better bargain with this world than many a poor devil outside, caught in the meshes of a society marked by poverty for the mass, privilege for the class, and turbulence for all. Such was European society when it bred many monks. Such is Tibet to-day, save that the turbulence perhaps is less than that which existed generally in Europe during monkish days. This probably is due to the steady pressure from without — from China — a directing force which has permitted the churchman to control the state, thus making his career more than usually attractive, while rendering the suzerain's task less trying. If the country were a fertile, temperate land, even this ecclesiastic rule might not be bad enough—economically bad—to prevent an accumulation of wealth among the people and a subsequent revival

of lay power. But here nature seems to have made permanent those conditions which favour monastic development. Nor can it be doubted that in spite of some moral decay (less, it would seem, than in the shameful eras of European orders) there is a certain civilising, conserving influence exerted by bodies of men whose theoretical rule of life is one of simplicity and charity, and who keep alive the flame of learning among rude peoples. True, theirs is the puerile learning which was so dear to the Christian mind for centuries—so satisfying until this world began to be made agreeably interesting. And some may charge the monks with delaying progress toward that betterment of physical condition which will alleviate the misery and eventually lessen the ignorance of the people.

In an existence like ours, made up of inextricably crossed cause and effect, we can see but a few sequences at a time. We do not *know* that an irruption of the Gauls, an establishment of the feudal system, or an enraged Reformation, have been followed by more, or less, of evil than would have resulted from some supposed alternative course. We only know that they existed; that we may discover, in close connection with them, certain elements of pain, certain elements of pleasure; and that we are blindly driven on to do and to undo. We may be fairly secure in this, that the violent destruction of any long-established institution by a force exterior to the society which has produced such institution, must generally be *immediately* followed by evil in much greater proportion than good. The distant future, perhaps, will balance the account; yet

uncertainty as to the result may well temper an ardour for reform which often gratifies the sensibilities of the reformer at the expense of his victim.

We (Christendom) have abolished Suttee—while we have extended the opium trade. The occasional immolation of a widow on the pyre was a dramatic tragedy which offended us, while the commonplace stage-setting of the hovelled opium-infamy spares our nerves and thus protects itself. So it may be when Tibetan institutions are held in the glaring light of European examination; our sympathies, which are but the furthest scouts of selfishness, may cry an alarm, affrighted by evil in an *unfamiliar form*, and may strike at it hastily, not measuring its true magnitude nor making survey of its relations.

Imagine, in the European provinces of the year 1200 A.D., organisations whose powers should be those of feudal lord and prelate combined; imagine buildings which should be castle and cathedral in one. Then you have, in part, the Tibetan monks and their monasteries. Add to this imagination something borrowed from the great overland traders, lords of commerce, and you may then understand the importance, in Tibetan society, of these bodies of men who combine more functions than any associations with which we are familiar.

With the complexity of function has come, of course, a corresponding complexity of organisation. First, there are the two great Orders—the Yellows and the Reds—and several lesser ones. Each has its General, supervising all the establishments of his order. Each establishment has its head; its officials

for spiritual and temporal duties; its candidates, its novices, its full-fledged monks of two degrees. Subject to the temporal rule of the monastery—much as in our feudal times—are the farmers of a certain territory who pay their rents into the treasury of the establishment. Nor have the monks been able to stop their development within the lines of peaceful activity. Rude arms hang on their walls, bows, arrows, spears, and the mediæval matchlock. Not more ready to be hastened toward the Nirvana of their creed than is the lusty Christian to grasp his promised crown of personal immortality, these monks, who are men, have given blow for blow in that primitive competition which still holds Europe's self under the thrall of its fierce charm. Territorial rights within the land have been delineated thus by force; attack from without has been met by battalions of monks; and attempted rebellion of the lay chiefs has been by them subdued. Indeed, by virtue of their superior intelligence and organisation, a long era of quiet, a true *pax ecclesiastica*, seemed to be stretching mild years before the country when the storm of British anger fell upon the land.

Special privilege in Tibet runs not only in favour of the powerful religious bodies just surveyed, but it also upholds a lay aristocracy of inherited wealth—the term, of course, is comparative, for Tibet is poor. The important lay functionaries of government are drawn from this class. And indeed, the powerful monks are frequently scions of the noble houses —younger sons who find, in their sacred rôle, a larger power than can now be otherwise secured.

The lower classes, therefore, have but little opportunity for individual advancement; more, however, through the monastery than in any other way. Pride of family is strong, marriages beneath one's inherited rank are rare. As in all lands, the possession of exceptional wealth may put a young man or woman into a class above that of one's birth—but the opportunities for fortune-making are very few, for reasons already outlined. In this respect, therefore, Tibet offers less hope (or fear?) of social revolution than might have been held in Europe even in her darkest hours. There, Nature invited, or did not severely punish, the timid efforts of art and commerce. Here, it almost prohibits.

Besides the ownership of their inherited lands, a noble family may enjoy the control of certain State lands, given instead of salary, for the exercise of administrative function. Whenever this system of irregular compensation is found, we may confidently look for an equally irregular administration of justice. Western civilisation is now outgrowing this evil. The wide corruption in American legislative bodies arises from a neglect of the sound rule of fair and stated compensation for all public service.

A somewhat intimate knowledge of this evil has been forced upon me in various affairs, and I do not hesitate to affirm that many American municipalities are conducted, in their legislative and police departments, with as much systematic corruption as has been reported by European travellers and residents in any Asiatic community. Our State legislatures are bad also—not quite as bad as the municipal councils. Our city judiciary is bad occasionally,

Friends of Ras Worké, Abyssinia.

Photo by Mr. J. H. Baird.

but not at all bad in comparison with the legislative bodies. Our higher judiciary is practically pure. Our national legislature contains generally about five per cent. of members in both houses who will sell their votes for money, but probably would hesitate to thus be brought to the support of any measure believed by them to be really vicious. Most frequently—and this is measurably true of all the bodies here mentioned—the bribe-takers approve, in their unbiased judgments (if they can be said to have such) of those measures to which they refuse a vote unless purchased.

The five-per-cent. ratio of corruption for the Congress of the United States is given as a hearsay approximation by Mr. Bryce in his admirable book *The American Commonwealth.* I had it in mind when circumstances required that I should know the number, names, and prices of "approachable" members. It is substantially correct. Now note the relation to our comments on Tibetan organisation. Aldermen are practically without regular pay of any kind. The government of a city is turned over to them and they take their pay as best they can. The State legislators are paid a little. In regions where living is still relatively simple and inexpensive, the pay is sometimes adequate; the corruption is less. In our national legislature the pay is sufficient to the support in comfort, and without modern luxury, of an ordinary family. The corruption is still less. In our higher judiciary, the pay, while not large, is sufficient for comfort, and is, in many cases, assured for longer periods than those fixing the legislative terms. There is substantially no corruption. In city police

organisations the pay is generally fair and constant. The corruption here is due to two causes: example of the aldermen, and extraordinary power over public women, saloon-keepers, and gamblers, due to our crude methods of dealing with the three irrepressible evils. The same explanation may be given as to the occasional lapses of our police judiciary, though a reasonably high pay has largely reduced the evils in this direction. It may thus broadly be seen that when we fail to give a stated, regular, and reasonable compensation for public service, we find bribery taking the place of honourable reward.

We must recognise that we cannot be governed without paying, on the average, nearly as much for the talents employed as would be gained by the same talents engaged in private effort. The rule is somewhat obscured by the value put upon celebrity, more easily attained in public than in private service, and the varying degree of security in employment, —sometimes greater, sometimes less, for the office-holder than for the private citizen. These exceptions are more readily understood than those supposed to be offered by such great non-salaried legislative bodies as the English Parliament. The exception, however, is much more in appearance than in reality. First, the hard work of Parliament is done by comparatively few among the more than six hundred members, and most of these few are holders of salaried offices; and, second, as nearly all members of the House, and all members of the Lords, are drawn from the wealthy class; and again, chiefly from the class of *inherited wealth*, the nation

is paying handsomely enough for their service by permitting large patrimonies to descend from generation to generation, thus giving to the inheritors a very substantial support, against which it draws a moderate return of public service. Because *all* inheritors of estates do not make such return, the implied compact is somewhat obscured to the intelligence of some observers. The true principles stand out more clearly in the actual relations of the royal family, and the theoretical relations of the nobility, toward the State. In so far as the inheritance of great fortune, *without public service*, is continued, there begin now to appear adjustments which express the public conscience on the subject. These are obvious in England. They were loud as the thunder, vivid and fatal as the lightning, about a century ago, in France.

This excursive reflection upon the lordly states of our Western world may seem to be an unwarranted going-away from our text, which is just now the poor mountain state of the snow-world. But the comparison is meant to suggest something which I consider more important at my hands than the piling up of detailed description of Tibetan custom. Other travellers have had much larger opportunity than I to obtain such facts, and, in all their manifold suggestiveness to various special students, they have been admirably set forth in works from which, if such full presentation were my task, I should be forced to bountifully copy. But it has seemed to me a better use of my small experience and my reading to set forth only the larger features of Tibetan life; to seek that which is common to us all,

under various manifestation, and, lastly, chiefly, to urge that inward charity of thought, and that outward charity of act (soon perhaps to follow), which is born only of *intelligent sympathy*.

This tendency to seek the good that is cloaked in evil is one that may not at once meet the approval of Exeter Hall or Faneuil Hall, though ultimately their reach toward honest things would bring us together. Uncompromising war upon an obvious evil, with incidental wholesale condemnation of men who have inherited an offensive institution,—such is the rough-and-ready method, which has a merit that I shall not contest and cannot attain.

Polyandry, polygamy, monastic power, feudal law, —all these appear as abuses to the hasty eye; and indeed they fall within the universal rule of good-and-bad, the bad being prominent to our examination. But they will "yield to treatment," to the treatment of physical science relieving physical want. Let us then give, nor urge even this, a knowledge of those things which have helped us in this world (as we think), and let this force work its fated changes. As to our religion, let it be offered only by humble, patient men who shall not damn a thousand dear traditions as deadly sins. Perhaps then some of their hearers will prefer to utter the name Christ, rather than some other sound, in addressing the Power behind the Law and the Hope.

CHAPTER XIII

RELIGION

IN Tibet there are two religious bodies; the Buddhists, whom we now generally call Lamaists, and the Pon-bo. These two have a common basis in the ancient worship of a medley of gods, representing more or less obviously the forces of nature. Connected with this mythology was a burdensome belief in magic. Much of all these tyrannical fears has survived even in Lamaism, while the Pon-bo creed of to-day, which does not profess Buddha at all, is substantially the ancient cult, still held by those whose ancestors, for various reasons, failed to "go over" in the days when the newly imported religion was covering the land. The lower, grosser elements of Lamaism are substantially repeated among the Pon-bo; or rather we may say that the vulgar Lamaist has the Pon-bo creed plus some vague notion of Gautama's high abstractions.

The relation between the two bodies is similar to that which might have been seen in Europe as late as the sixth century A.D., when there still existed communities professing the ancient paganism, while enthroned Christianity had not been able to free itself from a heritage of magic, witch and devil cult, and had shifted the worship of the Finite from demigods to saints. But then in Europe, as now in Tibet

there were some (a few) who drank such pure water as the higher creed may offer to the most enlightened, thirsting soul. A personal, anthropomorphic God, an individual, personal, corporeal immortality, a half-militant faith in certain personal relations of the Teacher—these are keystones in the arch of Christian belief—not to be displaced by the most generalising mind that would still call itself faithful. And most helpful are they to the spirit of lower flight, just rising from the earth, building its resting-place with familiar concrete material.

Even the frightful vision of hell which, wonderfully enough, was not expelled from the compassionate dreams of Christ, would stimulate rather than destroy the faith of those who, in gusty barbarism, had sought the extremes of punishment for their enemies, and had imagined their dead as still on horseback, still fighting some undying foe. Gratified with the hope of a happy resurrection of the body for himself, the zealous saint felt urged by childish reason, as well as by inspiration, to construct for the unfaithful sinner an eternal bodily punishment, equal in its kind with the felicity promised to himself. Surely these are easier steeps to climb, for untutored minds, than the ascent to Buddha's heights. Here, there is no God, only an unnamed, infinite, hence undefined, principle of creation. The universe is bound in absolute law. Separate existence is bound up, under the invariable law, with desire, and desire with evil; death is a portal, opening, first, to another life, whose evil will be proportioned to the desire that has raged in this; through successive deaths life is led to Nirvana,

A stiff bit of up-grade near Polu.

extinction of personal identity, the sole reward to those who have wholly conquered desire in the struggle of human existence. Our sins shall punish another entity than that which is the present ego; our virtues shall ultimately help the separated drop to sink again into the untroubled ocean, not to sparkle for ever in some iridescent beam of personal happiness. Nor can this return of the troubled part to everlasting peace in the undivided whole be accomplished here in our life, save by an ascetic course which lies far beyond the power of the usual man. He, however, by strict virtue in the common life, as father, brother, husband, neighbour, may happily reflect that the Kharma of his life, the resultant moral force of it, shall permit some other man, later born, to start his course nearer to the goal, which ever is extinction of desire and of separated self. Truly this is too hard for rough mountain barbarians.

Even the corrupted doctrines which came to the Tibetans a thousand years after Gautama died have by them been yet further corrupted. A vast system of *Aberglaube* (extra belief of Matthew Arnold) has overgrown the Buddha's original impersonal generalisations. Moral qualities have grown into gods. "Emanations" have become persons.

Myths of virgin birth, giving sanctity to Gautama's mother; of infantile wisdom and heavenly prodigies leading to worship of the babe by wise men; of superhuman strength in human contest with spear and bow,—all these had been added to the Buddhist arsenal of argument before the Great Vehicle was taken up to Tibet from Northern India. Doubtless they were of great avail in making converts. Weaker

minds found support in all these grosser imaginings, the work of all the early minds of like weakness who had vainly tried to grasp the abstract, and had unconsciously built rude scaffolding in the trees when their wings refused to bear them toward the sun.

Yet in spite of these deformations, the doctrine retained something of beauty. It seems particularly to have put a higher value upon human life, and what we consider a grotesque value upon life in general. It stopped human sacrifice and softened men's hearts and manners by its insistence upon universal charity. Much—very much—remains to be done in this, the master work of Christian and of Buddhist doctrine, but surely a beginning was made among the wild people of the snows. The troublesome element in the establishment of the new faith seems to have been the monkish organisation. It at once became a rival in power-lust with the lay chiefs. Nothing shows more clearly than this the great departure which had been made from the original teaching. Buddha, even less than Christ, had imagined his followers as a sort of militant body animated by the demon of ambition.

There is nothing in Buddha's speech of the deep partisan spirit ringing in the words, "If ye are not for me ye are against me," and again, "I come to bring a sword." But he had told his followers to preach his doctrine. To this end, they had organised. Organisation carries with it the seed of contest, and we are at once led to Darwinian phrase, while making the double struggle, to know what is "fittest," and how to use it, for survival against

our competitor. It seems not improbable that the persecutions which drove Buddhism from India, its birth-place, where it had greatly flourished for centuries, were due to excesses of the monastic orders. The people were unable to see the Enlightened One through the dark cloud of his nominal followers; no reformer arose to correct the abuses from within, and away they were swept, abuses and monasteries and all, and have never yet reappeared in India. Ceylon, Burmah, Siam, Tibet, China, and Japan (after a fashion), these are the lands where Gautama is now worshipped.

The early persecution of the monks by a Tibetan king suggests that their organisations were full of the spirit which caused their destruction in India, but has eventually caused their triumph in Tibet. Here they proved the stronger, partly because the people were more ignorant, more superstitious in their bleak mountain homes, and partly because of the external pressure already mentioned. When the purification due to persecution had again changed to decay, another effort, this by reformation, took place in the fourteenth century. There arose one who, himself a lama, cried out against the abuses of the lamas in their private lives and in their relations with the people. Tsongkapa's work has been compared by Catholics to Hildebrand's, by Protestants to Luther's. There is indeed a similarity but also a marked distinction between the Tibetan and the German reformer.

Lamaism had not developed a power as concentrated as that of Rome. It was not necessary to break from an all-including organisation, nor did

Tsongkapa present new theories of control. If Luther, while insisting upon better morals among churchmen, had, for furthering that end, set up a northern Papacy, he would have more nearly duplicated the work of his predecessor, dead a century before the beginning of the great struggle between mighty pope and simple priest. Tsongkapa lived to see great monasteries under his rule, to hear his yellow-hooded monks acclaimed by the people, who turned their backs upon the older unreformed Red-hoods. The order which he thus founded—or, more strictly, rejuvenated,—became so powerful that ere long its head was called the Dalai Lama, the great Lama.[1] This great Abbot was soon recognised, together with another Incarnation, the Pantchen Lama, as forming a sort of sovereign partnership over the whole country. And now the horn of the Dalai Lama has been exalted, it is higher than that of his brother or rival. He is called Glorious King, while the other is Glorious Teacher, and he has great temporal power added to his religious function.

When one of these two has died, the other seeks his successor; three children are chosen, signs of special virtue in these three being discernible by the

[1] Father Hendricks declares the true etymology would establish Dalai as meaning *Ocean* as well as *great*, and that this name was given to the abbot who was supposed to descend, in office, from the Christian priests sent in by Genghiz Khan, a priest from afar, from the ocean. Failing foreign successors, he who administered the ritual of the Ocean Lama was called by that name. The similarity of rites and organisation between Rome and Lhasa is believed by Father Hendricks to be due to such early mission work. But Buddhist ceremonial was developed before that of Rome.

initiated; their names are put in a golden urn, and, in the presence of many abbots and of the Chinese legate, a heaven-directed lottery takes place: the first-drawn name is believed to be that of the child who has received the Kharma of the dead. These incarnations are called Bodisats, a series of individuals ancestrally related to each other in so far as Kharma (general moral influence left by a life) can be said to constitute ancestry. They are in a series which will inevitably end in the production of a true Buddha, an Enlightened One, receiving that fulness of wisdom which came to Gautama meditating under the Bo tree. And this wisdom shall again declare the ways of salvation to a world which shall have forgotten the messages already heard. The dreamers of the faith have imagined Bodisats celestial and terrestrial; they are here and there in various stages of development; and the theory of them provides an inexhaustible source of saint-making, yields an angelic hierarchy and multiplies the objects of adoration. The similarity between this evolution and that of angel-and-saint cult in Christian history must strike the most careless observer. The common effects suggest a common source, which cannot well be an exclusive revelation.

The selection of a babe as spiritual head constitutes a most important point of departure from the Roman system, and marks the Tibetan method as distinctly the inferior in respect to obtaining meritorious chiefs. The way is left wide open for cabal and chicanery, such as existed for a time in the Roman Church, permitting children (a Benedict IV., and even a maid, 't is said), to be named as

the Vicar of Christ. There is no contrariety in this choice of children, to the requirements of *inspired* pronouncements *on doctrine* alone; or to the conditions involved in the mere existence of a passive, meditating soul, forgetful of the world, as in the abstract of the Tibetan creed. But *masses* of men never get far away from the interests of this world, save by the wide door of death; hence upon both systems has been grafted the branch of temporal power and church administration, which requires a stout trunk of personal intelligence, sobriety, honour, and mature judgment in the chief. The choice in Rome is now largely determined by the known record of abilities displayed on a large stage of action. As the Tibetan system makes this impossible, the appearance of intelligence and strength in the pontifical chairs is merely chanceful. Power, therefore, is generally left to the ring of monks who correspond roughly to the College of Cardinals at Rome. The present Dalai Lama marks an exception to the rule of incompetence in the Sacred Head.

Between the two great incarnations and their respective orders there seems to have been a creditable peace for longer periods than would thus have been measured, I think, had not the Chinese power been strong to check, encourage, balance, as the interest of the State and that of the suzerain required.

Free as was the earliest Buddhist teaching from the almost universal beliefs in magic, witches, and devils, these had already gained control of the minds of all who professed the Great Vehicle when it came to Tibet,—of all save the occasional few who, in

Our grain transport up Polu Gorge.

every age, in every religion, have had clearer, higher vision. There was, therefore, no generally recognised principle in the new faith which could ever make war upon the gross fetichism of the ignorant tribes who were so far from all the world's centres of thought. Yet even a closer touch at that time would not have done much to expurgate from their minds those childish and dreadful fancies which civilisation has not yet entirely driven from Paris or New York. While palmists, clairvoyants, and sellers of images may flourish in our capitals; while Friday bears a shady reputation, and dinners of thirteen are much less frequent than those of eleven and of fifteen, just so long may we feel sure that on the far Tibetan plateau we have found a long-lost brother with whom, hand in hand, we wend a painful way across the glooms of time.

"And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.
Is 't night's predominance or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it? "

We, however, seem to be in the thinning edge of the black, witch-haunted forest, while our Tibetan brother is still in its darkest centre. Let us learn, by translation from M. Grenard's vivid pages, what we were, what the Tibetans are, by virtue of developing such ideas as those that damn the day Friday and the number thirteen.

"Of Buddha, who established as principle the abnegation of worldly vanities, who set forth as aim the annihila-

tion of self, they ask riches, health, and the satisfaction of covetousness and pride, they constrain him by the most solemn of all ceremonies to produce the elixir of longevity. Prayers are said for the dead, as if the departed could escape the fatal consequences of their acts. If Buddha is not to be moved, they address prayers to one of the innumerable gods who surround him, each of whom has his particular rôle, his special power, a shape peculiar to him, horrible or agreeable, his personal character, peevish or kind, courteous chamberlains, gracious ladies-in-waiting, generals, savage defenders of the faith, fearful duennas, not to speak of the devilish beasts which prowl in the neighbourhood, seeking something to devour. The supernatural world is a court where good and bad places are distributed for the life to come, as well as spiritual graces and temporal goods, calamities and misfortunes. To obtain the one, and to escape the others, the Tibetans exhaust themselves in attempts, in petitions, in intrigues, and in gifts. They build thousands of temples, make thousands of statues, burn myriads of sticks of incense, prostrate themselves, chant hymns, murmur endless prayers, grind still greater numbers of them in water- or hand-mills, recite the rosary, celebrate solemn services, make offerings and give banquets to all the gods and devils, wear amulets and relics, write talismans, and fly streamers covered with prayers or emblems of good-luck, which the breeze scatters to the four winds, accumulate countless heaps of stones covered with pious inscriptions, turn around all the objects which they consider sacred, mountains, lakes, temples, stone piles, make processions and pilgrimages, swallow indulgences in the shape of pills, which the lamas have compounded with relics, imbibe with contrition the heavenly nectar composed of the ten impurities, such as human flesh, the excrements, and urine, practice

exorcism, necromancy, and magic, even to obtain spiritual blessings, enact pious mysteries, perform strange and furious dances to drive away or destroy the demon; and thus is Tibet wildly caught up and carried off by the whirlwind of religious insanity."

It is not intended here to treat at length of the language and literature of Tibet. Several specialists —such as Csoma de Körös, Ed. Foucaux, A. A. Georgi, H. A. Jaeschke, and W. W. Rockhill—may be consulted by those who desire to study these subjects.

Very briefly it may be stated that the Tibetan dialects are said to be of the Tibeto-Burman family, which, in turn, is referred to the Turano-Scythian stock.

Changes of pronunciation that have taken place in the last twelve hundred years have not been followed by corresponding changes in the original written forms of words. Tibetan orthography, therefore, as tested by present usage of spoken words, is perhaps farther removed from a true phonetic system than is the orthography of any other language pretending to represent sounds by letters.

Tibetan literature consists almost exclusively of sacred writings and historical records. Their character may be given approximately by the one word "monkish." It is the literature of our own dark ages.

In Appendix C are to be found some examples of Tibetan songs, as gathered from the lips of the people by Moravian missionaries. Many readers, I think, will be surprised at the gracefulness of thought appearing in these compositions.

CHAPTER XIV

INDUSTRY AND ART—TIBETAN ARCHITECTS—CARAVAN *VS.* RAILWAY

AMONG the notable achievements of our mountain folk must be accounted their progress as builders. Such structures as the great monasteries and the kingly residences would be remarked in any country, at least for their magnitude. In China are pagodas high enough, in India are magnificent mosques, of one clear spring from floor to dome-top; but neither in China nor in India are to be seen such many-storied, myriad-roomed buildings as in Tibet. Yet from China and from India have come the seeds of all development beyond the tent and the hut. Special influences have caused the extraordinary growth of the building art among a people whose souls are not mechanical. Analysis of such a result, in the absence of full historical data, is hazardous, hence somewhat tempting.

Three conditions have seemed to me chiefly responsible for a superiority, which, in comparing all other characteristics with those of their neighbours, may be considered as almost an eccentricity of the Tibetans: An abundance of stone, steep roughness of building sites, and the communal life of the monks,—these three conditions conspire to produce the sky-scraping masses, in which are hived the

pious bees who sip every flower that blooms in Tibet. In a land so sterile and so cold, architecture is saved from rioting into an over-florid style and is even stunted in its outreachings toward grace, but it attains unto dignity. As in every similar case of a single inspiration operating within almost unvarying environment, there results great uniformity, such, indeed, that the monasteries of Ladak and those around Sining in the Far East might change places over night without discovery. It is highly suggestive as to the future possible development of the Tibetan people that, given a powerful impulse in a given direction, they have shown engineering capacity of so high an order as that involved in the erection of these great structures. That they have often chosen the most inaccessible among many difficult sites may be due chiefly to the same military consideration which determined the uncomfortable and picturesque locations of so many European piles built in the brave days of old. It is pleasing to think, also, that the artistic fitness of the thing —isolation of dwelling, and withdrawal from the world's illusions—may have partly ruled the builders' minds.

Shall we also charitably assume that the theoretical unworldliness of the ruling class may account for the neglect of ways of communication? One who has been tried by these roads is quick to wrath, yet I have seen as bad in Abyssinia as in Ladak. And every traveller in China bewails the strange lack of public spirit which bequeaths to each generation the ruts and bumps of its predecessor. Even America, inspired with mechanical cult, sins greatly in this

respect. Wheeled vehicles would demand a vast expenditure—probably an impossible sum—for so poor a country as Tibet, having such long lines, such rough conditions. Until the wagon road is justified, pack-trails remain everywhere just good enough to permit passage, and are an abiding marvel to European travellers.

Several continuous tracks may be followed from Lhasa to China; the route followed by the English expedition from Darjeeling is the shortest line connecting Lhasa with the civilised world; a long, difficult line leads to the far west of Tibet and to Ladak, now belonging to Kashmir; branching to the south from this east-and-west trail are several possible routes leading into Nepal. To the north there are no recognised lines save well to the east, going up to the Kokonor region, and, farther west, a pilgrim route for Mongolians coming to their Holy City. The main streams of commerce flow to and fro 'twixt China and Tibet.

The burly yak demands as little in the way of footing and of food as any self-respecting beast could ask, yet even he must pant and strain and die in the hard scramble over glacier and stone that mark the long leagues to China. Slower than the horse, the yak is also surer-footed and less easily frozen to death. He makes up into an irregular jumbled caravan, never learning the strict discipline of single-file march, which ponies are taught to prefer, and which camels seem to have learned in an earlier incarnation. It is this impassive, dignified brute, the camel, who has so powerfully affected the imaginations and thus falsified the calculations

Reloading after a break-neck pull.

of European travellers in their estimates of Oriental wealth.

When Europe was poor, Asia was relatively rich, but never as rich as the camel would have one believe. When you see even a hundred of him marking the distant plain with immutable pace you would swear him to be some gnome in Pluto's service, bearing half a world's wealth. But the simplest arithmetic shows that the whole caravan load is less in weight than that of one big American freight car. So it is that only the most precious commodities can be interchanged even at the astonishingly low per-diem rates of hire for man, and the equally low rate of food-consumption exacted by the self-restraining brute. Thus let us pursue the calculation on the basis of forty cents per day per camel, paid by us to the Kirghiz in Western Tibet. Each burden was about four hundred pounds, and the day's march averaged about fifteen miles; that makes the cost per ton-mile about thirteen cents. On the great railways of America the corresponding figure is 0.65 cents, or one twentieth as great. Such comparisons have led to the dreaming of fabulous profits by the over-zealous promoters of steam railways in caravan lands, the infirmity of their calculations arising from an over-estimate of the total amount of merchandise to be handled.

The dominating feature of Tibetan traffic is tea, imported from China, chiefly through the mart of Ta-chien-lu, where caravans sent from Lhasa and even from Shegatze are loaded annually with thirteen millions of pounds of the heaven-sent leaf. Coming out of Tibet, their loads have been lighter

—wool, hides, musk, amber, saffron, and some gold-dust from the various small placer-works of the Himalayan slopes.

Compared with this tea-trade, all other commercial movements in Tibet are insignificant.

A few European trinkets and some cotton goods, a small quantity of amber, and, lately, a fair volume of rupees are brought in exchange for the wool and gold-dust and Chinese tea which go into Nepal or Sikkim, and a little to Ladak. If we consider the tea-trade alone at Ta-chien-lu, its value there, increased by, say, twenty per cent., will cover the total foreign trade of the country. Considered as weight of merchandise to be transported, it will exceed that of all outgoing and all other incoming goods. In the Ta-chien-lu market, M. Grenard, whose figures are the latest reliably reported, found common varieties worth about seven cents per pound (8.5 pence per kilo), while high grades sold at about twenty cents per pound. It is probable that there is much more of the former than of the latter. We may take ten cents per pound as an approximate average. Hence it would appear that the Tibetans pay $1,300,000 for that staple, which means more to them than does any other food, except bread, to any civilised people. Increasing this by twenty per cent. we find $1,560,000 as the approximate total of their present purchasing power.

The average price of tea in Lhasa (Grenard) seems to be about twenty-five cents per pound, cost of transport and profit having added one hundred and fifty per cent. of the value at Ta-chien-lu. If we assume ten cents per pound for transport and

five cents for profit we shall fall measurably near the figure above given for caravan charges (thirteen pence per ton-mile) and measurably near the figure for profit which would be enforceable as against frauds on the custom house and the recognised monopolies. The figure thus given for annual transport charges, say $1,500,000 (or, say, £300,000), is one that appeals somewhat to our cupidity. But let us study it further, first remarking that the city of Washington, with three hundred thousand inhabitants (about one-tenth the population of Tibet), pays twice as much annually for its tramway fares, *i. e.*, twice as much as Tibet pays for substantially all of its "long-haul" freight service. The thirteen million pounds of tea may, with other imports, supposing all to be concentrated at one point, be increased to a total of say sixteen million pounds of incoming merchandise. Taking a sixty-car train of modern American freight cars, we see that *six trains per year* would haul the entire imported load of the country, and these trains, outgoing, would not be more than half-filled.

The length of line over which this sixteen million pounds must be carried is something like twelve hundred miles. The idea of building a railway of such length in such country is, indeed, fantastic; but, merely to pursue the matter to its limits from our usual point of view, let us calculate such construction at the low figure of sixty thousand dollars per mile, then the interest charge at five per cent. on seventy-two million dollars is more than double the amount now paid for freight transportation, even though the rate be twenty times that familiar in

Western countries. The substitution of the shorter line of caravan travel via the Chumbi valley to Darjeeling would diminish the national expenditure for transportation by a considerable amount—probably would cut it in half. But, short as that line is, its profile is such as to make railway construction and permanent railway operation fall beyond the bounds of practicability. Invention must make some other great conquest of nature's secrets ere the Himalayas be scaled by other transport than the crawling caravan.

Let us not fancy, then, that we shall be able to bless the Tibetans with our civilisation, which is distinctly that of *steam*, marked in a hundred ways by steam; set off by steam in a hundred ways from the European civilisation which preceded it; and which, indeed, being without steam, resembled the Tibetan civilisation more than it resembles *us*. We are its children, indeed, but children who have seen another light.

In Tibet, where the country is particularly stubborn against the engineer's attacks, we may find in the years to come our only refuge in all the civilised world from the clangour of our Frankenstein's bells. Let us here and now offer up thanks to a foreseeing Providence for that the Himalayas have been made high and steep.

CHAPTER XV

SKETCH OF TIBETAN HISTORY FROM MISTY BEGINNINGS, 350 A.D. (?), TO JOHN BULL'S APPEARANCE

HERE all is darkness until the fourth or fifth century of our era. In Chinese records, long anterior to the establishment of an ordered state, reference is made to the Kiang tribes of the Koko-nor and adjoining regions; but they seem to have been then merely savage bands, not constituting an organised government advanced beyond the tribal status. The impulsion toward centralisation came from without, and may have been accompanied by some measure of *compulsion*, though the record runs that a disaffected prince from the province of Kan-su (North China) moved his people westward and established himself among the Kiang tribes, who were won to his sway by his justice and firmness as a ruler. This exodus is presumed to have taken place about 433 A.D. The name of Fanni is given the leader, and his nationality is presumptively Chinese. It must be remembered, however, that the region from which he came lies not far from the home of the northern barbarians, and that the time was, and for a century had been, one of great disorder, marked by incursions of the Mongols across the line of the Great Wall.

It is not improbable that these semi-civilised immigrants into what is now Tibetan territory were of mixed blood, in which the nomadic Mongol instinct predominated over the stay-at-home feeling of the true Chinaman from the central provinces, who had civilised and absorbed several conquering hordes of the north. However that may be, the subsequent fusion with indigenous tribes has produced a type easily distinguishable from that of Pekin. Tibetan chronicles, written by Buddhist lamas, boldly ascend beyond the fairly well-established date of the coming of Fanni, and recite legends concerning kings from the south. To derive their nation's origin from this quarter would flatter their religious prejudices. The unsatisfying character of these legends, until the stream of them reaches the time and event set forth by the Chinese records, tends to give to the latter a yet greater credence. Nevertheless, the traditions looking toward India, or at least toward Bhutan and Nepal, are not to be wholly neglected. Travel between Tibetan territory and any other is, indeed, hard, but between Central Tibet and Nepal it is easier than with Western China.

It is not improbable that there is something of truth in these stories of southern kings establishing dynasties antedating by several centuries that which was founded by Fanni. There is space enough, and the central (Lhasa) region is separated from the eastern districts by enough physical difficulty to justify the supposition that independent, though inconsiderable, states may have existed in the Tsang valley before Fanni came to the north-east region. His success there may have soon resulted in coali-

The author at Karakoram Pass.

tion of government and blood with the central and western peoples, thus putting into the veins of the modern Tibetan strains which run from widely separated sources, and producing a type marked by special characteristics. It cannot be supposed, however, that the immigration from the south was numerous or that it came from the splendid Hindu civilisation which lay south and west of Nepal, and which was highly developed long before even the legendary beginning of the southern dynasties (*circa* 300 B.C.). For even these prejudiced compilers of the pro-Indian stories declare that knowledge of arithmetic was imported from China about the year 600 A.D., and, though the art of writing is said to have come from India, it is evident that it came but as a part of the Buddhistic mission work and was not known until the year 632 A.D. The Hindu civilisation would have furnished both these accomplishments from the beginning of any colonisation traceable to such a source.

Nothing could better illustrate the seclusion of this people than this extraordinarily late date for the introduction of the three R's. It suggests that the Fanni movement was, indeed, that of a people on the rim of Chinese civilisation and that the mythical Indian kings of the lamas' chronicles were but rude mountain chiefs from Bhutan or Nepal. Turkestan, desert- and mountain-bound as it is, had its letters eight hundred years earlier than this secluded land — a Bastile built by demons, where a nation might be forgotten.[1]

[1] In accepting the early part of the seventh century as the date of writing's birth in Tibet, we must compromise with a Chinese record,

The acceptance of a religious creed by a people already endowed with civil arts can never be as profoundly efficient to inspire a national development as when there comes to barbarians, with religion, a first knowledge also of all the things which make for material enlightenment. Adopted Christianity could not save the gilded, educated Rome, which enthroned it, from a direful fall. But given to the invading barbarians, with all the retinue of Roman

quoted by Rockhill, which would seem to establish the existence as early as the year 600 A.D. of a woman-governed country, lying in Eastern Tibet, and near to the territory occupied by the Tu-Ku-Hun (Fanni) immigrants. The difficulty presented by this record lies in the fact that the queen is reported as living in a nine-storied house, and her subjects as occupying smaller, yet considerable buildings. It seems incredible that a people capable of such engineering as is involved in the construction of great buildings should be without a written language. If this woman's kingdom existed as reported, if it had a written language, then the larger Tibetan state, whose organisation must have included the domains of the legendary queens would not have stood in need of an imported alphabet; and, further, a nine-storied civilisation could fairly be expected to leave some record of its existence, written or traditional, among the people who are its direct descendants. Yet, apparently only the Chinese learned of the extraordinary society which they report as having its seats adjacent to those of the other sixth-century peoples, the Tu-Ku-Hun and the T'ang Hsiang. Both of these are described by the same records as living in tents, signifying a rude, nomadic life strongly contrasted with the civil development suggested by the royal "sky-scraper." If this record bore a later date; if its insertion in the Sui annals were due to an error of a century, then we might believe that Chinese travellers found an accidental case of woman's rule, following the introduction of Indian and Chinese learning and art; and that an obsequious chronicler exaggerated the rôle of some transient female royalty, out of compliment to the great Empress Woo How, or her domineering daughter-in-law, who, between them, governed China for almost the whole of the century 650–750 A.D.

arts, it seems the mother of virtues. Buddhism, powerful for a time in the land of its birth, was powerless to uplift the old Ganges valley, full of fixed tradition, sacred literature and established arts. So, in the great middle plains of China, it became but a quiet partner with Confucianism to steady, not to revolutionise the spirits of a race which had already lived and died and written and built and sowed and reaped through the centuries. But in the newly colonised Ceylon, in Burmah, in rough Western China, in lost Tibet—here it became a passion, a propelling force, formative of societies in their pliant youth. Assuming merely a substance of human nature, in the way of rough mountain-men, grazing their flocks and tilling their difficult, terraced fields, we view this force with its powerful adjunct force, knowledge of the arts, acting to produce what may be taken almost as the birth of a people. In these cases the creed, which immediately has its votaries organised as such, thus obtaining interested spokesmen, is proclaimed as the sole flame of inspiration; yet, truly, it may often be seen that the spirit of wild men cannot accept peace doctrines; they burn with zeal for the personality involved in the creed, their intellects are tremendously stimulated by the excitement of "conversion," and, above all, by the mental food contained in the newly acquired arts; but the inconsiderate selfishness of youth is still in their hearts. Hence they may be seen—Goths in Europe, Tibetans in Asia, crying out the names of the two great Compassionate Ones, Christ and Buddha, while they rush to battle, while they split the heads of children, while in blood they cement

the foundations of new states, and vigorously work out their savage young strength to a maturity which still declares the sacred name, and still lives the racial, violent law, whatever it may be; never, in the strong, young races, more than parroting the words of abnegation which the Teachers spoke.

Parallel to the violences which made Europe as it is, we see, almost immediately after the advent of Buddhism, arithmetic and letters, an expansion of the national Tibetan spirit. Here as elsewhere it began translating itself when possible into conquest. The outward movement is less marked here than in other lands under like conditions of excitement, because the physical restrictions are more unyielding. Yet something was done. First Lhasa was established, then the *far west*—the Ladak country—was subdued; then some of the still independent Kiang tribes were assimilated; then followed descents upon Turkestan to the north and overrunning of Nepal to the south. Temerity went even so far as to beat in the back door of China. But this brought retribution upon the over-active youngster—an army marched to Lhasa and burnt his palace about the year 700 A.D.

In a sudden *volte-face* from external (unsuccessful) activity, a pious monarch dreamed the dream of equality for all but himself. Riches were equalised—fields all remeasured, animals all recounted, that Smith and Jones might stand before heaven and the king in equality of worldly privilege. Ere he died, the third effort at maintaining dull or lazy Smith in possession of his wealth against intelligent or laborious Jones had failed. That it should have

Captain Anginieur—taken at elevation of 18,000 feet.

been attempted bespeaks a powerful central force. Such tyranny rarely exists save as the outgrowth of a theocratic tendency. This may take the form of a concession of earthly power to a religious teacher, as in the case of the Pope or the Dalai Lama; or, by reversal, the ascription of religious character to the earthly ruler, as in the case of the Roman tyrants, the Russian Czar, and the Turkish Sultan; or, lastly, the yielding to an organised priesthood of that general power which superior intelligence can gain, and can easily gain, when playing upon the superstitions of the ignorant. It may well be surmised that the lamas, corresponding to the priests and monks of our Dark Ages, were then, as now, almost the only writers in the land; and when a people, not given to industry as in the modern world, cease for a time to fight, then the "clerks," the clericals, the "learned," will soon control the king and the people, who yield much to the combination of crown and book. The impractical levelling effort of Munibtsan-po may be taken as an indication of clerical influence at its best, when it is still aiming at high moral ideals, and has not yet grasped the sceptre, or even begun systematically to struggle for it. That follows.

Meanwhile, another encounter with China took place, noticeable because the peace-treaty ending the bloodshed (821 A.D.) is still in existence, on bilingual tablets preserved at Lhasa. They are, perhaps, the earliest indubitable historic monuments of the country, significant of its greatness, important also to the philologist. It is recorded that shortly after this event the reigning king instituted a

persecution of Buddhism; a remarkable statement when measured by the fact that for a long time all his predecessors are said to have shown more or less zeal for the Faith. One may well question whether this may not be the monkish way of stating that the king was not friendly to them. Our European records are full of such solecisms: "Religion" and "the Church" are, among Catholics, systematically connected, and even a Catholic king, engaged in curbing merely the excesses of the "Church," may appear, in clerical records, as an oppressor of religion. However it may be, the objectionable king was soon assassinated, and disorder followed for a weary period covering generations of his successors. Two rival thrones first divided the country east and west; then thrones were multiplied as sons were begot. While the temporal power waned, the spiritual waxed. About the year 1040 A.D. (the preceding two centuries presenting only a confusion of kingdoms, now divided, now reunited) a great Buddhist teacher, Atesha, was invited into the country by one of the Western kings. He attained much esteem throughout the country, reformed the calendar, and by his wisdom undoubtedly increased popular respect for the priesthood.

Another two-century period rolls over the country, which is still broken into fragments; Kublai Khan, one of the greatest of the Mongol emperors, is on China's throne. His forces make their victorious way across the eastern frontier of Tibet, subjecting portions of the national territory. The rest may not have been thought worthy of sacking. Some sort of overlordship seems to have been recognised

in him; for a lama, from the Sakya monastery, was invited to the Court of the great Khan, where Mongol religious indifference made a place and a ceremonial for every respectable creed. Phagspa Lodoi Gyaltshan, the favoured lama, would scarcely have gone to him who had just ravaged part of Tibet, had not the Eastern Tibetan king already bent to the majesty of the ruler, who in that part of the world seemed universal. That the temporal power was at ebb tide is evident from the fact that the mere fiat of the distant Khan seems to have been sufficient to place Phagspa as ruler over all the Eastern country.

This seems to have been the formal beginning (1270 A.D.) of the system of lama rule under Chinese suzerainty, which, with some interruption, has continued until the present day. Rivalries have existed between monasteries, as in other countries between contending royal families; and when these rivalries became acute, and too much energy was expended in monkish intrigue, occasion offered for the uprising of some lay nobleman, or the special exertion of the recognised authority of the Son of heaven, or of some temporarily powerful chief of the Mongol peoples west of China proper and north of Tibet. Not until the eighteenth century was there disturbance from the south, nor from Turkestan on the north; save that Ladak, so distant from the central provinces, was overrun in 1531 A.D. by a Mohammedan ruler coming up from Kashgar, and again, about 1610 A.D., by the Balti tribes to the west of Tibet, and who have continued their annoying raids against caravans up to our own day. A temporal

ruler, Phagmodu, about 1350 A.D., succeeded in taking away the strictly lay power from the monks, and his dynasty was recognised by the Imperial Court at Pekin, but by the middle of the fifteenth century his course seems to have been run. Indeed, while his family were yet on the throne, there were several great monasteries exercising independent lordship over the properties belonging to them, independent except as they were subject to the overlord in Pekin. As against the royal authority in Tibet, they constituted a true *imperium in imperio.* Monastic orders were constantly recruiting from the body of the people, hence their organisation was not subject to the deterioration of luxury which saps every royal family, determines dynastic changes, and would overthrow monarchy itself were its principles not so important to certain societies that instinctively there develops a ruling aristocracy or family or class which yet declares itself as acting only in the name of royal decoy—awaiting a resurrection of kingly merit, or a revolution.

It is worthy of remark that Phagmodu, the founder of the kingly power just mentioned, was in the maximum of his activity when the great Mongol dynasty, founded by Jenghiz Khan, was in the agonies of dissolution, its last representative (1333–1368 A.D.), Shun-te, presenting the perfect type of the royal scion debauched by inherited power and luxury.

The Ming dynasty, of true Chinese blood, flourished and weakened, falling before the present Manchu rulers in 1644 A.D. The affairs of Tibet, as to governmental authority, were much complicated during all of this period. Religious considera-

tion for the great lamas was, however, spreading, and as early as 1475 the head of the Galdan Monastery (near Lhasa) seems to have been able to rule nearly the whole country, but his authority in civil matters was exercised through a regent, called variously Depa or Jaypa; and this method of compromising, with the theory that an incarnation should have no concern with things earthly, has been followed ever since. So wide was the reputation for sanctity of the Tibetan Incarnations that rude tribes of the Far North bent to their authority, in spiritual matters, while brooking on earth no foreign sway which could not write its title in blood.

One of the great Tartar chiefs, Altan, desirous of knowing more intimately the sacred teachings, and perhaps thinking to add lustre to his savage Court, secured a lama of special power and veneration to visit him. This was in 1576, and this lama, Sodman Gynatso, seems to have been the first to bear specifically the title of Dalai (Great), which now distinguishes the ruler of Tibet. This establishment of a body of spiritual followers of Lamaism in distant territory was soon followed by important consequences, and is to-day the source of a current of events which promises to radically change the political orientation of the country. Feeling that their conversion gave them a proper interest in the conduct of pontifical affairs, the Mongols came down about the year 1644 A.D. to intervene in the troubled affairs of the land, which was that of their newly adopted shrines. A powerful lama of the time, unappreciative of their burning zeal, bought their departure with a price. This the Mongol leader

accepted as tribute money, with the dream that he might be recognised as suzerain instead of the Chinese throne, which was just then being emptied of one dynasty (Ming) to be filled by another (now reigning).

As soon as the wily lama saw the backs of the Mongols, and knew that a firm command of China was now practically in the hands of the Manchus, he sent to the new sovereign of that mighty empire, asking intervention on his part. This seems to have angered Yuchi Khan, son of the Mongol prince who had so recently been the patron of the land; or it gave occasion to some rival monastery unfriendly to the Chinese party. From whatever cause, Yuchi Khan swept down upon Tibet, upset a number of princelets and recalcitrant monks, and established the Dalai Lama of that date (1645) as supreme ruler. Neither these Mongols nor their Manchu successors, attempted to take in hand the direct and detailed control of Tibetan administration; but the Ambans, delegates-resident of China, must be consulted in the selection of all important officials. And even the divinely guided choice, by the head monks, of the Dalai Lama is not effective until approved in Pekin. Something of this worldly aid to inspired action has been seen in the election of more than one Roman pontiff of modern date, while in the past he who wore the crown of the Holy Roman Empire boldly claimed and exercised a right of approval, entirely analogous to that possessed by the Chinese Emperor in respect to the Dalai Lama.

The patronage of art by corrupt churchmen, the building by them of great monuments which became

The Pilgrims—at an elevation of 18,000 feet.

the pride of their most pious successors,—this also is familiar reading in Catholic history, and had its counterpart at Lhasa about the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the Potala (Vatican and St. Peter's combined) and other notable buildings were beautified and enlarged. The occasional prominence of the pontifical "nephew" was also then illustrated in the person of Sangji Gyamtso, putative natural son of that celibate, the Dalai Lama, who had founded the Potala.

How familiar is this figure in royal and pontifical European records! Talented, ambitious, unscrupulous, accomplished, the scandal and the pride of a Court and nation, this Sangji Gyamtso ruled as regent for many years. The death of his patron was for a long time cleverly concealed, and, even when announced, Gyamtso was able to give a satisfactory explanation of his duplicity. The troublous Mongol interventions gave reasons of state; he retained his influence and, when a new Incarnation was to be discovered, was able to direct the directing spirits toward a dissolute youth, upon whom he had evidently lavished his destructive care since the date of the concealed death, nearly sixteen years before.

The Jesuit, Father Desideri, who was in Lhasa from 1716 to 1721, witnessed the last efforts of the Mongols from the north (this time from Dzungaria) to control Tibetan polity. The definite triumph of Chinese arms occurred in 1720, when Lhasa was taken from the foreign troops and the native faction which supported them. This European observer, who doubtless thought of the invariable pillage and

rapine which were implied in the taking of Christian cities by Christian armies at that time, records his admiration for the order and restraint of the Chinese soldiery.[1]

After two generations of quiet in Tibet, the prowess of the Celestial soldier was again illustrated in the campaign against the Goorkhas. These fighting men, now so highly prized by the British, had come up from the Rajput country, driven by the Moslems, and had overrun the Nepal country about 1768, there subduing the native Buddhist state, composed of tribes not unlike the Tibetans, and in religion holding much in common with them. Success makes boldness. From newly conquered seats the restless warriors climbed the passes through which the jealous Himalayas permit a difficult entry to their uplifted court. From this quarter the bygone years had brought no dangers to the lama people, whose unguarded peace was now wounded by the sudden rush of furious Goorkhas, trained to war. A cry for help was sent to the "Elder Brother"; weary days of waiting passed, filled with bloody deeds of the advancing foe. But, what with the resistance offered by men fighting for their homes,

[1] In view of the contempt in which Europeans generally hold the warriors of China, their exploits in overcoming Mongol braves of the kind who marched across Europe in our early centuries, are worthy of study. It is probable that investigation would discover the recruiting grounds to be of rather limited area and of comparatively rude culture; but the Empire has shown itself to be so fruitful in soldiery for Central Asian conquest, that, discounting as we may the military value of the swarming millions of the valleys, we must not assume that a *mechanically* wise China shall not be a redoubtable war power. Happily its people are lovers of peace.

what with the rigours with which Nature makes a bulwark for these, her little-favoured children, the Goorkhas were not able to widely conquer an unwarlike land ere an army and its leaders came from the east. Then the doughty invaders met their match; they were forced to an inglorious peace; and until a very late date, perhaps even now, the Raja sends an embassy with tribute to far Pekin, remembering 1792.

CHAPTER XVI

A CENTURY OF IRRITATIONS—THE FUMES OF THE OPIUM WAR CLOUD THE POLITICAL SKY—FATHERS HUC AND GABET

SO vigorous was this Chinese campaign that a treaty of peace had been signed ere the appeal of the Goorkhas to British power at Calcutta could be answered. The East India Company was ready to respond, but Colonel Kirkpatrick, sent by Lord Cornwallis, arrived too late to enter into a bloody contention, which, if thus complicated, might have altered Tibetan history. His visit accomplished little, except to sow in the minds of the Chinese that distrust of the British which they have had so many occasions to justify, and which properly extends to all European military nations.

It is pleasant to turn from the contemplation of a possible unprovoked British attack (which was postponed for more than a century) and read of the friendly relations which existed between Tibet and the Company, under Hastings, the great predecessor of Cornwallis, as Governor-General. Bhutan, east of Nepal, its people and institutions much resembling those of Tibet, had given offence by way of some violence against territory claimed to be under British protection. The Bhutanese were duly punished, and when measures of special rigour were

about to be enforced, there came a letter from the Teshoo lama, co-partner with the Dalai Lama in saintliness, and, like him, an Incarnation. At that time he seemed also to have had a certain jurisdiction or suzerainty over the Bhutan country. The letter is addressed to Hastings, grants that the mischief was probably chargeable against the Bhutanese, recites the punishment already inflicted, then, setting forth his mission as one of intercession for all mankind, and his special concern for the poor mountain people, he, as an intermediary whose office, religious and temporal, warrants interference, presents his plea for mercy. The tone of the letter and the representations made by the legate who delivered it were so marked by fairness and dignity that a just cause was quickly won.

Mr. Bogle was first sent into Tibet representing Hastings. He became very fond of the Teshoo lama and has left a pleasing report of his relations with the people, who had not then learned to fear his kind. The presents sent to Hastings, following universal custom in the East, made as much impression on the Englishman as did the pleadings for the weak. "Perhaps there are trade opportunities in a country whose chief is so enlightened and so (apparently) rich," thought he who ruled for a trading company.

Other correspondence followed, and finally a second mission to Tibet, consisting of Captain Turner and a medical officer with a small escort, bearing gifts and assurances of friendship. Turner has left one of the most interesting records that have come down to us from the early travellers, who were so

freely admitted to Tibet at that time. Nothing could have been pleasanter than the reception given to Turner by the regent who acted for the Teshoo lama, a babe of eighteen months, successor to him who had begun the correspondence with Hastings, and who had warmly received Bogle. One who writes of Tibet now is tempted to make large borrowings from the cheerful text which Turner gives us. His business did not call him to Lhasa, and it is stated, moreover, that the Chinese, even then, interposed some objection to his progress thither. Whatever may have been the causes, neither he nor Bogle reached the sacred city. The Teshoo lama has his seat to the westward of the capital, and here Turner saw much and intimately of Tibetan life, which he described with critical but sympathetic observation. It will be but the beginning of justice to quote from this Englishman, for comparison with present-day representations, the following words: "The Tibetans are a very humane, kind people," and again: "Humanity and an unartificial gentleness of disposition are the constant inheritance of a Tibetan."[1]

The Nepal war ended, there followed years of peace for Central and Eastern Tibet. But another attack from India had to be repelled in 1846, and again the enemy was an ally of the British. There is no evidence that the attack of the Goorkhas in 1791 was incited by the English, for the Goorkhas were then bound to Calcutta only through a commercial treaty. Nor can it be said that the attack of the Jammu-Kashmir army upon Ladak and sub-

[1] Even the semi-official *Times* correspondent with the recent expedition finds a good word for the peasants. See Appendix P.

Seeking a way through unknown mountains.

sequently upon Rudok (1846) was known to English officials until after it was made. But the Chinese may well have learned that the Jammu Maharajah, once a great Sikh leader and enemy of the British, was now their ally, and it might fairly be supposed that he would not attack Tibetan territory unless he had the tacit approval of his suzerain. The rape of Ladak was scarcely resisted; possibly the extraordinary difficulties of the march from Lhasa, together with the delay involved in getting leaders and some troops from China proper, had rendered impossible any effective opposition. But now a further thrust of the Dogra troops, who ventured from newly acquired Ladak just as the Goorkhas had come out from Nepal, roused the distant giant. An army, partly Chinese, partly Tibetan, crossed the vast and desolate country which separates Western Tibet from Lhasa.

The intruders were forced back, keeping Ladak, it is true; but again we admiringly find the majesty of the Elder Brother recognised by the periodic presents sent from the Maharajah of Kashmir to the Emperor who reigns so far away, across so many leagues of upheaved and pathless wilderness,—in memory of 1846.

This date is of special importance in the history of European relations with Tibet. In this same year of the Ladak war, Father Huc entered Lhasa, was kindly received by the Tibetan authorities, and after a stay of a few months was required by the Chinese authority in Lhasa to leave, reasonable provision being made for his transportation to, and through, China. No other Europeans entered Lhasa

or its immediate neighbourhood until the year of our Lord 1904, when a British-led force of Indian troops shot their way over defenceless villages to a distracted capital.

The expulsion of Father Huc was not an isolated episode in the history of an isolated country. It grew out of one of the blackest crimes with which our civilisation is chargeable. Will it not be sufficient to say that the Chinese official who chanced to be then at Lhasa was Ke-Shen, a man who had, as signer, under duress, of a treaty at Canton in 1841, terminated the *opium war* and had thus participated in his country's humiliation, as well as in the disgrace of his country's enemy—England—more shameful in success than China in defeat? For fifty years the Pekin Government had endeavoured to arrest the fatal traffic. Insignificant when the Mogul emperors ruled India, it had grown with the growth of British power. Declared illicit, it had flourished in British hands; from British ships as depots it defied Chinese authority in Chinese ports. When, for a season, righteousness had prevailed; when a Christian English officer had yielded up twenty thousand smuggled poison-cases to be destroyed; when they had been burned by "heathen" Chinese officers, zealous to protect their country from a curse, then a Christian Government declared war and forced by cannon's might a helpless people to admit the baneful drug. And, even if not baneful, even if it were ambrosia, what shame to override —but why argue this *cause néfaste?* Let it not be rehearsed, for all have heard it, and let it not be forgotten in judging all Chinese-European history

which followed. For in the sequestered valleys of Tibet the echo of British cannon was heard, a tocsin arousing every dormant suspicion against the white man.

Nor ask these startled people to narrowly distinguish between French and English and German. Do not we, pride-blind in our wisdom, fill books with level criticism of "Asiatics," mingling civilisations and barbarisms, plainsman and mountaineer, Mohammedan and Buddhist, Mongol and Aryan, in one foolish mummery of insulting classification? So it was that Ke-Shen—wiser than the kindly Tibetans, knowing better than they the fearful power of the white man, remembering Nepal, remembering Rudok, burning with shame for Canton —inflexibly demanded that the French missionary should go.

"Fear the Greeks, bearing gifts." Like so many of his predecessors, Father Huc seemed — indeed he was—an humble, devoted evangel, seeking not the glory of France, or of Europe, but of Christ. Yet he *was* Europe; he will, in spite of himself, spy out the land; he will spread knowledge of it through the peoples to whom his body and his mind belonged, and, even if he be only a *lama* (who knows in Lhasa what he really is?), his story will excite the gold-lust, the power-lust of the restless, the irresistible; of the people who ride on the waters with fire, and who seize the uttermost parts of the earth with hands that run with blood.

The obvious co-operation in later years between Chinese and Tibetans in enforcing a determined policy of exclusion against all foreigners, Asiatic as

well as European, has caused some thoughtless writers to question the good faith or acumen of Father Huc and earlier travellers who attest the friendliness of the Tibetans as contrasted with the rigidity of their Chinese advisers. The explanation is not far to seek. China, being more exposed, first felt the shock of European aggression. Since the time of Father Huc, the Tibetans have learned from happenings on their western and southern frontier something of the danger to native states which arises from the smallest opening left to the coming-in either of the European or of his subject native races. Bhutan, Sikkim, and Nepal, rough mountain states on Tibet's northern border, have been forced to admit British residents at their capitals. How far-extended might be the influence thus gained no one, except the principals, could at any time know. That their neighbours would have preferred complete independence was, of course, a fair presumption for the Tibetans. But whether the ruler of either, at any particular time, was or was not, through bribery or fear, ready to lend his power to the ever-growing British-Indian Empire, could only be surmised.

The Goorkhas, masters in Nepal, were not related to the Tibetans by blood or religion, and were thus the more readily suspected. When, in 1854, Tibet was again attacked by the Goorkha-Nepalese, who hoped for better luck than had been met in 1792, the Chinese and the Tibetans might well suppose that their neighbours were receiving aid and comfort from the "protecting" power, which particularly watches over the foreign relations of its charges.

This war resulted more happily for the attacking party than the earlier effort—probably because the Taiping rebellion interfered with the normal action of the Chinese Government. When the Tibetans were forced to make concessions of territory, they may well have deplored the increasing strength near their borders of that great power which had humiliated their Elder Brother a few years before, and which seemed to be supporting their younger, impulsive brother in his assault against their kingdom of snow. Following fast upon this came the Anglo-French war against China, terminated by a humiliating treaty, something of which would be known in Tibet. While China is still suffering from the effect of this blow, and by a chance which to the Tibetans might almost seem calculation, the British force a closer protectorate over Sikkim, following upon a quarrel between the Sikkimites and the Nepalese, already protected. The ruling family in the little mountain state had for centuries been of the Tibetan nobility and had recognised a sort of Tibetan suzerainty.

Then, again, in 1863, an occurrence at their very door must have further frightened these secluded people. Bhutan had admitted, years before, a British Resident; otherwise its ruler tried to keep white men out. When some contentions arose between the Bhutan authority and neighbouring states more directly controlled by Calcutta, an envoy was sent to arrange the quarrel. To the discomfiture of those who sent him, this officer made a treaty by which most of the claims of Bhutan were recognised and certain territory was handed back to it. This is not

customary when the lion is negotiating with the lamb. The agent claimed duress and the treaty was disallowed by the Governor-General, who then resorted to the more familiar and convincing arguments applicable to such cases.

An army was sent in, and of course modern rifles always enforce justice against matchlocks. Bhutan was taught that an envoy could be overridden in Calcutta and that the "prestige" of Great Britain demands that the arguments of its representatives shall always prevail. I think the doctrine true. It often applied to dealings between the United States and various Indian tribes, but the *prestige* in question is one for *power*—not always for justice, as understood between individuals. It cannot be supposed that the lesson of such an incident would be lost upon the Tibetans, whose relations with the Nepalese, Sikkimites, and Bhutanese have immemorially been closer than with any other peoples save the Chinese.

Followed next (1865 *et seq.*) many internal troubles, rising to the dignity of revolution. This serious disturbance throve while China was herself rent by the Taiping rebellion, which, in turn, was itself caused (in large part) by popular wrath against a dynasty that had failed to repel the aggressive European. It was about this time that the Abbé Desgodins, French missionary, was forced to abandon an attempt to maintain mission work in Tibet. He has left a most uncharitable series of letters to immortalise his disappointment. He denies the pleasant description of the Tibetans given by Huc, who calls them "frank and loyal," and is hard pressed to find

enough ugly words for the making of his own description. Being much piqued by his failure, and being quite without the historic sense, our good Desgodins falls to exaggeration. The true Tibetan will perhaps be found somewhere between the panegyrics of Turner and Huc on the one hand and the maledictions of Desgodins on the other. The grumbling missionary scarce tasted the crumbs of a hospitality which had once provided full loaves.

Perhaps if the Tibetans could read *Le Tibet d'apres la correspondance des Missionaires*, they might confess to present incivility, while pointing back through the years to show how they had treated the European before their hearts were filled with dread of him. They had received occasional Europeans since Odoric de Pordenone traversed Tibet on a westward journey from China in the fourteenth century.

In the seventeenth century two adventurers have left trace of wanderings in this far land. In the eighteenth century various Capuchin and Jesuit missions—in one case numbering twelve persons—were lodged almost continuously in Lhasa from 1708 to 1754; and a Dutch lay traveller lived there during part of the same period. In 1811, Manning, sole Englishman to make peaceful entry, dwelt in Lhasa, enjoying the kindness of the lamas, great and small. Next came Fathers Huc and Gabet, last of Europeans in Lhasa until the gates were yesterday opened to the sound of the insistent rifle —a sound which has scarce ceased to startle the Hindustani plains or the Himalayan valleys since the field of Plassy (1757) became an empire's birth-place.

This it is that affrights them, this ever-advancing boom of cannon, rattle of musketry. They have cherished a tradition that the snow-gods inhabiting the colossal seats of their southern border would protect them against all enemies coming up from that region: but the Goorkha and Kashmir invasions brought a doubt, and now they know that there is a people mightier than their ancestral gods, mighty to conquer, and mighty, we shall hope, to rule wisely and justly. It has been increasingly clear to the Tibetans and to their suzerains, that only complete exclusion of Europeans would effectively preserve the *status quo*. It was also clear that their watchfulness and rigour might be specially directed toward the southern frontier (British Darjeeling being only twelve marches from Lhasa) rather than toward the north where interminable deserts stretched their rampart of desolation.

They had seen Nepal, Sikkim, Bhutan, and Ladak, constituting the whole of their southern and western frontier, pass under British "protection," and recently, in 1888, they had seen Sikkim, a little territory (2600 square miles) wedged in between Bhutan and Nepal, fall into a much more direct control of the invaders. Vainly had they protested against this last approach—for Sikkim was in a sense Tibetan territory, interposing only a two-days sharp march between Darjeeling and their now recognised boundaries. Protest took the form indeed of an army, a monkish rabble armed with spears, matchlocks or bows, and which wisely fled before the organised destruction of British cannon.

Then must the Tibetans have felt that they were

Man-handling the loads. Mir Mullah in middle ground.

justified three years before (1885) in resisting the approach of the "Commercial Mission," the organisation and disruption of which, at Darjeeling, caused so much newspaper disturbance and balked so many ambitions that have been bequeathed to the more fortunate personnel of the Younghusband expedition. As early as 1876, in the Chefoo convention with China, a treaty basis was laid for a "commercial mission" to Tibet, the date of the intended expedition being indicated as "next year." But this convention was not fully ratified until 1885, the clause referring to the establishment of Tibetan relations sleeping more soundly, perhaps, than any other.

When diplomatic delays had ended, and the signature of Chinese officials had been subscribed to an engagement in respect to passports and a general smoothing of the way for British intercourse with Tibet, there was a gathering of men and things at Darjeeling. The men were three hundred in number, but among all the three hundred, *not a commercial agent*. Was it British humour which Parliament, the Chinese Minister, and the Tsung-li-Yamen at Pekin heard, when the Under-Secretary of State for India, referring to the leashed warriors at Darjeeling, said: "The object was to confer with the Chinese Commissioner (the Amban at Lhasa) and the Lhasa government as to the resumption of *commercial relations* between India and Tibet," and he adds, does this saturnine Under-Secretary, "looking to the delicate nature of the mission *it had not been thought wise to appoint a special commercial representative.*"

The grape-vine telegraph had long ago reported to Lhasa the strange composition of the innocent commercial mission, which was intended, by the Chinese suzerains who had permitted it, only to discuss details of trade relations—of those relations which had been suspended since the Goorkhas, friends of the British, had shown that conquest, not trade, was uppermost in their minds. Already the Lhasa authorities had felt a reasonable fright—the Under-Secretary's frankness was scarce needed to put them on guard. So great was the resistence in Tibet to the incoming of such a monstrous miscellany of people, *without a special commercial representative*, that it was thought best to abandon the project. The mission was disbanded. Its oganisation was a blunder. To disband it without making a manly statement of the original error was another blunder. In 1886 a new convention with China reflected the check by insertion of a clause which released China from any positive engagement to give Tibetan passports and relegated the whole matter to the limbo of "China shall use her best endeavour," or such like empty generality. The armed attack upon Tibet's frontiers, in 1888, did not fail, we may well believe, to further convince the Tibetans that missions of all sorts must be kept out at all hazards.

This seizure of Sikkim not only completed the white man's hold upon the southern crest line of the Himalayas, but it gave control of the easiest roadway over the mountains, down into the Chumbi valley. That the trap should be sprung in due course of time was obvious enough. Something

must arise which should again force that expansion of empire which English historians (and latterly American apologists also) virtuously deplore. The way was now prepared for the self-sacrificing advance. It was, then, in a moment of fatal digression from a traditional policy of non-intercourse, that the Dalai Lama, a few years ago, sent presents to the Czar, thus "offending" the British Government and giving Lord Curzon argument with which to partially satisfy the Exeter Hall conscience of his nation. We are now brought to a consideration of recent events.

CHAPTER XVII

CHASTENING OF HERBERT SPENCER — BRITISH POLICY — CONTEST FOR A BARE BONE — PRESENT POLITICAL SITUATION

HERBERT SPENCER (*Principles of Sociology*, p. 584; D. A. & Co., 1897) delivers himself, rather intemperately, I think, as follows:

"If, in our days, the name 'birds of prey and of passage,' which Burke gave to the English in India at the time of Warren Hasting's trial, when auditors wept at the account of the cruelties committed, is not applicable as it was then; yet the policy of unscrupulous aggrandisement continues. As remarked by an Indian officer, Deputy Surgeon-General Paske, all our conquests and annexations are made from base and selfish motives alone. Major Raverty, of the Bombay army, condemns 'the rage shown of late years for seizing what does not and never did belong to us, because the people happen to be weak and very poorly armed, while we are strong and provided with the most excellent weapons.' Resistance to an intruding sportsman or a bullying explorer, or disobedience to a resident, or even refusal to furnish transport-coolies, serves as sufficient excuse for attack, conquest, and annexation. Everywhere the usual succession runs thus: Missionaries, envoys to native rulers, concessions made by them, quarrels with them, invasions of them, appropriations of their territory. First men are

The author—taken at elevation of 18,000 feet.

sent to teach the heathens Christianity, and then Christians are sent to mow them down with machine-guns! So-called savages who, according to numerous travellers, behave well until they are ill-treated, are taught good conduct by the so-called civilised, who presently subjugate them—who inculcate rectitude and then illustrate it by seizing their lands.

"The policy is simple and uniform — Bibles first, bomb-shells after. Such being the doings abroad, what are the feelings at home? Honours, titles, emoluments are showered on the aggressors. A traveller who makes light of men's lives is regarded as a hero and fêted by the upper classes; while the lower classes give an ovation to a leader of fillibusters. 'British power,' 'British pluck,' 'British interests,' are words on every tongue; but of justice there is no speech, no thought.''

Viewing the eminence of the authority just quoted, it may seem bold to endeavour a recast of the philosophical setting in which historical criticism should be placed. But Spencer's tone, in the paragraph above, seems rather that of an angry Isaiah than of a scholarly determinist. Let me therefore endeavour to clothe the nakedness of his condemnations—while averring that the program outlined in the excerpt seems to have been closely followed in British Tibetan events.

There is in the universe but one Will (or self-existent law). It has expressed itself to us in the hateful tempests of Nero's soul, not less than in the ineffable happiness of accomplished sacrifice on the cross; in the fury of Attila, not less than in the wrapt ecstasy of Gautama under the Bo tree; in the turning of this leaf by you, O law-governed

reader, not less than in the sweep of a solar system through unmeasured space; in every evil, not less than in every good. Such is my belief. If then the British power, ruthless, shall complete its destruction and construction in Tibet, then this ruthless act shall have demonstrated its necessity in the general scheme of things. Why preach about it, then? I do not know why, the ultimate why. But this preaching is also compelled; it is an effort toward something desired.

As to the application of adjectives such as "unjust," "unwarranted," "cruel," "unnatural," and the like, to any act of individual or government, with the seeming intent to condemn, as one condemns who believes in individual free-will; concerning this, it must be explained that the determinist finds his tongue taught certain tricks in childhood. He cannot easily lay them aside. Language has been formed chiefly by those who have been made to believe, among many other errors, that concerning the freedom of the will. The words "sunrise" and "unnatural" spring equally from erroneous belief, which it pleased the Power to create. The sun does not "rise" and nothing is "unnatural." When the determinist condemns and executes for murder, his position toward the murderer is this: "You have been brought to kill a man under such and such conditions. I have been brought to believe such an act as directly or indirectly harmful to me; I have been brought to believe it now to my interest to kill you. We are both acting under law, no man or beast can act otherwise." Now if the determinist stands quite alone in his condemnation

and execution of the other man, we call his act private revenge or justifiable homicide, etc. If he is acting with many others, through organised instruments, we call this united action, "public justice."

The difference between condemnation made by him who thus recognises the universal force of *one Power*, from that made by him who thinks he believes in many wills, lies chiefly within the respective breasts of the critics. In the first case, there cannot exist anything of bitterness; in the second it may exist. Having thus by a little discursive philosophising taken away the sting from my quarrel with British-Tibetan policy, lest the Government die of it, we may set ourselves to an inquiry into this most interesting and important question.

As the brute power to execute its will against Tibet undoubtedly exists in the British Government, it is important to determine what are the *motives* actuating British policy. The question is not stated because of a conviction that national policies are always clearly conceived and systematically followed by any government. Generally this is not the case; haphazard and awkwardness probably play a larger part in the affairs of state than they do in the affairs of John Smith. Yet in the case we now consider, the territory in question lies so far beyond the world's general movement that the existence of any policy whatever, in its regard, would suggest that such a policy must have definite beginnings and direction.

If we turn to the past—to the spectacular days of Warren Hastings, we need not hesitate to interpret

his outreachings toward Tibet as being merely part of the luxurious growth of a marvellously rich mind, fertilised by ambition, heated by the sun of success. That something great might be found among the Himalayan summits, was enough to set his imagination aflame, and in his strong nature, action followed close the heels of fancy. We may safely vault from his day almost a hundred years of Indian history, before finding events which could seriously fix responsible minds upon the Tibetan problem. Within those years, and since France withdrew from the fields where her genius had blazed the way for England's power, that power had been extended over three classes of territories. First are the lowlands—wide-spreading, populous, easily subdued, rich (relatively) in commercial opportunity and in state-revenue payment. Here the motive for conquests is not far to seek; they were made by a commercial company. Next come the first tier of mountain states, difficult to conquer, more expensive to administer (relatively) and not in themselves rich in returns of any kind, save military glory in the first days of blood. They were disturbers of the border peace, and it seemed cheaper to subdue and rule them, than to forefend at the frontier. Last come the outpost countries of the Himalayan region, valueless as commercial fields, not dangerous to their equally valiant and better organised neighbours of the first tier of mountain states. The sole motive for their conquest lies in the fear of Russia, the power which, in Hastings's day, lay so far to the north that it was not within the range of "practical politics."

Tibetans of Nobra Valley.

Whether or not the Russians, by attacking India, would ever bring upon the world the most appalling calamity which could befall it as an outgrowth of present international jealousies, we may not know. That reasonable precaution should be taken even against this improbable atrocity, no responsible officer would doubt. But there has been wide difference of view among enlightened English statesmen—not all of them stay-at-homes either—as to the wisdom of constantly advancing and lengthening a frontier whose character is now frankly military. It has been strongly argued that strategical advantage lay in the way of leaving upon an enemy the burden of approaching over long lines which are among the most difficult known in the world. Even if the natives be more or less friendly to an advancing European army, yet the natural obstacles remain to wear away the force of the intended blow. "Let us meet such an onset," say the advocates of this policy, "on a shorter front, drawn within countries which are self-supporting, and near to the great rich plains which are the only regions worthy, in themselves, of permanent occupation. Let us at least await the attempted seizure of the unprofitable border-lands by our northern rival; let us await some clearer evidence of Russia's intent to dethrone us, before spending the treasure of our subject-races, their bodies, and some precious lives of our own people in the conquest of barren mountains.

"If the attack is being prepared, it cannot be done in a day or a week or a month; the sudden foray of the mountain wolves against the defenceless lamb

of the plain is no longer possible, for to the lamb also we have given fangs and his bloody claws. If we hold only the first tier of hill-lands, we shall be able to destroy any incoming foe, or even to advance, meeting him. For are we not as intelligent, as quick as he? Are we not able, with a tithe of the money spent in conquest and occupation, to buy for ourselves information and interested loyalty — loyalty of the only sort upon which we can count in playing our rôle of Foreign Tyranny?"

But these arguments have not prevailed. Rejoinder has been made that in general it is best to hold the highest passes rather than to await the enemy somewhat lower down; that his presence in the border lands, uncontrolled, might result in stirring up of revolt among the plainsmen, this being a possible program as full of danger as one of open war; that the valleys have, since time was, been conquered from the northern hills, until British ships and gunpowder opened a new way from the coast. Yet, now the northern danger may recur. There has been added to these arguments the prod of restless military spirit in the army of occupation. Very important is this ambition in making the character of a soldiery; very dangerous also to the world's peace. For quarrel-making there has been the time-honoured question of boundary lines in rough country. Even with most pacific intent on both sides, there must be frequent misunderstandings as to frontiers in the wild, almost unknown regions of towering peak and winding ravine where is played the game of Himalayan politics. When on one side is the delicate pride of a conquering

race, on the other the outraged sensibilities of warlike, ignorant tribes, it is obvious that a big crop of V.C.'s and D.S.O.'s must be the result.

It is just a little pathetic, this thought that in the world of printed history, each such quarrel, with its attending tragedies, is reported as "an unwarranted attack upon British territory," or again "a marauding expedition boldly projecting itself over our frontier." We shall never know how cruelly exasperating it must be to the disinherited—this seizure, on paper, of unmarked lands to-day, the outcry of injured sovereignty to-morrow, the hastening of the "punitive column" the third day, fresh seizure of unmarked lands the fourth day, and so on *ad infinitum.*

The algebraic sum of all the soliciting forces has been in the direction of advance—west, north, east —ever advance. Baluchistan has been conquered and held; Afghanistan has been marauded piteously in two campaigns emblazoned with death, heroism, and decorations, but the bold and crafty Afghans could not be subjected; the Chitral and the empty Pamirs have been sentinelled; the uncouth Baltis have been punished and controlled; pacific Ladak remains an outpost of empire, though in a Maharajah's name; Nepal, Sikkim, and Bhutan have been forced to obey orders from Calcutta, and now, because a Bhuriat from far-away Lake Baikal has taken photographs in Lhasa and seduced the Dalai Lama into the courtesy of gift-making to the Czar, lo! Tibet is visited with the hot breath of war—and a thousand skeletons testify to the prowess of the white man; to the glory of Christ and to the

satisfaction of the ghoulish dogs whose bellies are the tombs of Tibetan dead.

It is harrowing. Yet after all, death is for all; the cutting off of even ten thousand shepherds at an average of say fifteen years before disease and age would claim them, is not a large sacrifice for humanity to make in keeping an empire's peace. But the sacrifice would not end with the death-rattle in ten thousand throats. There would be, yea, to-day there is, and for many morrows there will be, bitterness in a million hearts. That is evil; not measurable, but great. And there is, beyond all else, a wounding of ideals all the world over—unless it be very clear to the world that some greater evil has been forefended, or some great good established by the myriad rotting corpses, and that reasonable inquiry found no other protection from the evil, no other instrument for the good than in the killing of many innocent men. That, indeed, is the crux of the matter. Given the possibility of Russian desire to attack the British-Indian establishment, we must question then the amount of harm that might reach English interests if Tibet had been left in her isolation.

Two lines of effort would be considered by the Russians, if in any way Tibetan territory were to be used in the game. The first would be by military occupation, with the view of descending upon India from Tibet; and the second would be by stirring up, through intrigue, the Tibetans, in coalition with the Nepalese or Bhutanese, to strive unaided against the British power. To accomplish the first, Russia must have forced or cajoled the Chinese

Government to give up two provinces, Turkestan and Tibet, since an advance (assuming it physically possible to reach Lhasa with an army from the north) must be over Chinese territory. It is obvious that such an effort by Russia, in the face of known opposition in England and America against the disintegration of China, would be attempted only as part, and the last part, of some great program of an international war of the first magnitude. In such case no conduct of Russian affairs, short of one headquartered in an insane asylum, would squander upon the Tibetan plateau forces urgently needed elsewhere.

So terrible are the obstacles placed there by nature, that the Chinese strength, small as it is, would be more than sufficient to stop an army moving toward Lhasa, from the difficult north, and would be, if friendly to Russia, wholly powerless as against British force, moving from the *easy south.* Those who were impressed, in a vague way, by the long delays of the Younghusband expedition, with the view that the military operations were difficult, must yield that opinion to the facts. It was diplomacy, not strategy, which ate up the long months, which gave the Tibetans ample time to prepare a resistance doomed to be of the *opera bouffe* kind, and which aggravated greatly the problem of supplies for the British force.

Imagine a single company of Cossacks, known or reasonably supposed to be actually on the plateau, and you may at once imagine Lhasa reached, conquered, and destroyed by the British within two weeks from the time a column should leave

Darjeeling. On the other hand, imagine Russian columns starting from Osh or Irkutsk, *even with a suppliant court in Pekin*, and you may imagine time for British agents to spread the news across desert and ocean, time for British concentration at Darjeeling, time for the sack of Lhasa, all before a remnant of the devoted Cossacks should have time to struggle into the valley of Tsang-po, asking but one boon of the British—to be captured and fed.

This enormous difference in the physical relations of Tibet toward the north and toward the south, is a vital fact in the consideration of the probable complications. That the view here expressed is not a peculiar one, appears from the familiar recitals of distress experienced by all the explorers, with their small and specially equipped caravans. As shown in one of the appendices,[1] it is moreover a view held by some distinguished and expert British authorities. But let us suppose the incredible to have been accomplished; that the supine Lion has permitted the outrageous Bear to hibernate in Lhasa's monasteries, and that the whole world has definitely yielded the "Chinese integrity" policy,—a supposition which involves satisfaction of enormous appetites by a wholesale cutting up of the Chinese body, wrongly supposed to be a dead carcass.

Russia can get no substantial benefit out of Tibetan occupation *per se*. She would find it exceedingly difficult — impossible, I think, to hold Lhasa against any Tibetan liberating effort. Russian soldiers must be fed, and only constant physical pressure at the centre would bring in food from

[1] See discussion of paper read before R. G. S., February 8, 1904.

Tibetan fields. Substantially the whole force would be rendered impotent for offence by the requirements of the commissary department. So narrow is the present margin of food-supply, so impossible the import of food from the north, that every augmentation of numbers attempted by an occupying power would only increase the difficulty of maintenance. But let us further suppose the incredible. Imagine, then, a small band of surviving Russians, who shall have committed such frightful slaughter as to paralyse the faculties of the lamas, preventing them from offering even the Quaker resistance of the English nonconformist to irritating school-rates. Imagine some of them enrolled behind Russian leaders and newly learned in the art of firing Russian rifles. Now they must be projected against, nay, through, Bhutan, Sikkim, or Nepal. In the nature of the case, the Europeans are but a handful, and the natives are but a rabble, and the ammunition-supply is small and the food-supply precarious. It would be wearisome to try, in these pages, the chances of every pass by which they might graze the crest of the Himalayas.

I appeal for justification to every British officer in whose breast burns even a spark of the old flame, when I say that not a single man of such an invading force would ever reach the soil of India proper. The Himalayas would swallow them; the place of their graves need never be known save to the British-led Sikhs and the Goorkhas who would have killed them. And if this be not true, then the emasculated Briton should render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, for Cæsar is ever enthroned

Strength. And it must be borne in mind that such a series of incredible events cannot be supposed to be isolated. Russia cannot issue from the Himalayan passes except when war shall wrap the world around. And I say, if she should, the diversion of strength necessary to produce even the wretched tragedy in which her effort must end, would be a play for England's benefit; worse than futile, as all madhouse work, in the end, must be, when in contest with sane purpose.

But let us now suppose that possession of Tibet (for nothing less than *possession* consists with the efficacy of Clause IX. of the Younghusband treaty) is deemed necessary as against mere intrigue by Russian agents. That it may be anything more than child's play, this intrigue must bear fruit of action, eventually of war or threat of war, against British power. To do this, its effects must leap the Himalayas, those great barriers which now are made higher than nature would have them, by the fears of the Tibetans. The, intrigue, then, must be effective to reverse their policy of isolation—against which the British complain; it must cause the Goorkhas, now shut out from Tibet, to take up arms against the Indian Empire, in alliance with —how ludicrous it all is!—in alliance with the poor creatures whom the British word of command has just shot down as one would kill sheep in a crowded fold.

And these who are to set the Goorkhas on fire are not of their creed or of their blood, nor of the creed or blood of any of the great races of India. By the adoption of a religion which India rejected, Tibet

Wayside tombs (Chortens) in the Nobra Valley.

has added a barrier of sentiment to one of stone and ice, rising between her wastes and the wide fields which England governs. The case is altogether different from that presented along the Afghan frontier, which has seen at least two great waves of conquest, moral and physical, rolling southward, and leaving, as permanent deposit, the richest strata of Indian life. Tibet, on the other hand, is like a distant shore that occasionally felt the last movement of a wave of thought or action, already spent as it reaches the Himalayan crest. To think of such a country as the lair of some great coiled danger ready to spring, is indeed to "see snakes." And to set in motion this second incredible series of events we have now to substitute for the supposed directive force of Russian intelligence and arms, the mere promises, cajoleries, and deceptions of Buriat spies, talking of their temporal to their spiritual master, and promising what?

The only thing which can be conceived as appealing to the Tibetan mind, would be *protection against the aggression of the English.* Yes, already enough had been done to fill the lamas with just fears, before the presents were unhappily sent to the Czar, before the convincing blow came upon them in the summer of 1904.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB — COMMERCIAL CONVENTIONS AND CHRIST'S CODE— WHAT IS THE RIGHT?

THE argument of the play is, then, something like this: By a century of conquest stretching gradually up to the high door-sills of Tibet, by a century of aggression against the Tibetan suzerain, the British have closed the once open door of Lhasa, and have implanted a general fear of their presence in every Tibetan mind which is capable of understanding something of the outer world; then comes a co-religionist who succeeds in having the Tibetan religious chief send presents to the ruler who is in temporal power over the visiting pilgrim. They are sent, obviously, because asked for by an interested intermediary. A similar mission might easily have been arranged by British influence acting upon some clever lamaist of Ladak, who could have tested the Dalai Lama's attitude by requesting through the Chinese exchange of presents with his distant liege, King Edward, even as had been granted to the Buriat. But this was not done. And if these were not thought dependable, there are the Kashmiri merchants long established in Lhasa, giving Great Britain a far more permanent contact, through her intelligent subjects, than

Russia has through the Buriats and Kalmucks; yet nothing of the sort was attempted after the Buriat incident.[1] Hence it is not known that the Dalai Lama would have in any way distinguished by an unequal courtesy the two European monarchs who hold sway over some of his spiritual following.

No evidence, then, of favouritism toward Russia is adduced, *nor has any evidence been found of material support from that power in the way of men or arms, even now that English officers have shot their unwelcome way* into the sanctuary of a poor people. Nothing is reported but vague, *one-sided* statements that some Tibetans rely upon "another power" to protect them—always, there is nothing but that—and on shadowy evidence that the Tibetans have only listened to some one who *might have* given promise of aid in case of British attack—lo! that is made a reason, gravely alleged among adults, in State dispatches, *for making the attack!*[2] Truly we are all, *au fond*, only barbarians—children; for when this supreme example of wolfish displeasure with the down-stream lamb is held before us, let us not forget that it is given to the world by a people who, in a thousand ways, represent the highest work of Christian civilisation, whose individual officers, the very men engaged in the butchery of helpless beings fighting for their elementary rights, are cultivated,

[1] The attempts at direct correspondence with the Dalai Lama, made through badly chosen agents, and not through the Chinese officials, are referred to in the Appendix J. The Dalai Lama had reason to fear the results of any intercourse not authorised by the Chinese, who retained control of *all* foreign relations. For a parallel case as between the British and one of their vassals, see Appendix E.

[2] See Appendix L.

attractive, honourable in all private intercourse; yet prostituting, as you and I may do to-morrow, the magic power of the telegraph and the printing-press for spreading abroad and perpetuating such crude nonsense as may be read by any one who takes even the blue-book side of the Tibetan story, beginning with the "Commercial Mission" of 1885 and ending with the "Negotiating Mission" of 1904. The first was a harmless *fiasco*, the second a tragedy, with possibilities of becoming a *fiasco*. It was organised to prevent Russian interference. Lord Curzon has not yet disclosed any reasonable ground for supposing Russia had endeavoured in Tibet any acts unfriendly to British-Indian interests. But he feared they might. This reason for the bold step is openly enough alleged in the correspondence. It was even more frankly admitted by every intelligent discussion of the subject, particularly in the administrative columns of the London *Times*. For accuracy's sake, however, it is well to record the other alleged motives, though if the historian, like the judge, may adopt as a maxim, *de minimis non curat lex*, then all the other incidents might be passed in silence. After the Tibetans had been forced back from the Sikkim frontier in 1888, it became prudent to have some precise demarcation of boundary lines, as nobody in London or Calcutta seems to have been prepared just then for forward movement, nor had any occasion been given which could be thrown to Little Englanders (*i. e.*, those who declare for ethics of the individual in national affairs) as an excuse for following the extremist policy of empire-stretching.

Therefore in 1890 a convention was drawn be-

A happy home in Turkestan.

tween British officials on the one hand and a mixed commission of Chinese and Tibetans on the other. The meetings were held near the frontier line, as tentatively agreed upon. Provision was not specifically made for erecting monuments along a line which, in the nature of the case, defied accurate description.[1] Recognition was had also of the fact that shepherds had from time immemorial wandered back and forth over all these imaginary frontiers, nor does it appear that trouble had arisen until arose the British insistence upon strict definition where definition is substantially impossible. Provision was also made, though this was opposed by the Tibetans, for the establishment of a mart, north of the frontier, to which Indian traders might have access, and in which the traffic was to be subjected only to limited burdens of tax.

The Chinese officials finally consented to cooperate with British agents in erecting monuments. Several years of delay in this respect dragged on, and finally the monuments were set up by British officials acting alone. It was susbequently charged that some of these had been knocked down by Tibetans. As their location was determined only by their enemies, and as they were of no value save to give further occasion for offence in the heretofore careless movement of a few shepherds over a desolate country, one may understand such a proceeding. We of course have no way of accurately learning the Tibetan view of any of these events. There was also charge of delay in making the necessary arrangements for the market-place at Yatung, though

[1] See Appendix E.

little was needed, if the Indian traders chose to present themselves at a known spot in a desert and take chances of selling their goods. That those who do not want to buy your goods shall be forced to build your storehouses and your temporary dwelling-places and establish means of supplying you with food—that is hard. Among people of nearly equal strength it would be called outrageous.

The Tibetans were opposed to contact of any sort, as it is probable that through Chinese channels they already knew of the success of various disguised surveyors, in the service of Calcutta, who had penetrated their country in many directions, even to Lhasa's self, and had carefully mapped its roads, mountains, and towns and rivers. Such maps are precious to the scientific geographer and to the thoughtful warrior. The difficulty of protecting themselves even by theoretical non-intercourse is great: they might well consider the task hopeless if various traders were to be admitted. Some of them would certainly be spies. The Chinese had as much reason to hesitate, in this special case, as the Tibetans. Loss of their suzerainty was to be contemplated as probable, and also loss of their tea-trade. A period of five years was fixed for the non-importation of tea from India, and other wording showed plainly enough that the day would come when the Tibetan market would be forced open.[1] This you may say is righteous; monopolies are generally bad. Free trade is good. That, too, is my belief. But there is something better than free

[1] See Appendix, G.

trade, and that is the right of a people to govern itself.

Another tea episode—more than a hundred years old—stands out in English history, in its details discreditable to both parties, yet illustrating the fact that liberty is dearer than tea. It is not in the least probable that the effort by England to force Assam tea on Tibet will be followed by such consequences as those belonging to the more famous incident in Boston Harbour; for the Tibetans are weak. The parallel is of value only on the sentimental side, removed by many degrees from the field of practical empire-building. The Chinese doubtless make a profit out of the tea trade with Tibet, and doubtless the English or native tea growers in India would like to have this profit. As the matter stands, however, the Tibetans prefer Chinese tea to any other, and even pay more for it, in Ladak, where Indian tea is easily obtainable, than the price of this latter. And even if they did not like it better, the vast danger of receiving any other is so great that they must be willing to sacrifice a *nuance* of taste for the very substance of political liberty. The Yankees, be it remembered, did not have even brick tea as a substitute. It is of no consequence—all this commiseration of the poor Tibetans who are forced to take Chinese tea—nay, it is of consequence, for it is hypocritical and mean. They do not want to trade with India. They are afraid to trade with India. They will be forced to trade with India.

Of this treaty of 1890, as of a later convention in 1894, we may say, in charging the British policy as

the cause of all subsequent troubles, what Pym said of the Earl of Strafford, under impeachment: "If there were any necessity, it was of his own making; he, by his evil counsel, had brought the king into a necessity; and by no rules of justice can be allowed to gain this advantage by his own fault, as to make that a ground of justification which is a great part of his offence."

The chain of events is an unbroken one—treaties made under duress, slow fulfilment or misunderstanding of terms, further demands on the part of the aggressive power, allegations of petty wrongs that have obviously proceeded from the initial great wrong. Such allegations constitute the fringe hanging on the naked body of Tibetan offence; that naked body was the gift-sending to the Czar. As to why that was considered a wrong, we have already inquired. As to the propriety of dwelling but shortly on the contentions about a non-existent trade, Æsop wrote fables to serve in just such cases. We are hearing the wolf and the lamb engaging in a world-old conversation. The action follows, and we may now follow the action.

When the South African war had been ended, when the chase of the Mad Mullah had ceased to demand great attention, when Japan had begun a brisk correspondence with Russia about Manchuria, the time seemed ripe for urging again an unwelcome trade upon the Tibetans who ask but one thing in all the world—that they be let alone. A high commissioner was appointed, his escort was gathered; just enough, he declared to the frightened Tibetans, for illustrating the dignity of his office; it

Example of myriad prayer-stones (half natural size in this case).

"Om mani padmé Hun."

rapidly grew, when the Tibetans begged him to desist from entering their country. Soon it became an army of about ten thousand men all told.

The commissioner indicates at once his mild attitude by declaring that he will not negotiate at the point within Tibetan territory which his hosts have nominated. Imagine that message coming from a man leading an army into your country; imagine the nauseating hypocrisy of it; imagine the terror, the despair, the final frenzy of it among the victims of this Christian-led force of Mohammedans and Hindoos going into a land of monkish farmers and shepherds! There was honest hope, stupidly indulged, that the poor creatures would yield their country without a fight. They were known to be helpless, but they were not known to be heartless, and why Colonel Younghusband continued to negotiate for the control of the country before shooting a goodly number and thus satisfying their natural desire for effort and for sacrifice one hardly knows. Could he be Machiavellian enough to have considered that every day's delay meant a larger indemnity; could he have tarried until that indemnity reached a figure which meant indefinite occupation of the country? No, it is not probable, yet possible.[1] The probability is that his course was merely halting from two causes: an honourable desire to avoid bloodshed, and a stupid belief that he could accomplish his object without it.

There were the usual delays of waiting for Chinese Ambans, tentative discussion, frantic appeals by

[1] See below for confirmation appearing after this chapter was written.

various Tibetan officials that he should withdraw to the point named by them, remorseless advance of the armed executioners, and finally [1] a day came when—oh, but it was all their fault.

We only wanted to disarm them, and they "began it." We were disarming them and they began it! We are sorry, but such stupidity, such disobedience, clearly puts us in the right. The hundreds whom we shot down were really suicides, and our men were so moderate! They killed only some hundreds (we never knew how many) and yet they were filled with righteous vengeance, for several of our people were killed by the rebels and several more were injured. How wickedly stupid of them to resist this disarmament! Have we not come for their good? And did they not send presents to the Czar? And now is anything left to us, followers of Christ, except to march on to Lhasa and teach these people a lesson?

Yes, O lordly Briton, you have taught them a lesson and all the world is the worse for it. Perhaps good shall come out of the evil you have done, but you have been made to do what men call evil, even as the tempest that wrecks our ships, even as the fever which ravages our health, even as the serpent which poisons all the body.

So the march was made to Lhasa, after the glorious victory of Guru and many other butcheries.

Decorations were being devised while the treaty was under consideration. But the Dalai Lama had gone from his seat ere the British entered. While they were gazing with ambitious eyes upon the build-

[1] See Appendix O.

ings which represent a people's faith, and were violating by their presence a people's rights, he was errant on the plains; where, we do not know. Then came his deposition from temporal power by Chinese edict; the arm that reaches from London to Lhasa swings heavily round to Pekin.[1] The Pantchen Lama is set up by British force, because somebody must sign the treaty they have drafted, something must be done to give basis for further action next year.

The season draws on apace, and it would be a fearsome thing to be shut up in Lhasa all the long winter. Even these unarmed people might find a way of deliverance during the months when no more cartridges could come from the land of Bibles. And food is scarce, of course; while the fear is upon them, the Tibetans let the grain come in, but even their fear or their good-will cannot grow another crop to feed the unusual mouths. If all these be fed, Tibetans must starve. Starving men are desperate. Nay, we must go down the hill, having gaily marched up its steeps. But somebody must sign something; so the poor recluse from Teshalumbo is brought to Lhasa; clothed, by the British, with authority which amounts to a revolution in Tibetan administration; signs a paper drawn by the British, and they go away. The work is done, or well begun. Next year, when the impossible indemnity shall still hang over the land, we shall be in Chumbi Valley, and does not Clause IX. make us suzerains in fact though (now) we hypocritically declare that we have not disturbed the peace of China, and though we

[1] But the Pekin authorities were canny enough to call this only a "temporary" deposition. The play is not yet ended.

actually must await Pekin's action before claiming the whole thing as a *fait accompli?*

But surely we have done enough to *justify* us in further interference. We can ever claim that this treaty, signed by our Pantchen Lama, gave us *vested rights.* There! Is not that worth a whole deluge of decorations? Think of it! We have vested rights in Tibet! Why these people are under our *protection!* In our paternal care of them we may exclude everybody else. We may even exclude the Buriat worshippers (Russian subjects) from the shrine of their religion; for did not great danger come to our wards through one of them? Were we not vexed by his taking of presents to the Czar? And suppose we had not been the considerate, too-tender, too-forgiving Christians that we are, how terrible might have been the fate of these people!

Twice have they grievously sinned against us, yea, thrice. Once—never let it be forgot!—they sent presents to the Czar; once they refused to receive a peaceful mission of soldiers, when and where Colonel Younghusband desired to be received; and once they declined to be disarmed by us. And yet many of them are alive! Has ever a people been so full of Christian grace as the English people? And, lastly, we can now arrange that these people shall buy tea from us. It may be cheaper than the tea they now prefer, and yet at a lower price there will be profit in it for us. Truly our Good-Samaritanism is without bounds!

And now we must go, because we see we cannot be comfortable here, all of us, during their dreadful winter; and though we have won their love,

yet we think it wiser not to leave a small number of us here. That wicked Dalai Lama might return, and then—! But we also shall return, for must we not bear the white man's burden? Must we not protect them? Remember, then, that we are now married; has not the bond been signed? And if there ever was a question as to the propriety of our attentions, there can be none now. Yes, we shall come again. Meanwhile they must be faithful to the marriage vow in Clause IX.; otherwise—but how could they be so wicked?—after such a gentle wooing, after such a happy wedding!

These tender adieux having been cried out to a listening world, the high commissioner and his escort went away, bearing the marriage certificate and reaping much glory. Of course the Russian Government interposed its objection to so flagrant a breach of faith as appears from a comparison of promise at the outset with performance at the end. Even far-away Washington, long before the treaty was drafted, but when a few observers pointed the drift of things, uttered a word, merely a sort of "We view with concern," — yet of some significance. The Chinese Government up to this writing has not formally accepted the terms forced upon its local representative. Lansdowne has indicated that he would listen to Russia's proposals of modification; the Dalai Lama is still in the offing. The Tibetan people are again wrapped in obscurity, and it remains to see whether they will be quiet under a new government; the change involves so many complicated threads of religious and political habit that we can see little of the future.

Doubtless one thing, full of opportunity to the English, has been securely accomplished; that is the establishment of discord in Tibet. There are few countries, however civilised, in which the fire of faction would not burn high after the giving of power by exterior force to one group of men, taking it from another. We do not sufficiently understand the real sentiments of the influential lamas toward the two great Incarnations; we do not know well enough the real attitude of the Chinese authorities as distinguished from their enforced action under British pressure; we do not know well enough the degree of stupefied despair which may have taken hold of the Tibetans at large on seeing the recent exhibition of barbarous will working through the power of science. It may be that this alone will bring submission, all internal adjustments between factions being made secondary to the desire to escape from the vengeance of the Christians. Yet even their submission may be checked by the resistance of others.

The proposed treaty clearly threatens the rights of Russia's subjects—Kalmuks and Buriats—who have from time immemorial journeyed to Lhasa's temples. The fierce, and, I believe, unwarranted suspicion, which has led to the war just ended, might at any time, if wielding suzerain power, cut off this pilgrimage or unduly harass the pilgrims. The rights of China are flouted; the proposed treaty is, in fact, an attack upon the integrity of the Chinese Empire, as a corresponding aggression upon Northern India by Russia would be considered as an attack upon the British Empire. Yet England is

Where watered sands burst into life.

particularly loud, in chorus with the Americans, in demands for the maintenance of Chinese integrity. Her ruthless act in Tibet must undoubtedly shake the prestige of Pekin authority all over Mongolia and Turkestan, and may have indirect results of most serious character.

As to what will be the duration and vigour of resistance offered by Russia and China to the confirmation and enforcement of Younghusband's convention, that is plainly a question whose answer must be heard in some echo from the mountains of Manchuria. China's diplomatic movements are habitually slow, even when her interests would seem to demand haste. In this case, unless she is prepared to brave the insistent English, her interest lies with delay. But Russia and China are not alone, though vastly preponderant, in their interest in the Tibetan question. The indirect effects may be of wide international import. This phase of the question was broached by me in a paper appearing in the *North American Review* of May, 1904, shortly after my return from Asia, and before the rigorous Clause IX., or any part of the drastic Younghusband convention had been published. That its near-by previsions were just, the event has proved.

A quotation from that paper may well explain the ultimate danger to the Asiatic—hence to the European — situation that may spring from the apparently isolated events in an almost unknown mountain-region.

"The practical destruction of Thibetan independence, which may be assumed as the object of the present

Younghusband expedition, will serve Russia admirably, as authorizing the easy conquest of Chinese Turkestan. For such is the accepted code of balances generally adopted by the nations who believe themselves commissioned to benevolently assimilate certain other nations. Indeed, except for her present preoccupation in another part of the Chinese Empire, the consular guard might at any moment be put to the easy task of seizing the reins of government now in the hands of the quiet, dignified, philosophical Chinese officials, who, alas! have somewhat outgrown that simple faith in Force which controls the policies of Christian nations. The easy-going Turki people, natives of the soil, accustomed to be mastered, will doubtless be indifferent to the change, perhaps even hopeful. Already they feel that the Russian Consul-General largely influences the acts of the Chinese Taotai.

"Recognizing then that the *status quo* is now being rudely shaken in Thibet, and may at any time be destroyed in Turkestan, let us note that in both cases there will result a partial disintegration of the Chinese Empire, for whose integrity the world may well be concerned. In neither case is the territory now considered a part of any of the eighteen provinces constituting China proper, but in one case the administration of all public affairs is directly in the hands of men named in Peking, and in the other the suzerainty of China is distinctly recognized in the presence of three Ambans residing in Lhassa and exercising preponderating influence in all important matters. If, however, the encroachments from this direction could be guaranteed to be arrested at the frontier, separating China proper from Turkestan on the one hand, and Thibet on the other, the world-at-large—wisely shirking the moral questions, because all have sinned alike—might be content to exhibit only the interest of curiosity

in the changes now working in the heart of Asia. But can such an arrest be possible as against the compelling rivalry of two great, forceful, belligerent empires? They will each have long frontier lines at the back door of China. In each case the controlled territory has intimate relations with China proper. A hundred petty questions, some large ones, will arise, each capable of being developed into a cause of complaint. Complaints against China when made by the peoples of iron and fire are usually satisfied by taking something from China, unless objection be made by some yet stronger nation of iron and fire. Quite independent of any plan looking thereto, even against their vague plans of moderation, the jealous rivals may find themselves driven on to continued aggressions. And these jealousies will thus operate in a theatre so remote from the world's success that gravest injuries might be inflicted upon the peace-loving celestials long before such injuries could be known to friendly critics, ourselves for instance, who insist that no harm shall be done to China which may do harm to us.

"This, then, is but a word of caution. There is no room for cant or self-righteousness on the part of any nation. We have all been made sordid. What we call progress has self-interest as its mainspring. To prevent surprises and recriminations it is best that there should be no misunderstanding. European and American diplomats in China should now endeavor to watch the back door as well as the front door of the great mansion which all desire to enter. My prayer is that our quarrels may not urge us to do unmeasured violence to a great, civilized, non-military people."

In discussing with Mr. Rockhill the probable eastward extension of the contest for advantage between Great Britain and Russia, he justly pointed

out, as tending to minimise the danger, the fact that the Lhasa authority ends long before the frontier of China proper is met, going eastward; that, intermediate between the great Central Tibetan state and the Empire, are several large districts, some substantially independent, some under a Chinese rule far more direct than that at Lhasa, and in any case free from political connection with that city. Some of these smaller states, indeed, as Mr. Rockhill and other travellers in Eastern Tibet have testified, are more or less jealous of the Lhasa Government. These conditions, it seemed to Mr. Rockhill, would put a stop to English movement eastward; these states, he thought, would be a buffer between the Lion at Lhasa and the Dragon of China. But, though yielding to none in my respect for Mr. Rockhill's authority, I yet feel sure, that if Nepal and Tibet have not served as buffers in the past, we may not count *anything* as a sure buffer in the future. The very dissensions which now indicate a certain independence of the small states, will become inducements for endless extension of British Power if once it be established at Lhasa.

Assuming Russia in Kashgar and England in Lhasa, we must observe, moreover, the new phase of parallelism of march as distinguished from frontal approach. The faces of both will be turned eastward and prestige will drive them forward over perils, as neck-and-neck horses are driven over hurdles to the finish. True, if China meanwhile is solidified by external or internal force, so that her frontier is one that can resist pressure *by force*,

Typical Chorten in Tibet.

then our coursers may be stopped, but not otherwise.

Whether or not complications in Western China will be viewed as seriously by others as by me, it yet may be taken for granted that the rape of Tibet will not be forgotten by the statesmen of interested nations when they gravely begin that general readjustment which must follow the close of the Russo-Japanese war. No incident as large as that just precipitated by Lord Curzon's fears and Colonel Younghusband's ambition can stand alone in the world's politics of to-day. It is probable that even if the *main mise* upon Tibet be permitted to be permanent, Great Britain will somewhere else be required to yield a *quid pro quo* out of proportion to the value gained in Tibet. I say out of proportion because I consider that value as *nil* or negative, and I mean the value to the average inhabitant of Great Britain and also to the average inhabitant of India.

If Great Britian were a cooped-in nation, if her energetic sons found no open spaces in the world for stretching their legs and sharpening their wits, then perhaps the opportunity for even the few whom Tibet could support would be of general benefit. But the administration of present holdings by Government, and the maintenance of a sharp commercial contest throughout the world,—these two national activities create demands for men, for brains, which are not more than met. There is no surplus. Such work as England has so largely in hand requires high-grade men. The ordinary white man is not the typical sahib, yet in many corners of her subject-world, it is only the *sahib quality* in her

representatives which makes possible the holding-down of many by one. Without it, there might be required almost as many Tommy Atkinses as there are natives to be held. That this *sahib quality* has been widely furnished, that it does wonderful work, I can stoutly testify. I can also testify that it is not wise to have *one* solitary sahib in Zeila, as was the case when I went thence into Africa. Only two were at Adis Abeba, one of these leaving with me. Only one at a frontier post near the eastern border of the Soudan. Only forty white men at Khartoum in June, 1900. (The smallness of this number was a surprise, even to those who counted noses at my suggestion.) One only, as related in these pages, at Kashgar; and so in many a lost spot. Then suddenly, because the one man is overworked (as I saw at Zeila), there comes a war which might have been avoided had there been time to get into the hinter-land. There would be time to feel the country ahead of one, as I know had not been, could not be, done on the Abyssinia-Soudan frontier. Need one say anything further as to the fatal lack of good men before and during the great Boer war? Not every white man has the *sahib quality*. That is the important thing. So it is that the ever-growing demands of administration, and the ever-growing demands of a new competition in commerce, run almost beyond the output even of the mighty womb which has sent its sons to girdle the world.

A conservation of the British Empire seems to me a matter of maximum importance to all the world. That it should be conserved, it must, I think, be conservative. The raid into Tibet I believe to have

been wild, not capable of bearing good fruit. Its occupation is not necessary to the preservation of the Empire's peace; nor would it conduce to the Empire's prosperity. Any harm that could possibly come out of Tibet could be met, at the moment of its appearance, at less moral and material cost than by years of repression and injustice based on mere suspicion. The whole world must come under the British flag if the "maybes" which cost Tibet its independence were to be applied to the rest of us.

CHAPTER XIX

COUNSELS OF PERFECTION

IF, then, the Younghusband raid seems to be what men call a crime, and what men call a blunder, what next? Let us suppose two possibilities: first, that in a reasonable time the treaty shall be ratified substantially as written. Then, in order that any effect be had, in order that things be not as they were before, there must be occupation by force sufficient to awe the Tibetans. The corresponding occupation of Turkestan by Russia, sooner or later, must be contemplated, and the probable series of complications already described in the excerpts from the *North American Review*. Second, suppose the treaty to be not ratified, but emasculated. The most difficult point may be the excision of the indemnity clause, for it must be supposed that even in India, non-voting, non-represented India, her British rulers would hesitate to charge up an account of £500,000 against Indian revenue, acknowledging its expenditure to have been unwise. Yet that would be the cheapest way out, I think, and, if necessary, London might help to bear this burden; but that is a counsel of perfection. The perfectly honourable, perfectly Quixotic, and hence perfectly improbable course would be the following: Let it be frankly stated, "We believed you might be in conspiracy to put yourselves in Russian leading-strings;

King's Palace and remarkable group of Chortens in Ladak Leh.

we are willing that you should be independent. We find we were mistaken in regard to the Russians, hence we revert to the position always held (on paper) that we have no designs against you. As we were wrong in our suspicions we of course have no right to a war indemnity. Our claim in that respect is remitted. You desire to be isolated, and your desire should be a recognised right. We want peace of mind in the future concerning the possible intrigues of our great rival.

"As a fair compromise, representing less than our force might demand, we, acknowledging our initial error, now propose that a British agent be stationed in Lhasa, without any authority, since there are to be no relations except those you may desire, but merely as an observer, a visitor, whom, knowing, you shall learn to like and to trust. The trade-privileges extorted from you, and considered dangerous by you, will be abandoned. If gradually, by reason of our agent's representations, you come to a different opinion as to us, we shall be glad to strengthen our relations in all friendly ways. We want your friendship. Our God and your great Incarnation, the ineffable Buddha, are both reported to have urged men to love each other. We may not be able to live, as our Master advised, a life of non-resistance; we may not be able to do good to those that despitefully use us; but we think ourselves capable henceforth of being good to you if you are good to us, *i. e.*, if you have no conspiracy by which Russian influence shall become dominant in Lhasa, whatever that may mean."

Now, gentle reader, you may imagine how

impertinent this suggestion would seem to Lord Curzon, or to any of the gentlemen around him who take themselves and the world so seriously and make it so tragic. The outsider venturing to criticise is most likely to be ignored; as a matter of fact he is often not supplied with sufficient data for wise criticism. Did I not believe the affair in Tibet to be one in which only the admitted facts need be considered, I should feel that the able men in Calcutta were probably right, despite my first impressions to the contrary. But it is true that administrative minds are often clouded by knowledge of the very detail which gives them a sense of superiority. And again, the *important moral relations* between communities, as between men, are best guided by a few general principles, and even one who is not viceroy of India may grasp these.

So clear is it to me, however, that outside amateur criticism is liable to error, when the case becomes complicated, that I now proceed with much more hesitation than before to state one of my first and strongest impressions as to the unwisdom of the present Tibetan policy. It has seemed to me that when the facts shall be understood in Afghanistan, as in the end they will be, grave risk will arise of losing the nascent favour of the Ameer, and of compromising British interests, in a quarter where none will question their present importance, however one may criticise the course which led to their creation. How different the situation there from that existing in the north-east! Afghanistan is coterminous with British-administered territory. Tibet is not. Afghanistan is inhabited by a warlike peo-

ple. Tibet is not. Afghanistan is a bridge spanning directly from British to Russian territory. Tibet is not. Afghanistan is of like religion with millions of the least pliable among the Indian populations. Tibet is not. Afghanistan is blown with fanaticism and the pride of past conquests in Hindoo lands. Tibet is not. Such are their dissimilarities. But both are small nations, clinging devotedly to their present political and social conditions; both felt themselves as sitting insecurely just beyond the last reach of the lion's claws. Afghanistan had twice been torn to the entrails by his outstretched wrath, but had flung death aside; and now, through the skill of an English surgeon who healed the Ameer's hand (wounded in a shooting accident); through the elation caused by news of disaster in Manchuria to one of the threatening neighbours; through several transient favouring causes, the royal mind has unbent and leaned, or now seems to lean, toward British friendship.

The observer who knows only these facts might well inquire as to the wisdom of a course which, by a needless attack upon a hermit people, may frighten the young confidence of the Ameer and confirm him in the faith, held by so many of his people, that the lion never sleeps and is always hungry. The possibility of losing ground in Afghanistan by virtue of a raid into Tibet, with doubtful gain as maximum reward, must certainly have been contemplated by a watchful Government in Calcutta. In respect to such an indirect and somewhat complicated relation, the amateur and foreign critic is silent, or merely wonders. He bows to the

great god "Government" like a loyal Briton, not daring to say of it, "*Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?*"[1]

Except that confession and restitution are not yet among the phenomena of national ethics, no one, I fancy, would find fault with the speech of peacemaking which I had ventured to put into the mouth of the British Government. Exceptional as it is, I feel sure that, if uttered in sincerity, it would be followed by the happy results which most of us have experienced, now and then, in our private lives. Surely the *best relation*, selfishly considered at Calcutta, and *assuming Tibet to be a point of possible Russian intrigue*, would be that of friendship. But the course of past events has made it impossible that the Tibetan should not entertain fear rather than love of the British. Little has been done to dissipate, much to encourage that fear. Even in the acts which were extraneous to Tibetan relations, as in China, and which had no conscious reference to them, this had unfortunately been true. All the more reason for special effort here. How shall friendship be shown, you ask, to a people who refuse our modest "commercial missions"? Let them alone, or slowly gain their good-will through the Ladakis and Kashmiris who have access to them and who afford you a far more useful intermediation than Russia possesses.

[1] This view of the case seems to be abundantly justified by the recent refusal of the Ameer to meet any of the substantial demands made by the British Commissioner who sought modifications in the existing treaty between the two Powers. Resulting from his unexpected obstinacy are several threats of punishment appearing in serious British publications. True, they are not official—but they are straws in the current of public opinion.

A view in Lhasa.

Photo by the Buriat Dorjieff. Furnished through courtesy of the National Geographic Society.

It will take time to win them. It has taken a century of encroachment to fill their hearts with fear of you. But you know that there is nothing, save fear of you, to cause them to give a second thought to Russia, far away across the dreadful deserts. *Then remove the fear of you in Tibetan hearts, and you thus remove the fear of Russia in yours.* It is possible that this should be done. The whole history and delineation of the people suggest it. Consider their weakness and your strength. If ever they have listened to the Buriat's words of suggestion, if ever he suggested anything more than the welfare of his own community as hanging upon the favour of the Czar, then it could be only because you have bred fear instead of love. These people received you kindly in the past; they have opened their doors to those who preach your faith; and they have seen a wall of fire approach them. Try to assure them that the flame will not again tongue the peaks of their mountains. Try to take into your dealings with this poor people the warmth, the hospitality, the friendship, the quick charity which your splendid officers have shown to me, a helpless stranger, in many forsaken spots of the traveller's world. And as to that unselfish interest in the development of a people which, after all, does exist in your hearts, let it be satisfied by reflecting that the vast changes now making in China must reach Tibet, even if you let it alone. Slow indeed would be the process; with less of heartburn and despair; less loss of faith in something great and good; less violence done to honesty in your own breasts; less strain upon the peace of nations; less worship of

the brute throughout the world,—such would be the awakening of Tibet *by China.*

Summarising, we may say that Russian military occupation of Tibet is almost incredible; that if accomplished, it must be done across the corpse of the world's Chinese policy; that, if extended against India, it could result in nothing but a massacre of such Russo-Tibetan forces as might be entrapped in the Himalayas; that mere intrigue could produce, if, incredibly, it produced anything at all, only some abortive effort even less serious than the imagined movement under Russian leadership; that there is as yet no known evidence of Russian anti-British "intrigue"; that in either case the imagined attack upon India from Tibet could be foreknown through a moderately efficient secret service; that it could be met when precipitated with far less expenditure of energy and of treasure (practically no lives are involved in either case) than the Younghusband expedition has involved; that the maintenance of enforced trade-privilege will result in absurdly small commercial advantage and ominously large political irritation. The course actually pursued has confirmed the Tibetans in their fears of British conquest; the Afghans in their blackest suspicions; the Russians in their charges of British duplicity[1]; and the world at large in its suspicion that brute force, not justice, must be the protection of any cause whatever. Against such evil effects there is not now any righteous remedy except that known aforetime —confession and restitution.

[1] See Appendices showing relation between diplomatic relations and actual results.

CHAPTER XX

THE SACRIFICE OF YOUNGHUSBAND—WHAT NEXT?

SINCE writing the preceding chapter, there has appeared a second Blue Book *in re* Tibet. It reveals a contest between Policy and Logic. London had heard the notes of discontent emanating from several capitals, and vigorous protest from St. Petersburg, the capital most seriously and directly interested. The Younghusband treaty had not been received as a source of sweetness and light in international politics.

Wisely mindful of the vast burdens which the Empire is accumulating, and fearing that the sure gain of Tibetan occupation might be far less than the loss due to European (and American) opposition, it was decided to sacrifice Colonel Younghusband, and, with him, those terms of the treaty which, alone, can give it substance.

Clause IX. declares in effect a protectorate over Tibet. This clause was dictated in London. To obtain for it the signature of even a trumped-up Government, London had permitted — yea, commanded—the slaughter of many innocent men. It stands for a violation of Tibetan autonomy and of Chinese suzerainty. To make it effective something more must logically be had—and this was

secured by Colonel Younghusband. His correspondence discloses the fact that—as was surmised above—the indemnity had been fixed at an "exorbitant" figure. The adjective is Colonel Younghusband's. But he wanted to use it "in trade." He finally "accepts their own proposition" (so gracious is the wolf to the lamb), and provides for seventy-five annual payments, pending the completion of which—that is, for seventy-five years—there is to be British occupation of the Chumbi Valley. That is Tibetan territory—and the military key to the situation.

Here is something out of which enforcement of Clause IX. could be had. But, as logically belonging to the haughty pretensions of that clause, there must be closer touch with Lhasa than would result merely from the establishment of troops in Chumbi Valley—still half a dozen good marches distant from the capital. So it was in the earlier negotiations wisely provided that the British commercial agent, ordinarily charged with the conduct of affairs at the two trading-marts provided in the treaty, should be allowed, when he deemed it necessary, to proceed to Lhasa. Thus supervision and force were reasonably created to perpetuate a control which, without them, must be the veriest sham. Both these provisions have been disallowed, in whole or in part, by the Indian Office in London, and Younghusband has been publicly reprimanded for wilfully exceeding specific instructions.[1] But if no British are to appear again in Tibet, how shall the ghost of Russian in-

[1] The provision for visiting Lhasa was struck out before signatures were had.

A corner in Lhasa.

Photo by the Buriat Dorjieff. Furnished through courtesy of the National Geographic Society.

terference be laid? What check exists now against the dreadful Dordjieff which did not exist before the raid? "The treaty exists," replies the Indian Office, "and now, if we hear further rumours of intrigue, we shall have, out of our treaty, a *casus belli.*"

But you have just made a war without a treaty—you made it *at your will,* alleging only absurd rumours as your excuse—and such rumours will again be created for you or by you in the future as in the past. Indeed, *they are much more to be expected now* than ever before. Now, as never before, the Tibetans may be led to give ear to him who might beguile them with promise of protection from your blood-stained hands. And, without supervision at Lhasa, without nearby force ever threatening punishment, the nervousness, the distrust, the furtive hope of the Tibetans, co-operating with your own suspicions and enforced ignorance, must create troublesome situations which were impossible before the raid.

Occasions for misunderstanding will further arise from the presence of unwelcome traders at the marts which the Tibetans are required to establish, and especially from the attempted disorganisation of the tea-trade, now the source of a considerable part of the revenue of the governing class. The indemnity has been reduced from seventy-five annual payments, aggregating Rs. 7,500,000, to twenty-five annual payments aggregating Rs. 2,500,000. The occupation of Chumbi Valley has been reduced from a definite period of seventy-five years, to a minimum of three years. But the door is cunningly left open

for returning substantially to the Younghusband provision. It is declared that

"the British occupation of the Chumbi Valley shall cease after the payment of three annual installments of said indemnity, as fixed by the said article. Provided, however, that the trade-marts, as stipulated in Article 2 of the said Convention, shall have been *effectively* open for three years, as provided in Article 6 of the Convention, and that in the meantime the Tibetans shall have *faithfully complied with the terms of the said convention in all other respects.*" (Italics are mine.—O. T. C.)

In dealing with Tibet (if standing alone) the British Government will be the sole judge of its own complaints. On the very face of the Viceroy's edict, just quoted, it is apparent that the gracious reduction in the period of occupation may at any time be withdrawn. Real or alleged grievances of Hindoo traders; real or alleged exploits of Dordjieff's spectre; real or alleged resistance to the proper setting of boundary stones—almost any of a thousand pitifully small acts of a disturbed people, treading a new path, may serve to end the farce of grace.

The Blue Book discloses, too, all the wrangling between authorities which led to the making of the magnanimous edict. It shows him who officially uttered the gracious words strongly contending for the retention of the terms exacted by Younghusband. It shows the Secretary for India, who demands the changes, urging British international interest, not justice or clemency for the Tibetans, as the effective reason for modification. And it

shows both finally compromising their divergent views in the "act of grace." Had the Blue Book not been published, the Tibetans *might have been* deceived. But as the English language is understood in Chinese embassies, the fraud must be known even in Lhasa. There, men wear hideous devil-masks that hide good-humoured faces. Now they know that the English "act of grace" means simply this: "Unless prevented therefrom by rival powers, we shall do with the Tibetans whate'er we will." 'T is a fair mask hiding an ugly face.

The rejection of Younghusband by the Government adds nothing of morality to its rôle. The publication of the Blue Book does, however, suggest an engaging simplicity.

Confession and Restitution—these still remain to-day—approved by Religion, neglected by Statesmanship.

CHAPTER XXI

SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF TURKESTAN[1]

THE curtain rises on Turkestan about 200 B.C. Khotan is known in the Chinese records at about that date. In 177 B.C. these records set forth the expulsion of Khotanese and Kashgaris from their homes due to the incoming, from North-east Mongolia, of swarms of Yue-che, of Mongol or Tartan race, who sought new homes *vi et armis*. Those whose vines and fig-trees they coveted were a people far advanced beyond the Yue-che in all the civil arts. Enough has been said in connection with the ancient MSS. recently discovered (p. 60) to indicate that the Khotan country (doubtless including the region farther westward) was the seat of some learning as early as the date ascribed to this movement; and even without the specific evidence which has been found to indicate that fact, it might be fairly deduced from the mere existence of several considerable cities in the Tarim basin. Their existence in such a land supposes extensive systems of irrigation, and these, in turn, always bespeak a highly

[1] The author has delivered several lectures on the journey recounted in this book. Subsequent conversation with his hearers has suggested the need of a short presentation—such as here is attempted—of the history of Turkestan. It is not essential to an understanding of urgent problems, but will, perhaps, interest some lovers of the past,

A structure in Lhasa.

Photo by the Buriat Dorjieff. Furnished through courtesy of the National Geographic Society.

developed social organisation. That their ultimate effect would be to weaken the organisation as a military force has already been pointed out. It is not probable, therefore, that the hardy shepherds from Mongolia paid much of their blood for the conquest of the rich oases.

In speaking of the *expulsion* of these earliest dwellers I have used a term frequently found in that connection, but in strictness it should be called merely a *conquest*. The attack of the Yue-che was not that of a ravaging army led by a Jenghiz Khan or a Tamerlane, having his seat of power already fixed, and now merely hungry for dominion. It seems to have been the effort of a displaced people to find new homes. They were unaccustomed to fixed agriculture with all the niceties of a tangled irrigation works: wholesale slaughter or expulsion would then have left them without toilers for the ditches and the fields, whose fruits they might take as landlords. That a considerable number of the conquered should leave is not unlikely—in particular the pride-hurt chiefs and their closer following. The traditions of West Turkestan, indeed, bear witness to such a movement; the earlier settlers there were disturbed by this secondary wave—the dispossessed becoming thus the dispossessors. But the body of the people probably remained. To what race they belonged is not known, and because of the darkness, many students have boldly stumbled forward with theories equally lacking in proof or disproof. Such speculation was rife even before the recent extended discoveries and studies of Sven Hedin and Dr. Stein. While the latter has not, so

far as I know, expressed himself on that point, it has seemed to me that the facial types shown in certain statues found by him, and the mental type disclosed by some of the recovered writings, point to a race not Mongol as having constituted the superior and clerical element of the Khotanese inhabitants as early as the beginning of our era. Yet, on the other hand, little has been found to cause the temple ornamentation or religious literature to be accepted as proper expressions of the *general genius* of the people.

Religious antiquities, coming from an era just following the acceptance of a new faith by a converted people, must not be lightly adopted as evidence in the establishment of racial affinities. The mere susceptibility to Aryan influences, as shown by the various "finds" in the buried cities, hints of a certain docility and suppleness which may mark any people dwelling in the dense and enervating conditions of oasis life; while the absence of original work in any developed art suggests affinity with the Mongol who has ever been extremely indifferent to all that may be known to us as classic influence. The few facts available to us for reconstructing this period in Turkestan seem entirely consistent with the theory that the invaders of Tartar-Mongol blood were gradually absorbed by their more numerous and more civilised victims, while the resulting composite race became, for a time, at least, of tougher fibre, but not insensible to the artistic and religious impulses reaching it from the south-west or west, and which, even before the coming of the Yue-che, had already influenced the Tarim civilisation.

Many students indeed would suppose, not merely Aryan (Græco-Bactrian or Græco-Indian) influence, such as might be exerted by the incoming of a few enlightened teachers or great merchants; but would trace the very origin of the Tarim race itself to some western or south-western source. A reference to Darius's dreams of conquest and colonisation in the farthest East is thought to point the way toward a theory of Iranian ancestry. The frequent occurrence of monkey images in clay among the antiquities taken from Boresan, about three miles from Khotan, suggests a popular familiarity with *Maccacus Semnopithicus*, an animal commonly found to the south of the Himalayas. This toy, together with the similarity of head-dress shown in small terra-cotta images to that known in Northern India several centuries before Christ are seized upon to give Hindu-Aryan grandfathers to the Tarim people. The idealised lion-faces (see p. 140) are also numerous at Boresan; those from which the illustrations are made were picked up by the natives from some new-cut face of the loess, formed by the wandering current of the river. These lion-faces do duty as proofs of Mesopotamian influence, or, to the adherents of Hebraic ideas, of Mesopotamian *origin*. The lion is not known in Turkestan. Its image is everywhere—even in snowy Tibet it is a common architectural ornament.

An inspection of toy-shops or bric-à-brac counters in London or New York might, by reasoning similar to that just recorded, result in bringing us all from Africa—home of the menageries which, in pasteboard and in flesh, have furnished our childish or

our grown-up curiosity with its choicest satisfaction. Western *influence*, beginning probably not later than the Alexandrian conquests, seems to me well established; western *origin* of the body of the people of that age seems to me not established, and even improbable.

The body of the people were perhaps always, as now, related in blood to the Mongol-Tartar family —well represented by their near neighbours of the mountains, the shepherd Kirghiz. Some of these would gradually form permanent settlements in the foot-hills of the great ranges, where grazing and irrigation-agriculture could be combined. Then as the knowledge of the latter method grew, its extensions would form the great oases, having permanent cities, which would become permanent marts. To the modification of type due to this change in occupation and physical surroundings would be added the blood change due to the incoming of traders from other lands. A nomadic people is of stable type—mixture of blood being almost impossible. But no city-dwelling people, having markets even measurably open to the world, can long remain of pure stock.

Returning to the Yue-che invasion, and assuming it to have been followed by a period of assimilation of victor by vanquished, the two having an underlying kinship, antedating the fixed settlements of the Tarim people, and postdating their uplift by Aryan influence, we come, in the Chinese chronicles, to a conquest by the Chinese themselves. That was the beginning of a hold upon Kashgaria which has continued, sometimes shadow, sometimes sub-

Tibetan book, as taken from the "library."

Leaves from Tibetan book.

stance, until to-day. This conquest is definitely placed in the first century of our era. It may have been preceded by an intermediate wave of Mongols —the Hueng-nu (Huns) who were the cousins and enemies of the Yue-che. Indeed the earlier movement of the Yue-che was due to the pressure upon them by the Hueng-nu, who were constant disturbers of the peace on China's north-eastern frontier until, shortly before the date last mentioned, they had been worsted by the Emperor's armies and were streaming westward, eventually to work their fatal course across Europe. They moved chiefly along the easier line through Dzungaria, north of Turkestan; but it is not improbable that they sent minor streams southward to infiltrate among the populations which had been vanquished by those whom they themselves had vanquished one or two centuries earlier. Such additions (probably not numerous), to the Tarim people might have disturbed some of its centres, but would not have seriously altered the general racial status. Nor indeed does this status seem to have been largely affected by the advent of the civilised Chinese for whom this distant region was but a military frontier and a tribute-field, not a region of colonisation. Even now, when population density in China proper is much greater than it was two thousand years ago, the number of resident Chinese in Turkestan is small. The principal officials, Manchu-Chinese, bring their families with them and return to their proper homes as do the English from India.

But this laying hold upon a distant province on the other side of the interior desert caused the

hastening of a momentous change in the great Empire. It was here that the Chinese came into close contact with Buddhism, which had come over the snowy mountains to call men's minds away from this sorrowful world of desire.

The devoted missionaries from India would doubtless have found their way across nature's hazards to the multitudes who swarmed on the eastern ocean, even if the Tarim basin had not already heard the gospel and had now become a Chinese province. But the facilitation of missionary effort, due to such conditions, is obvious, and may have meant centuries, rather than decades, in the progress of one of the world's most important religious movements.

Burmah, Siam, and Tibet offered possible paths to the missionary who would go from India to China; but they were themselves converted only in the fifth, sixth, and seventh century, respectively. Nor did the way through Turkestan long remain open. Shortly after China had received the words of peace, all intercourse with Turkestan was much disturbed by the violence of the times—the Mongols intruding themselves between China and her distant province. Had the Buddhist propaganda not been made just when it was, Christianity might have disputed, centuries ago, the great field in which now its labours yield so little fruit.

Behold the complexity of things: Mongolian nomads, the Hueng-nu, attack the settled Chinese and are repulsed. Then they attack neighbouring tribes, and are successful, driving their victims to seek new homes afar off. Later they again attack

the Chinese, who disperse them and follow the newly opened way westward to conquer a country, East Turkestan, which had first been conquered by those whom the Hueng-nu had dispossessed. This country had received Buddhist missionaries, who convert the victorious Chinese, adding many millions to those who believe that Gautama found the great Deliverance through the great Renunciation. In a little while the intimate coming and going through Kashgaria is interrupted; China loses its hold, but the seed is sown; and in 399, 318, and 629 A.D. Chinese Buddhist pilgrims, Fa-hien, Song-Yang, and Weng T'sang, respectively, pass through Turkestan to visit Indian shrines made sacred to them through knowledge of the Teacher, and leave to curious generations such scant knowledge of the country as the troubled times permitted. Meanwhile, ere the first of these pilgrims had set his face westward, Christianity had mounted the throne of the Eastern Roman Empire; and while Weng T'sang was drinking his soul's fill at fountain-spots of Buddhist worship, his own Emperor was courteously receiving a Christian missionary at the national capital. Nor had Mohammedanism yet uttered its world-wide cry, the Prophet being still but a struggling Arab preacher. But the centuries which had passed since the words of the Meditative One had been carried over the Himalayas, from oasis to oasis, and across the wide desert to China's heart, had now given to Gautama's memory a veneration which their successors have not yet destroyed.

The Christian missionaries have in later days

renewed the work of O-lo-peen, the Nestorian of the seventh century; Islam has with the sword conquered the Turkestan region, which was the eastern gate of Buddhism, and it raises its mosques in many a village of China's sacred soil, yet the millions of the great Empire are Buddhists, not good ones—for it is hard, so hard, to be a good Buddhist—but Buddhists as Smith and Jones are Christians.

Shortly after the journey of Weng T'sang, that is, about the year 640 A.D., the administration of Turkestan was again firmly in the hands of the Chinese officials, only to be disturbed by marauding bands of Tibetans; whether from the western Ladak country, relatively near, or from the Lhasa country, relatively far, seems not to be known. The centre of Tibetan power was in the East, but the newly conquered Ladak country may have served as the base of operations and recruiting depot for this dash against Kashgaria. This probably meant nothing more than the killing of some thousands and the maiming of some other thousands of field-workers and shopkeepers—a too frequent occurrence in the world's history to cause any shudders when separated from us by thirteen centuries and seven thousand miles. The Chinese soon drove out the Tibetans (whose leaders, it seems, were but a few generations down from Western China) and next had to contend with the Mohammedan power which had established itself, at the beginning of the eighth century, in all the Samarcand region, west of Kashgaria. The Chinese bond seems to have been strong enough in 716 A.D. to permit a troubled Emperor to call upon Kashgaria—and even far Bokhara—for troops to

aid in the overthrow of a mighty rebel against the throne. There followed other rude attacks from Tibetans, who for a time threw themselves across Western China, cutting communication with Turkestan. Again a vigorous ruler was born into the Imperial throne or a vigorous usurper chanced to seize it; whereupon the annoying Tibetans were hurled back to their lonely seats. A little later, another Mongol people, invading from the north, grasped the sheep-prey which was the desire of many wolves. These were the Hoi-he or Hu-he, doubtless only another branch of that puzzling, widespread family, whose kaleidoscopic marches and countermarches across Asia have given to historians a fine juggling exercise with shifting names —Mongols, Tartars, Hueng-nu, Yue-che, Uigurs, Tanguts, Ephthalites, Tu-Kiu, Hoi-He, Kirghiz, Kalmuk.

From the Chinese Wall to the Dnieper, from the Tibetan frontier to the Arctic Zone, they are seen fighting each other; overrunning the borders of civilisation; upsetting the beginnings of order which some of their own blood may have established; powerful while yet fresh from the steppe or the mountain-side; easily corrupted by contact with civil luxury; forming widespread and ephemeral organisations which passed leaving no traces within their bounds and only blood to mark their excursions; generally careless about religious matters; building little and moving much; they are the will-o'-the-wisp of Asian history. And the story of Turkestan is the story of one inroad after another, ever with reversion to China.

These Hu-he were followed by the Kara-Kitai, in the eleventh century; then came the desolation of Jenghiz Khan. He massacred freely, but he and his free-thinking family were a protection against the fanatic proselyting-by-violence of the Mohammedan states on the west of the Alaï Mountains; Islam, however, steadily gained ground throughout Central Asia, and ere many centuries had passed persecution ceased because of a happy uniformity of sentiment.

In the sway of empire hither and thither, Kashgar once, in the fourteenth century, enjoyed the perilous distinction of being the capital of Tughlak Timour. Some regal attention, in the way of bloodshed, it also received from the great Tamerlane. Then, as the centuries rolled by without producing other universal tyrants, the priesthood, the letter-worshipping Khojas from Bokhara's schools, seem to have usurped the State, until, in the seventeenth century, a Kalmuk power northward from Kashgaria entered to control the struggle of priest-ridden factions, and at last, about the time America was preparing to fight for independence, Turkestan sank back into the arms of China, whose battalions had decimated Dzungaria and spared not the resisting zealots of Kashgaria. It seems not improbable that something of protection for the cities remaining in the Kashgar-Khotan district resulted from that desiccation which, by destroying the towns lying nearer to Lob-nor, rendered more difficult the inroads of Mongolian hordes from the north-east. These would be forced to a more northern route for westward migrations, leaving the southern region to a

slower, kinder, but surer desolation than their bloody swords could make.

That the desiccation in itself was the cause of great movements which reached and radically affected Europe has been a favourite suggestion of several writers. To me it seems improbable. The destructions that were cataclysmic (a few such are in Khotan tradition) would not furnish emigrants, —only corpses. Those that were slow would not extrude large numbers at the same time but would cause some gradual displacement of population to neighbouring oases and some decimation by diminishment of food-supply. The fixed inhabitants of such regions, moreover, were not of the stuff of which great migrations are made.

On the other hand it may be urged that, in so far as this desiccation limited the regions within which war-driven shepherds of the north-east might find plunder and ultimately fixed seats, it may have contributed to the force which urged them farther westward. And further, in so far as the Tarim basin held nomad populations, these might, in the space of a few years, find themselves dispossessed of grazing lands by the encroaching sands,—and these nomads might thus join the westward-ho! movement; but there is no evidence that such people were at any time numerous enough in the doomed area to become in themselves conquering armies.

The wars which followed during the nineteenth century, quite up to our own time, were generally religious rebellions, often fomented across the mountains in Bokhara. At the end of one such

failing effort nearly a hundred thousand people fled over the mountains (or died while trying), in order to join their kindred people in West Turkestan. The last of these dramatic struggles began in 1864; the Chinese were forced out of Dzungaria, and a few years later Kashgaria was in the power of Yakoob Beg, a name which has a familiar sound to ears of our generation. His bloody exploits were known even to the European world, and his sudden elevation to regal power was the theme of much admiring comment. But his glory was short. Back came the Chinese and down went Yakoob Beg, his sun setting in a sea of blood.

It was scarce thirty years ago that the Chinese Peace was re-established, yet the province is now ruled almost without a semblance of military power. It seems to have been immemorially thus. When the fire of rebellion flames, the great Empire throws upon it quenching floods from its bottomless well of humanity, and then awaits the next conflagration. Something there is in this of justice—the generations which yield are not burdened with the support of the armies of "benevolent assimilation," while those who would strike at the great leviathan are slaughtered as soon as armies may be brought from the over-teeming fields within the wall.

And now the long drama, with an all-Asia caste, is ended. When the curtain next rises we see Europe on the stage modestly attired as a consul and having about her a handful of soldiers, merely guards, to preserve her dignity from breach. Behold her in constant *pour parler* with the former heroine of the play—the fair maid from far Cathay,

while round about them the rabble of subjects awkwardly, supinely, are massed, awaiting the pleasure of the gods to determine the rivalry which cannot be hid by ceremony. These people have ever been puppets. They have submitted to their own history rather than enacted it, nor have they had the wit worthily to record their woes or their weal. We know their past chiefly through the writings of the great civilising power, China.

APPENDIX A

GEOLOGICAL AND MINOR GEOGRAPHICAL CONSIDERATIONS IN TIBET AND TURKESTAN

Partly from a Paper read before the Royal Geographical Society, February 8, 1904.

WHILE ascending the mountains from Polu, one sees rapidly at work the forces of disintegration attacking the vast masses of exposed friable material. Slates, shales, conglomerates, loose sandstones—such are the abounding substances which the torrents wear away. One also sees some large pebbles of the harder materials scarcely to be found now represented by the strata above them *in situ*. Great as are these changes now, they must be pigmy efforts compared to the titanic movements of the past. On the plateau one sees and travels in veritable rivers of sand; its large limits mark the boundaries of some great slow stream whose waters came down from vanished heights. Again, where the slope is greater, the course of a mighty torrent is marked by close-packed, rounded boulders. In one case, we followed the bank of such a silent river of stones to an elevation of eighteen thousand feet, where a flat area about three miles long showed boulders laid so accurately to the level, so cemented by sand, sometimes so regularly formed in circles, that one would have thought it a pavement of giants leading to the foundations of huge temples. Save, perhaps, in some stretches of the upper Blue Nile, I have never seen a stream having at the same

time the width, volume, and velocity suggested by these boulders, now for ever dry. Many of them seemed to be granitic, though granite strata were not seen in the neighbouring heights, which here—as generally across the Aksai Chin—rose to an elevation of from one thousand to three thousand feet above the flat areas. The existence of such tremendous hydraulic force acting on materials no longer seen in the position of upheaval, hints of the degradation of complete strata of the towering masses that have been crumbled from a uniform elevation perhaps not less than that of Mount Everest. When one considers the wide-stretching sands of all Central Asia and the empire valleys of India as being probable deposits from these heights, the supposition just made seems not over-bold. There is thus imaged to the eye of the imagination a vast mound one thousand miles in length, five hundred miles in breadth, and five miles or six miles in height above the sea. Its southern front and portions of its flanks are exposed, with varying directness, to moisture-laden winds from the great seas. Here then the secular attack upon the mound will be most fierce. If the first snows that fall on the plateau's top are frozen by perennial cold into a shield protecting against hydraulic action—yet the lower vertical or inclined surfaces will be rapidly eaten away, and in their fall the higher snow-covered portions are soon involved. The débris is partly swept into the engulfing sea, never to be seen again—partly deposited as new shore-line, varied in direction by secret ocean currents; and partly left as high, secondary formations, constituting a rough ramp,—cut by a hundred streams,—yet gradually rising from plain to plateau. On the northern slope, looking toward the vast interior, which received only the poor precipitation coming southward from Arctic waters and the scant meltings of the plateau's snows, the process of

destruction must be much slower; the northern body of the plateau will hold a greater elevation than the southern, and the northern face of the great uplift will be more nearly vertical. (Hence it is that history must record the giving over of Tibet to a southern, not a northern power.)

As time goes on this giant mound must grow smaller in every dimension—for Neptune will have it that all the mountains of the earth shall be dragged down to the sea —and he sends up hourly millions of little rain-drop coolies who dig the very rocks away. If the structure of such a great mass be relatively homogeneous, the wear will be less ragged, particularly on the wide top, at considerable distance from the much-disturbed edges. But if there be somewhere a line of soft material, or if the tilt of the surface, however small, shall chance to throw considerable volumes of water along a given line, even of average hardness, then we shall find a great depression—as that of the Blue Nile, whose steep gorge descends five thousand feet below the neighbouring plateau elevation—yet the river-bed is still four thousand feet above sea. And so here in Tibet the long line of the Tsang-Po, or upper Brahmaputra, flowing in a depression which begins many miles away on either side of it, lies also about five thousand feet below the northern (relatively undisturbed) plateau, and about eleven thousand feet above sea-level. It leaves to the south, bordering its east and west course, high lands and great peaks ere the true descending ramp be met.

Such a gash having been formed, the process of denudation is hastened, because the width of level table-land is diminished, and the small surface streams become less sluggish. Wherever the elevation has been so lessened that snow-coverings are removed by summer warmth, there enters another element tending to quick removal

—the direct action of water being substituted for the under-cutting, which must, for extreme elevations, be almost the only possible method of attack. One sees even now throughout the mountains we traversed this process constantly at work, producing thousands of land-slides — a favourite sport of the spirits that inhabit mountains geologically young—and particularly those that are high enough to have their upper portions covered all the year round, or for a long season. They change watercourses and caravan routes, give birth to short-lived lakes which burst their sudden bounds and maddeningly confuse the exposed strata.

Snow appears on the Kuen Lun range at an altitude of about 14,500 feet, and at about 16,500 on the mountains rising from the plateau, the level spaces of which, in September and October, are substantially clear. The light snowfalls, such as we experienced, were quickly evaporated during the warmer hours of the day by the fierce winds blowing quite regularly from the south-west, and constituting one of the serious hardships of travel.

A great part of the whole plateau is therefore exposed to direct erosion. The effect near the edges of the plain is marked. In the interior, the water being of small volume, the streams meander hither and thither, current scarcely observable, and form shallow lakes which hold for a time that small part of the flow which has not been drunken by the thirsty sands. Such tremendous action of the past, of which we found the witness above described, has not, to my knowledge, been discussed by other travellers. I am therefore the less confident in theorising about it—yet suggest that, in spite of a probably constant precipitation of snow and rain, the summer-volumes of these plateau streams may have been vastly larger when the area above eighteen thousand feet was much greater, thus permitting an accumulation of winter

snow far exceeding the present deposit, and this accumulation then yielded, under the influence of the summer's midday heats, those mighty torrents which *must* have existed to do the work which has been done.

Volcanic action has not been of wide extent. Indeed, one sees so little of it along the whole line traversed by us over the Alaï, Kuen Lun, Karakoram, and Himalaya ranges, that I was the more forcibly struck by the two areas in which this action is unmistakable. One is near Lake Sarakul, and is about five miles square. Within that area one may see several true craters and numberless black, tortured masses rising about seventy-five feet above the surrounding coarse sand. On the edge of this area was another smaller one showing petrifaction of all the stems and roots of a hardy grass. There was nothing to indicate the continuation of any process of infiltration to account for the petrifaction, though possibly the area, which lay four miles from a sulphurous lake, may at times be flooded.

The second volcanic region was about forty miles south of the first. Here the surface of the narrow valley was covered, for a distance of several miles, with characteristic volcanic boulders, and outcroppings of lava in mass showed in the sides of the confining heights. In the great east-and-west valley, however, nothing is seen save what may be attributed to the ordinary effects of erosion. That which is particularly noted here, however, is the marked difference in material and appearance between the two chains limiting the valley. That on the north is a sort of double chain, presenting toward the valley a front of foot-hills, black or dark greyish in colour, and showing the rounded forms that have been subjected to erosive action for a period relatively long. Behind them, and sometimes concealed by them if the intervening distance were considerable, rose the main

chain, always snow-capped, and also showing rounded characteristic smooth forms. This chain sometimes receded from the line parallel to our route, but seemed never to lose its continuity until merged in the Karakoram range.

On the south side the colour was bright brick-red, the forms sharp, turret-like, fantastic, suggesting relatively short and violent hydraulic action. So great was the difference that I was led to suppose the southern chain may have resulted from some later earth-movement than that which gave birth to the northern range. These two characteristic forms and colours are found mingled in inextricable confusion at both ends of the valley; and, again, the chapels, towers, and minarets of red appeared along the short valley which we ascended near Camp Purgatory. This appearance has probably given rise to the misplaced name Kizil Jilga, shown farther south on existing maps. The Kirghiz had never heard of this name as belonging to this locality, nor, indeed, of any of the names shown on the R.G.S. or the latest Russian map, as along and near the Karakash. They applied the name Kizil Jilga to a big red mountain on the Karakoram route. As in all this region there are no inhabitants other than the Kirghiz met by us, it would perhaps be well to omit these *noms de fantaisie* from future maps. The two lakes shown on our route deserve, on the other hand, that some name be given them. One, of fresh water, is possibly that called Lake Lighten by Wellby. The other lake is salt, and has been visited by natives, we thought, because a trail was seen near it, which we tried to follow, but vainly,—it gradually disappeared in the sands. Perhaps it had been made only by wild yak and wild horses. A remarkable lowering in the level of the lake seems to have taken place in recent years. Well-defined banks stand up about fifteen feet from the

general level of the sand now separating them from the water's edge—sometimes by a distance of two miles or more. These banks are still sharply defined, suggesting that only a few years have passed since they were filled. No such affluents were seen as are shown on the latest Russian map in connection with a lake occupying nearly the position given by my notes to this sheet of salt water. Information concerning the lake, and concerning the mountain system of Aksai Chin, has doubtless heretofore been taken only from the reports of natives. The error in respect to the mountains is considerable. The dominating chain is not north and south, as heretofore shown, but there are two east-and-west chains, generally parallel to the Kuen Lun. The first lake and the salt lake both lie closely ensconced in bounding hills of the valley, which narrows at these points. Heretofore they are shown as in open plains.

Another correction of some importance has to do with the course of the Karakash, which has been shown heretofore as extending sixty miles or more farther south than is the fact. We chanced to come into the valley of this stream above its permanent sources, which come up out of the sand. There was seen, indeed, a small break in the valley wall, corresponding to the point where the assumed southern extension appears on older maps. But this opening was seen to have a steep incline upward, and no water came from it. Nor can a considerable volume come at any time, as just below this point the valley was crossed completely, from hill to hill, by a very curious line of small stone monuments, about two feet apart, and consisting of small boulders piled about a foot high.

APPENDIX B

FROM DISCUSSION OF THE PAPER BEFORE THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY, FEBRUARY 8, 1904

AFTER the reading of the paper—

Sir THOMAS HOLDICH[1]: Mr. Crosby has given us a very vivid description of the desolate nature of one of the remote corners of Tibet up in the extreme north-west, and he has expressed an opinion, which I think we most of us share, that it is absolutely impossible for any large party, any force of any size, to journey from north to south across the wild and bleak and desolate region of the northern half of Tibet down into the southern, which is of a very different character—the valley of the upper Brahmaputra. But perhaps it will be interesting to you to know that this question as to the feasibility of crossing the Alaï Mountains was discussed four hundred years ago just as keenly as it is discussed now. Just about the same time that the Emperor Baber was establishing the Mongol dynasty in India, a general of his, who was much connected with Central Asian affairs, discussed the question as to whether it was possible to reach Kashmir by the same route which Mr. Crosby attempted and found impracticable. He came to the conclusion that it was not possible, so he resorted to the route which Mr. Crosby finally took, and crossed the Karakoram; and he crossed, with not half a dozen

[1] Former Surveyor-General of India.

followers, but with a large force. They came down into Rudok, and conquered that country, making it a base for a fresh start into Lhasa. This is interesting to us from the point of view as to whether it is possible for an armed force to reach Lhasa from the west. The Mongols made a good try, and then the inevitable thing happened —their horses died; but with only ninety men they succeeded in getting as near as Shigatse, which they reckoned was eight days' march from Lhasa. Then they turned round and went back to Rudok. Another interesting point is that the Tibetans, after true Tibetan fashion, received the Mongol general with great hospitality; they even assisted him to get together another force to harry another part of their own country. Well, it was centuries after, that the next attempt was made from Rudok to reach Lhasa. This time it was made by Sikhs. General Zorowar Sing, acting for Ghulab Sing, who was Raja of Kashmir, attempted to reach Lhasa by Leh. He came to grief exactly as Mirza Haidar had come to grief before him—his horses gave out before he got to Lhasa, and he beat a somewhat hasty retreat. It is curious to observe that the fighting that was done was not done by Tibetans, but by Ghurkas, who were sent across the border to fight them. Thus we learn from history that the attempt to make any military movement, at any rate from the west, is an exceedingly difficult and perilous one. Once again, not long after, a small and turbulent tribe of the Himalayas, the Ghurkas (who had conquered Nepaul), thought it was time to have a look into Tibet itself. They made their attack directly over the passes, and they were successful; moving very rapidly, they succeeded in reaching Tashilumpo. They absolutely destroyed the place, and they were inclined to settle down there. When the authorities fled to Lhasa they sent information to China, and asked for assistance; and then

followed what I really believe to be one of the most remarkable military movements that ever was made in the world—seventy thousand Chinese are said to have crossed the passes from the east to get to Lhasa. From the borders of their own country to Lhasa is a good twelve hundred miles, and although a part of the country is very different from that which Mr. Crosby has described, *i. e.*, the upper valley of the Brahmaputra and the immediate neighbourhood of Lhasa, which is comparatively low, and where there is a considerable amount of cultivation, still the greater part of the journey must have been across most horribly difficult mountain passes, where they must have lost multitudes of men. Nevertheless, they not only reached Lhasa, but, having got there, they started for another four hundred miles *en route* to Nepaul. They beat the Ghurkas handsomely, first of all to the north of their own mountains, and then followed them over their passes. The Ghurkas made their last stand some twenty miles in front of Khatmandu, and there the Chinese finally defeated them, and left such a reputation behind them that to this day the Nepaulese send deputations to China once every five years to pay tribute. It only shows us the danger of depreciating a possible adversary. The best fighting men that we know in the East are Ghurkas and Sikhs, and yet they have been beaten all to nothing by Chinese in times gone past. And to this day Chinese authority over the whole of Tibet is practically as sound, I imagine, as ever it was. I would ask you, in conclusion, to differentiate carefully between Northern Tibet—the Tibet which Mr. Crosby has described to-night—and the true "Bodyul," which is the scene of Colonel Younghusband's mission at the present moment. It is only in South-eastern Tibet, in the upper valley of the Brahmaputra, that there really is a country which you

may say, climatically, is tolerably suitable for European life; and it is a point to remember that Lhasa, the capital of Tibet, is situated—if not on the banks of the Brahmaputra River itself—on the banks of a small tributary of the Brahmaputra; and that it is not only the capital of Tibet, but the religious centre of such a vast number of people that I believe, taking them all together, they number almost one-third of the population of the world. Now, I have been told that during the war in China, about one-third of China did not know that any war was going on at all; they did not take any interest in it. But I will venture to say that if two European officers were to reach Lhasa, within a few months it would be known over the whole of China whether these officers were British or Russians.

. . . . . .

The PRESIDENT[1]: We have listened to a most interesting paper, and to an equally interesting discussion. The great plateau of Tibet to which Mr. Crosby has alluded, and portions of which he has visited, is, geographically speaking, I consider, one of the most interesting portions of the globe. He has suggested various causes for the existence of that vast plateau, and he has described to us the changes that have been taking place in it. I do not believe that any army, for the invasion either of Tibet or India, has ever crossed it. The invasions Sir Thomas Holdich has alluded to have all gone along the valley of the Tsanpu or from the eastward; none have ever passed over the lofty desert. Therefore I think in that respect it does form a great barrier.

[1] Sir Clements Markham, a distinguished traveller and student of Central Asian questions.

APPENDIX C

LADAKHI (WESTERN TIBET) SONGS, EDITED IN CO-OPERATION WITH REV. S. RIBBACH AND DR. E. SHAWE, BY H. FRANCKE, LEH, 1899

The King's Garden, Leh.

1. Through perfect good fortune
2. The happiness containing garden *karbzo*
3. Not being built, was completed by itself.
4. It is the house of the gods and the sun.
5. Having in the zenith of the clear sky
6. Sun and moon like umbrellas, so it arose.
7. It is a wonderfully pleasing sight.
8. It is like a fine room with pairs of pillars.
9. Within on the lion's throne
10. Sits a famous and strong family.
11. That is *Chosrgyal Thsedpal* with mother and son.
12. May their lotus-like feet stand 100 kalpas!
13. On this magnificent high nut tree
14. Boys and girls sing melodious songs like birds.
15. Underneath the youths gather
16. And sing a song of happiness and welfare.

2 *Karbzo* means, "risen by itself."

9 The lion's throne points to the King's castle, which was built in the middle of the garden.

11 The King's name means "religious king, glory of the time."

12 *Kalpa*, a fabulous period of time, at least 100,000 years. Skr.

13 The royal family is compared with this high walnut tree, under whose shelter happiness dwells; walnut trees do not grow in Leh.

This song of praise was written by the Leh minister *dNgosgrub bstanadzin* in the fine castle within the *karbzo* garden.

The Game of Polo.

1. With an earthquake we shall shake the sky!
2. Where goes our Master?
3. To the Polo ground in the middle of the village.
4. There goes our Master for playing Polo.
5. To the Polo ground of the village *Cigtan*
6. There goes our *Khan* for playing Polo.
7. In the uppermost part (of the Polo ground)
8. Our Master hits the ball in the air.
9. In the downmost part (of the Polo ground)
10. Our Master hits it straight through the goal.
11. There our Master brings [the ball] to please his friends.
12. There the Master brings [the ball] to grieve the enemies.
13. There on your high horse
14. You are like a flower in bloom.
15. There on your high black horse with white hind feet.

15 Horses are of different value according to their colour, those described in 15 are about the most valuable.

Pleasure of Youth.

1. The high ones (live) in high places.
2. Into all the heights of the sky
3. Besides the king of birds none flies.
4. During the three summer months, whatever can bloom, blooms.

5. Besides the three summer months, oh, there are no flowers.
6. Besides this one life-time I shall not belong to my mother.
7. In this one life-time, whatever can be happy, is happy.
8. Enjoy this one life-time as ever you can enjoy it.

The Beautiful Thseringskyid.

First girl. 1. Have you not seen my companion?
Have you not seen my companion *Thseringskyid?*
Second girl. Your companion I do not know,
Your companion *Thseringskyid* I do not know.
A girl, whose body was built as of gold
Was passing by here just now.

First girl. 2. Have you not seen my companion?
Have you not seen my companion *Thseringskyid?*
Second girl. Your companion I do not know,
Thseringskyid I do not know.
A girl with a mass of matted hair (full of) turquoises
Was passing by here just now.

First girl. 3. Have you not seen my companion?
Have you not seen my companion *Thseringskyid?*
Second girl. Your companion I do not know,
Thseringskyid I do not know.
A girl, glorious like the moon on the 15th
Was passing by here just now.

The whole is not to be taken seriously, the girls are teasing each other.

First girl. 4. Have you not seen my companion?
Have you not seen my companion *Thseringskyid?*

Second girl. Your companion I do not know,
Thseringskyid I do not know.
A girl with eyebrows like the *O* of the (Tibetan) alphabet
Was passing by here just now.

First girl. 5. Have you not seen my companion,
Have you not seen my companion *Thseringskyid?*

Second girl. Your companion I do not know,
Thseringskyid I do not know.
A girl with teeth like curdled milk and pearls
Was passing by here just now.

First girl. 6. Have you not seen my companion?
Have you not seen my companion *Thseringskyid?*

Second girl. Your companion I do not know,
Thseringskyid I do not know.
A girl with a waist like a monastery bell
Was passing by here just now.

First girl. 7. Have you not seen my companion?
Have you not seen my companion *Thseringskyid?*

Second girl. Your companion I do not know,
Thseringskyid I do not know.
A girl, who is spinning a silk thread,
Was passing by here just now.

Another
person. 8. You all belong to the shoe-maker caste,
Why did you come to my house?

3 On the fifteenth of the Tibetan month there ought to be a full moon.

8 This verse is either part of a different song, or it might be taken to express: Now we have had enough of this nonsense, go away!

Secret Love.

The girl says: 1. On the meadow, on the upper meadow,
2. On the upper meadow there is a flower in bloom.
3. Hollah, my boy!
4. A flower of very fine shape is in bloom there, my fellow!
5. Gather the flower, my boy.
6. Gather the well-shaped flower!
7. If you gather it with your hand, it will fade.
8. Gather it with your soul and keep it (fasten it) in your mind!
9. Gather it with your soul and keep it in your mind!

APPENDIX D

From the London *Times*, May 24, 1903. Mr. James Bryce at Aberdeen, May 23, 1903.

The Tibetans asked nothing better than to be let alone. They were not fierce raiders like the Afghans. They valued their splendid isolation. They wished, like Mr. Chamberlain, to exclude foreign goods, and, like the Government, to exclude alien immigrants except the Chinese. We had some petty frontier disputes with them. They had been tiresome and discourteous, refusing to send or receive envoys. Their conduct had given material out of which those who wished to have a quarrel could make a quarrel. But their very weakness and ignorance rendered it possible for a great Power to be indifferent.

The Tibetans were said to have had some communication with the Russian Government, but the Government had declared that they accepted Russia's denial. They called it a peaceful mission and professed to believe it could have a peaceful reception. The mission had become a war, etc.

APPENDIX E

Pages 6 and 7 of "Papers Relating to Tibet, 1904."

(*Note Clause II. as to control, by the Suzerain, of foreign correspondence in a protected country. Note Clause VI. as to reservation concerning future determination of method of communication between India and Tibet. Lord Curzon did not wait for this determination before making direct address to the Dalai Lama.*—O. T. C.)

Convention of 1890 between Great Britain and China relating to Sikkim and Tibet.

Whereas Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India, and His Majesty the Emperor of China, are sincerely desirous to maintain and perpetuate the relations of friendship and good understanding which now exist between their respective Empires; and whereas recent occurrences have tended towards a disturbance of the said relations, and it is desirable to clearly define and permanently settle certain matters connected with the boundary between Sikkim and Tibet, Her Britannic Majesty and His Majesty the Emperor of China have resolved to conclude a Convention on this subject and have, for this purpose, named Plenipotentiaries, that is to say;

Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, His Excellency the Most Honourable Henry Charles Keith Petty Fitzmaurice, G.M.S.I., G.C.M.G., G.M.I.E., Marqeuss of Lansdowne, Viceroy and Governor-General of India,

And His Majesty the Emperor of China, His Excellency Shêng Tai, Imperial Associate Resident in Tibet, Military Deputy Lieutenant-Governor.

Who having met and communicated to each other their

full powers, and finding these to be in proper form, have agreed upon the following Convention in eight Articles:—

ARTICLE I.—The boundary of Sikkim and Tibet shall be the crest of the mountain range separating the waters flowing into the Sikkim Teesta and its affluents from the waters flowing into the Tibetan Mochu and northwards into other rivers of Tibet. The line commences at Mount Gipmochi on the Bhutan frontier and follows the above-mentioned water-parting to the point where it meets Nipal territory.

II.—It is admitted that the British Government, whose protectorate over the Sikkim State is hereby recognised, has direct and exclusive control over the internal administration and foreign relations of that State, and except through and with the permission of the British Government, neither the Ruler of the State nor any of its officers shall have official relations of any kind, formal or informal, with any other country.

III.—The Government of Great Britain and Ireland and the Government of China engage reciprocally to respect the boundary as defined in Article I., and to prevent acts of aggression from their respective sides of the frontier.

IV.—The question of providing increased facilities for trade across the Sikkim-Tibet frontier will hereafter be discussed with a view to a mutually satisfactory arrangement by the High Contracting Powers.

V.—The question of pasturage on the Sikkim side of the frontier is reserved for further examination and future adjustment.

VI.—The High Contracting Powers reserve for discussion and arrangement the method in which official communications between the British authorities in India and the authorities in Tibet shall be conducted.

VII.—Two Joint-Commissioners shall, within six months from the ratification of this Convention, be appointed, one by the British Government in India, the other by the Chinese Resident in Tibet. The said Commissioners shall meet and discuss the questions which by the last three preceding Articles have been reserved.

VIII.—The present Convention shall be ratified, and the ratifications shall be exchanged in London as soon as possible after the date of the signature thereof.

In witness whereof the respective negotiators have signed the same and affixed thereunto the seals of their arms.

Done in quadruplicate at Calcutta this seventeenth day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety, corresponding with the Chinese date the twenty-seventh day of the second moon of the sixteenth year of Kuang Hsü.

[SEAL] (Sd) LANSDOWNE. [Chinese seal and signature.]

APPENDIX F

Pages 8 and 9 of "Papers Relating to Tibet, 1904."

(Note the declaration of the British Agent that nothing short of the complete destruction, as to British interests, of the isolation desired by Tibet, would be considered as satisfactory.— O. T. C.)

Letter from the Government of India, in the Foreign Department, to the Right Honourable the Earl of Kimberley, K.G., Her Majesty's Secretary of State for India, dated Simla, the 4th July, 1893. (Received the 25th July, 1893.)

(*Extract*)

With our despatch, dated the 25th March, 1890, we had the honour to forward copies of the Sikkim-Tibet Convention which was signed on the 17th of that month, and His Excellency the Viceroy's telegram of the 31st December, 1890, informed Lord Cross that Mr. A. W. Paul, C.I.E., C.S., had been selected for the appointment of British Commissioner under Article VII. of the Convention. In our despatch, dated the 2nd November, 1892, we reported that, although we had made numerous and important concessions to China in the course of the ensuing negotiations, matters had come to a dead-lock owing to the persistence of the Chinese in the determination to entirely exclude Indian tea from Tibet. A compromise has, however, at length been effected, and as the reserved articles of the Convention appear now to be within measurable distance of settlement, it will be convenient to place before Your Lordship a sketch of what has passed since the negotiations were opened nearly two and a half years ago. As a first step representatives on behalf of China were appointed under the terms of the Convention by the orders of

His Excellency the Amban Shêng Tai, Chief Resident in Tibet, who had signed the Convention in Calcutta; but the leading parts in the negotiations were taken on the Chinese side by Shêng Tai himself and by Mr. J. H. Hart, Secretary to the Amban. On the 16th January, 1891, Mr. Hart communicated to Mr. Paul an outline settlement of the reserved articles which he suggested should be filled in in accordance with the views of the Government of India. This outline was worded as follows:—

First: Pasturage.—Such privileges as Tibet enjoys on the Sikkim side of the frontier will be enjoyed by Sikkim on the Tibet side.

Second: Communication.—Communication shall be between the Chinese Resident in Tibet and India, and shall be transmitted through the medium of the officer in charge of trade in the Chumbi valley.

Third: Trade.—Place of trade or trade-mart yet to be designated shall be opened under regulations and with tariff yet to be arranged.

Under instruction from the Government of India, Mr. Paul, on the 23rd February, 1891, informed Mr. Hart that the Government of India accepted this outline, and that, although nothing short of free trade and free travel for all British subjects throughout Tibet would be considered a satisfactory solution of these questions, the Governor-General in Council, who was desirous not to unduly press or embarrass the Chinese Government, was prepared to agree to an arrangement on the lines of the following articles, namely:

. . . . . .

APPENDIX G

Pages 22 and 23 of "Papers Relating to Tibet, 1904."

(Note that while provision is made for correspondence with the Chinese Imperial Resident, nothing is said as to correspondence directly addressed to the Dalai Lama. Such correspondence, it is plainly assumed, will not exist. The Tibetan authorities are not parties either to these Regulations or to the original Convention of 1890.—O. T. C.)

Regulations regarding Trade, Communication, and Pasturage to be appended to the Sikkim-Tibet Convention of 1890.

I.—A trade-mart shall be established at Yatung on the Tibetan side of the frontier, and shall be open to all British subjects for purposes of trade from the first day of May, 1894. The Government of India shall be free to send officers to reside at Yatung to watch the conditions of British trade at that mart.

Trade.

II.—British subjects trading at Yatung shall be at liberty to travel freely to and fro between the frontier and Yatung, to reside at Yatung, and to rent houses and godowns for their own accommodation, and the storage of their goods. The Chinese Government undertake that suitable buildings for the above purposes shall be provided for British subjects, and also that a special and fitting residence shall be provided for the officer or officers appointed by the Government of India under Regulation I. to reside at Yatung. British subjects shall be at liberty to sell their goods to whomsoever they please, to purchase native commodities in kind or in money, to hire transport of any kind, and in general to conduct their business transactions in conformity with local usage, and without any vexatious restrictions. Such British subjects

shall receive efficient protection for their persons and property. At Lang-jo and Ta-chun, between the frontier and Yatung, where rest-houses have been built by the Tibetan authorities, British subjects can break their journey in consideration of a daily rent.

III.—Import and export trade in the following Articles—

arms, ammunition, military stores, salt, liquors, and intoxicating or narcotic drugs,

may at the option of either Government be entirely prohibited, or permitted only on such conditions as either Government on their own side may think fit to impose.

IV.—Goods, other than goods of the descriptions enumerated in Regulation III., entering Tibet from British India, across the Sikkim-Tibet frontier, or *vice versâ*, whatever their origin, shall be exempt from duty for a period of five years commencing from the date of the opening of Yatung to trade, but after the expiration of this term, if found desirable, a tariff may be mutually agreed upon and enforced.

Indian tea may be imported into Tibet at a rate of duty not exceeding that at which Chinese tea is imported into England, but trade in Indian tea shall not be engaged in during the five years for which other commodities are exempt.

V.—All goods on arrival at Yatung, whether from British India or from Tibet, must be reported at the Customs Station there for examination, and the report must give full particulars of the description, quantity, and value of the goods.

VI.—In the event of trade disputes arising between British and Chinese or Tibetan subjects in Tibet, they shall be enquired into and settled in personal conference by the Political Officer for Sikkim and the Chinese frontier officer. The object of personal conference being to ascertain facts and do justice, where there is a divergence of views the law of the country to which the defendant belongs shall guide.

VII.—Despatches from the Government of India to the Chinese Imperial Resident in Tibet shall be handed over by the Political Officer for Sikkim to the Chinese frontier officer, who will forward them by special courier. **Communication.**

Despatches from the Chinese Imperial Resident in Tibet

to the Government of India will be handed over by the Chinese frontier officer to the Political Officer for Sikkim, who will forward them as quickly as possible.

VIII.—Despatches between the Chinese and Indian officials must be treated with due respect, and couriers will be assisted in passing to and fro by the officers of each Government.

IX.—After the expiration of one year from the date of the opening of Yatung, such Tibetans as continue to graze their cattle in Sikkim will be subject to such Regulations as the British Government may from time to time enact for the general conduct of grazing in Sikkim. Due notice will be given of such Regulations.

Pasturage.

APPENDIX H

Pages 25, 42–3, and 52–3 of "Papers Relating to Tibet, 1904."

(*Note the admissions that* (a) *no practical inconvenience resulted from delay in demarcation,* (b) *that the territory in question is valueless to Sikkim,* (c) *that there are good grounds for supposing the contention of the Tibetans to be just. Then note the expression* "surrender *of territory.*"—O. T. C.)

A

Extracts from a Letter from the Government of India, in the Foreign Department, to the Right Honourable H. H. Fowler, Her Majesty's Secretary of State for India, dated Simla, the 25th June, 1895. (Received the 15th July, 1895.)

5. The Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal recommended that, if the Chinese and Tibetan delegates were unable to at once join Mr. White, he should be authorised to proceed alone to lay down the boundary where no dispute is known to exist. Demarcation was not, however, provided for in the Treaty of 1890; no serious practical inconvenience had apparently arisen through the frontier being undemarcated, and under all the circumstances we considered it preferable that Mr. White should not proceed alone beyond the Doka La. We accordingly directed that, if the Chinese delegates failed to meet him there on or about the 1st June, he should explain matters by letter to the Chinese Resident and return to Gantok.

6. Mr. White subsequently reported that the pillar erected at the Jeylap La had been demolished by Tibetans, and that the pillar on the Donchuk La had been wilfully damaged. The Lieutenant-Governor wished us to bring

pressure to bear on the Chinese Resident in order to secure reparation. There is, however, at present no evidence that the mischief is to be directly attributed to Tibetan officials, and it is in our opinion necessary to make allowances for the difficulties of the Chinese Resident's position in respect to the Tibetans.

(B)

Letter from the Government of India, in the Foreign Department, to the Right Honourable Lord George F. Hamilton, Her Majesty's Secretary of State for India, dated Simla, the 3rd September, 1895. (Received the 23rd September, 1895.)

Our Despatch, dated the 25th June, 1895, informed Her Majesty's Government of the position of affairs on the Sikkim-Tibet border. We have since been in further correspondence with Sir Nicholas O'Conor, and on the 10th August instructions were issued that our demarcation party should break up and that Mr. White should return to Gantok.

2. The Chinese Resident in Tibet suggested postponement of demarcation until after five years from the date on which the Trade Regulations attached to the Convention of 1890 came into force. His Excellency the Viceroy has declared his inability to seriously discuss such a suggestion and has communicated to the Chinese Resident a hope that nothing will prevent the work being carried out amicably next year.

(C)

From the Viceroy to the Secretary of State for India, dated 15th February, 1896.

(*Telegraphic*)

Please see our letter of 3rd September, 1895, and your despatch of 6th December, 1895. There are grounds for believing that the Tibetans possess reasonable claims in the extreme north of Sikkim to a tract of land which is excluded from Tibet by the boundary line laid down in the Convention. The tract in question is of no value to Sikkim. Would you

approve of my intimating our willingness to meet the Tibetans' claims and of my addressing the Chinese Resident with a proposal for a joint enquiry into them? If there are existing grievances that are capable of being removed I hope an impetus will be given to trade.

From the Secretary of State for India to the Viceroy, dated 2nd March, 1896.

(*Telegraphic*)

Your telegram of 15th February. Your proposal is approved by Her Majesty's Government, but the completion of the demarcation (*vide* your letter of 3rd September) must be made a condition of the surrender of any territory to Tibet.

APPENDIX I

Page 116 "Papers Relating to Tibet, 1904."

Despatch from Sir C. Scott to the Marquess of Lansdowne, dated St. Petersburgh, July 4, 1901. (Received July 8.)

(*Extract*)

With reference to my despatch of the 1st instant, I have the honour to transmit herewith, in translation, further extracts from the Russian press referring to the arrival in Russia of a so-called Tibetan Mission. Count Lamsdorff, in the course of conversation with me yesterday, characterised as ridiculous and utterly unfounded the conclusion drawn in certain organs of the Russian press that these Tibetan visitors were charged with any diplomatic or political mission. Count Lamsdorff said, that the Lama Akban was a Mongolian Buriat of Russian origin, who came occasionally to Russia with the object, he believed, of making money collections for his Order from the numerous Buddhists in the Empire. He said that on the occasion of Akban's last visit in autumn to Yalta, the Emperor had received him, and he himself had had an opportunity of learning some interesting details from him of life in Tibet. The Russian Geographical Society took an interest in his visit, which had no official character whatever, although he was accompanied on this visit by other Tibetans. Count Lamsdorff said that Dr. Badmeyeff, who takes a special interest in Tibet and Lama Akban's visit, was an eccentric character, but it was difficult to understand how the Russian press, in view of the international position of Tibet as a dependency of China, could have attributed an official or diplomatic character to the Lama's visit to Russia.

APPENDIX J

Pages 118 and 119 of "Papers Relating to Tibet, 1904."

Letter from the Government of India, in the Foreign Department, to the Right Honourable Lord George F. Hamilton, His Majesty's Secretary of State for India, dated Simla, the 25th July, 1901. (Received the 12th August, 1901.)

(*Extract*)

In despatch dated the 8th December, 1899, Your Lordship approved of the measures which we had adopted with the object of establishing direct communication with the Tibetans. We have now the honour to forward correspondence which shows the further action taken in the matter. When our despatch dated the 26th October, 1899, was written, we were awaiting the return of Ugyen Kazi, the Bhutan Vakil, from Tibet and the outcome of a letter which he had undertaken to deliver to the Dalai Lama. That letter having met with an unfavourable response, we decided to defer making any further attempt to obtain access to the Dalai Lama by the Sikkim route, and to seek some new channel of communication. Enquiries were accordingly instituted as to the possibility of despatching a suitable emissary to the Tibetan capital either through Yunnan, or through Nepal, or by way of Ladakh. Our resident in Nepal, who was verbally consulted, advised against any attempt being made to reach Lhasa *via* Nepal, except with the knowledge and consent of the Nepalese Darbar, to whom we were not prepared to refer. The agent whom we suggested to the Government of Burma as a possible emissary for the mission through Yunnan was reported to be unsuitable. The proposal to communicate through Ladakh, however, seemed to offer some prospect

of success. The plan suggested by our Resident in Kashmir was that the Assistant Resident who annually visits Leh should enter into negotiations with the Joint Governors of Western Tibet, known as the Urkhus of Gartok, by whose agency it was hoped that communication with the chief authorities at Lhasa might be secured. Upon this suggestion we authorised Captain Kennion to visit Gartok in the autumn of 1900. He was entrusted with a letter addressed by the Viceroy to the Dalai Lama, and was instructed to hand it over to the Urkhus, should there appear to be a reasonable prospect that it would be forwarded to its destination. The letter was delivered to the Chaktar Urkhu, who undertook to transmit it to the Dalai Lama. After a delay of six months, the letter was returned to Captain Kennion with the intimation that the Urkhus had not dared, in the face of the regulations against the intrusion of foreigners into Tibet, to send it to Lhasa. This enterprise having failed, we determined to make one more effort to procure the delivery of a letter to the Dalai Lama through Ugyen Kazi. A favourable opportunity was presented by the fact that he had recently purchased two elephants on commission for the Dalai Lama, and could, therefore, proceed to Lhasa without exciting suspicion. We have accordingly entrusted Ugyen Kazi with a second letter addressed by the Viceroy to the Dalai Lama, in which stress is laid upon the forbearance shown by the British Government in their relations with Tibet, and a warning is conveyed that, if the overtures which we have made with a view to establishing friendly intercourse are still treated with indifference, we reserve the right to take such steps as may seem necessary and proper to enforce the terms of the Treaty of 1890, and to ensure that the trade regulations are observed. Should this letter meet with the fate of its predecessor, we contemplate, subject to the approval of His Majesty's Government, the adoption of more practical measures with a view to securing the commercial and political facilities, which our friendly representations will have failed to procure. As to the exact form which our altered policy should assume, we shall, if necessary, address Your Lordship at a later date. But we may add, that before long, steps may require to be taken for the adequate safeguarding of British interests upon a part of the frontier where

they have never hitherto been impugned. We trust that our proceedings, as indicated in the correspondence forwarded with this despatch, will meet with the approval of His Majesty's Government.

From the Viceroy to the Secretary of State for India, dated 29th October, 1901.

(*Telegraphic*)

Your despatch of 16th August. Ugyen Kazi, who has returned from Lhasa, reports that my letter was delivered by him to the Dalai Lama, but that the latter declined to reply to it, stating, as his reason, that the matter was not one for him to settle, but must be discussed fully in Council with the Amban, the Ministers and the Lamas; and further that he was afraid that Ugyen Kazi might be killed were it to become known that an answer had been given to him.

From the Viceroy to the Secretary of State for India, dated 3rd November, 1901.

(*Telegraphic*)

My telegram of 29th October. My letter has been brought back by Ugyen Kazi with the seal intact. Ugyen Kazi reports that the Dalai Lama refused to accept it, stating, as his reason for so refusing, that he was bound by agreement not to enter into any correspondence with Foreign Governments without consulting the Chinese Ambans and the Council.

APPENDIX K

Page 145 of "Papers Relating to Tibet, 1904."

Despatch from Sir C. Scott to the Marquess of Lansdowne, dated St. Petersburgh, October 2, 1902. (Received October 6.)

(*Extract*)

The Chinese Minister, who called on me to-day, told me, in the course of conversation, that several of my colleagues had been making enquiries of him respecting a pretended text of Agreement between Russia and China in regard to Tibet, which had appeared in several continental as well as Russian newspapers. He said that he had first seen this apocryphal text in the Chinese newspapers, and that its very form and wording showed that it could not be of Chinese origin. He asked me if it could possibly have been credited as genuine by Sir Ernest Satow. I said that I did not think that Sir E. Satow attached much credit to it, and probably regarded it as a "ballon d'essai," started in non-official Russian quarters, but that the text had undoubtedly been circulated and had reached the Indian Government, and that the Chinese Government would no doubt easily be able to satisfy themselves that the Indian Government would certainly not be indifferent to any alteration in the present status and relations of a country so near to their frontiers as Tibet.

APPENDIX L

Pages 151–156 and (B) 193 of "Papers Relating to Tibet, 1904."

(The long and energetic letter of Lord Curzon, from which extracts are here given, may fairly be considered as the official basis for the attack upon Tibet. It is verbose, but it cries "Forward!" so insistently that the weary Indian Office in London finally echoes "Forward!"—a little weakly, yet loudly enough to satisfy the strenuous Viceroy. His enthusiasm makes him swallow secret treaties and Russian arms in Lhasa. —O. T. C.)

(A)

Extracts from a Letter from the Government of India, in the Foreign Department, to the Right Honourable Lord George F. Hamilton, His Majesty's Secretary of State for India, dated Camp Delhi, the 8th January, 1903. (Received the 24th January, 1903.)

. . . . .

In a despatch, dated 11th April, 1902, Your Lordship agreed to our proposal for the employment of Mr. White, and you forwarded to us copy of a letter from the Foreign Office dated March 26th, in which the Marquess of Lansdowne expressed his concurrence with us in believing that further negotiations on the subject of our relations with Tibet with the Chinese Government would not be likely to lead to any satisfactory result, and that it would be necessary to resort to local action in order to vindicate British rights under the Convention of 1890. Mr. White conducted his Mission during the past summer with expedition and success. In a despatch, dated 10th July, 1902, we explained to Your Lordship the revised instructions which we issued to him before starting and which he duly observed; and we now

have the honour to forward the correspondence contained in the attached list, showing the results of his tour. The Tibetans who were in occupation of the Giaogong plateau were directed by Mr. White to withdraw beyond the frontier, and our right to insist upon the observance of the boundary laid down by the Convention of 1890 was clearly asserted. We have since learned from Mr. White that the grazing rights on the Sikkim side of the border which had been usurped by the Tibetans are, in fact, balanced by similar rights which are conceded to the Sikkimese across the Tibetan border, and that the *status quo* is probably the most convenient arrangement in the interest of both parties

. . . . . .

and it is probable that the chief advantage derived from Mr. White's mission up to the present time consists in the fear inspired among the Tibetans that it is the prelude to some further movement—an advantage which would be wholly sacrificed when the discovery was made that no such consequence was likely to ensue. If, therefore, we now enter upon negotiations with no other vantage ground than the successful reassertion of our authority on a very inconspicuous section of the border, it does not appear that there is much reason for anticipating a more favourable solution of the Tibetan problem than has attended our previous efforts, unless indeed, we are prepared to assume a minatory tone and to threaten Tibet with further advance if the political and commercial relations between us are allowed any longer to be reduced to a nullity by her policy of obstinate inaction. The second combination of circumstances that has materially affected the situation is the rumoured conclusion of a Secret Agreement by which the Russian Government has acquired certain powers of interference in Tibet. We have ourselves reported to Your Lordship circumstantial evidence derived from a variety of quarters all pointing in the same direction and tending to show the existence of an arrangement of some sort between Russia and Tibet. . . . It is unnecessary for us to remind Your Lordship that the Russian border nowhere even touches that of Tibet, and that the nearest point of Russian territory is considerably more than a thousand miles short of the Tibetan capital, which is situated in the

extreme south, and in close proximity to the northern frontier of the Indian Empire. Neither need we point to the historical fact that no other States or Powers have, during the time that the British dominion has been established in India, had any connection with Tibet, but, firstly, China who possesses a nominal suzerainty over the country, secondly, Nepal, a State in close political connection with India, and, thirdly, the British Government itself. The policy of exclusiveness to which the Tibetan Government has during the last century become increasingly addicted has only been tolerated by us, because anomalous and unfriendly as it has been, it carried with it no element of political or military danger. At no time during that century do we imagine that Great Britain would have permitted the creation of a rival or hostile influence in a position so close to the Indian border and so pregnant with possibilities of mischief. We are of opinion that the only way in which to counteract the danger by which we regard British interests as directly threatened in Tibet, is to assume the initiative ourselves, and we regard the Chinese proposals for a conference as affording an excellent opportunity for pressing forward and carrying out this policy. We are in favour, subject to a qualification that we shall presently mention, of accepting the Chinese proposals, but of attaching to them the condition that the conference shall take place not upon our frontier, but at Lhasa, and that it shall be attended by a representative of the Tibetan Government, who shall participate in the proceedings. In this way alone does it appear to us that we shall escape the ignominious position of having an Agreement which has been formally concluded with the Chinese subsequently repudiated by the Tibetans; and in no other way do we regard it as in the least likely that the wall of Tibetan impassivity and obstruction will be broken down. We might find many precedents in the history of India for missions with a not altogether dissimilar object. . . . In view of the contingency of opposition, we think that the mission, if decided upon, should be accompanied by an armed escort, sufficient to overawe any opposition that might be encountered on the way, and to ensure its safety while in Lhasa. The military strength of the Tibetans is beneath contempt, and serious resistance is not to be contemplated. It would, however, be

unwise to run any risk, for reports have reached us that an attempt is now made to drill the Tibetan troops at Lhasa, and that breech-loaders and other munitions of war have actually already been secretly imported into the capital. At the same time the most emphatic assurances might be given to the Chinese and Tibetan Governments that the mission was of an exclusively commercial character, that we repudiated all designs of a political nature upon Tibet, that we had no desire either to declare a Protectorate or permanently to occupy any portion of the country, but that our intentions were confined to removing the embargo that at present rests upon all trade between Tibet and India, and to establishing those amicable relations and means of communication which ought to subsist between adjacent and friendly Powers.

. . . . . .

(B)

From the Secretary of State for India to the Viceroy, dated May 28, 1903.

(*Telegraphic*)

Your proposals of the 7th and 21st May regarding Tibet have been considered with great care by His Majesty's Government. They agree with you in desiring the promotion of trade facilities in Tibet, and a guarantee that the Tibetans shall be prevented from evading or rejecting engagements made on their behalf in any new treaty or convention. A procedure, therefore, whereby both the Chinese and Tibetan Governments will be bound by the acts of their representatives has their approval. They wish, however, that the negotiations should be restricted to questions concerning trade relations, the frontier, and grazing rights; and they desire that no proposal should be made for the establishment of a Political Agent either at Gyangtse or at Lhasa. Such a political outpost might entail difficulties and responsibilities incommensurate, in the judgment of His Majesty's Government, with any benefits which, in the circumstances now known to exist, could be gained by it. The Foreign Office have recently received assurances that Russia has no intention of developing political interests in Tibet. Moreover,

His Majesty's Government are unwilling to be committed, by threats accompanying the proposals which may be made to any definite course of compulsion to be undertaken in the future. They authorise you, then, subject to the conditions above stated, to communicate with the Chinese Resident and Tibetan representative, fixing Khamba Jong as the place of meeting. They also request that the purport and progress of the negotiations, as they proceed, may be communicated to them from time to time.

APPENDIX M

Page 187 of "Papers Relating to Tibet, 1904."

Despatch from the Marquess of Lansdowne to Sir C. Scott, dated April 8, 1903.

(*Extract*)

The Russian Ambassador informed me to-day that he had received from Count Lamsdorff a reply to the communication which he had made to him after his conversation with me on the 24th ultimo. Count Lamsdorff's letter had been despatched from St. Petersburgh before he could receive the further despatch which Count Benckendorff had addressed to him after our conversation on the 1st instant. Count Benckendorff was now able to assure me officially that there was no Convention about Tibet, either with Tibet itself or with China, or with anyone else, nor had the Russian Government any Agents in that country, or any intention of sending Agents or Missions there. Count Lamsdorff had even expressed some surprise that Count Benckendorff had not taken upon himself to give an immediate contradiction to these reports. He was, indeed, astonished that they should receive so much credence by His Majesty's Government. Count Benckendorff went on to say that although the Russian Government had no designs whatever upon Tibet, they could not remain indifferent to any serious disturbance of the *status quo* in that country. Such a disturbance might render it necessary for them to safeguard their interests in Asia, not that, even in this case, they would desire to interfere in the affairs of Tibet, as their policy "ne viserait le Thibet en aucun cas," but they might be obliged to take measures elsewhere. They regarded Tibet as forming a part of the Chinese Empire, in the integrity of which they

took an interest. His Excellency went on to say that he hoped that there was no question of any action on our part in regard to Tibet which might have the effect of raising questions of this kind. I told His Excellency that we had no idea of annexing the country, but he was well aware that it immediately adjoined our frontier, that we had Treaties with the Tibetans, and a right to trade facilities. If these were denied to us, and if the Tibetans did not fulfil their Treaty obligations, it would be absolutely necessary that we should insist upon our rights. His Excellency signified assent. I added that it seemed to me that in cases of this kind, where an uncivilised country adjoined the possessions of a civilised Power, it was inevitable that the latter should exercise a certain amount of local predominance. Such a predominance, as I had before explained to him, belonged to us in Tibet. But it did not follow from this that we had any designs upon the independence of the country.

APPENDIX O

Pages 5 and 6 of "Further Papers Relating to Tibet, 1904."

(While both these despatches cover the same incident, it seemed best to preserve, not only the concise detail of facts given by General Macdonald, but also the philosophic generalisation of Lord Curzon. His unconscious effrontery even in talking about a weak people—not to them—would be humourous were it not painful. The italics are not in the original print.— O. T. C.)

From the Viceroy to the Secretary of State for India, dated the 1st April, 1904.

(*Telegraphic*)

Younghusband telegraphs, on the 31st March, to following effect: "Some resistance was offered at Guru, but we have occupied the village, and will establish there an advance supply depôt, the force returning here in the evening. Our casualties consisted of only a few wounded, of whom only Candler, the correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, is severely hurt; we have none killed. The losses of the Tibetans amount to 300 or more killed and many wounded and prisoners. Amongst the killed are the Lhasa General and another General. The scene of the fighting was a post, which had been recently constructed by them actually on the road; they were surrounded to such a degree that our men were pointing their rifles into the camp over the walls. No violence was used by our men who showed very great self-restraint; O'Conor told the Lhasa General that, if his men would surrender their arms, they would be permitted to retire. This, however, had no effect, and General Macdonald then ordered our men to begin disarming the Tibetans, who resisted and attacked our troops with swords and with

firing. We then returned the fire. *This result was wholly caused by the complete inability of the Tibetans, even when our troops absolutely surrounded them, to take in the seriousness of the situation.*"

From the Viceroy to the Secretary of State for India, dated the 1st April, 1904.

(*Telegraphic*)

Following telegram received from Macdonald:

"Thuna, 31st March. I moved to Guru this morning to establish a supply depôt at that place, taking the following force with me: Two guns, No. 7 Mounted Battery, two 7-pounders 8th Gurkhas, one-and-a-half companies Mounted Infantry, three companies 23rd Pioneers, four companies 32nd Pioneers, two companies 8th Gurkhas, machine gun Norfolks, and section Field Hospital. We moved out of Thuna at 8 A.M., the ground being covered with snow, about two inches of which fell last night. Colonel Younghusband accompanied me. When we had moved about four miles across the plain we were met by a deputation of Tibetan leaders, who demanded our retiring to Yatung, and threatened trouble if we advanced. Colonel Younghusband replied that we would proceed to Guru, and asked if they were prepared to oppose us, to which no definite answer was given; Colonel Younghusband accordingly asked me to refrain from firing till fired at. A large number of armed Tibetans, estimated at about 2,000, were observed on a hill jutting out into the plain some four miles short of Guru, where they occupied sangars and a high wall commanding the road. I advanced in attack formation, shouldering the Tibetans off the hill, and outflanking them on the plains, without firing, the troops exercising the greatest restraint. The result was that 1,500 Tibetan troops collected behind the high wall, blocking the road, and refusing to budge. They were informed that they would have to lay down their arms, and an attempt was accordingly made to disarm them, a portion of the reserve being moved up for the purpose. The Lhasa leaders then incited an attack upon us, the Lhasa Depon firing the first shot and the Tibetans firing point-blank and

charging with swords; they were, however, so hemmed in that they could not make use of their numbers, and after a few minutes were in full retreat under a heavy fire of guns, Maxims and rifles, which caused them heavy loss. The 2nd Mounted Infantry were despatched in pursuit, and the balance of the troops reforming pushed on to Guru. The two eastern Guru villages were evacuated, but the western one was held, and, after being shelled, was taken by the 2nd Mounted Infantry and Gurkhas, the garrison surrendering. This ended the engagement, except that the 1st Mounted Infantry continued the pursuit for some miles further. Our casualties are—Major Wallace Dunlop slightly wounded; Mr. Candler, 'Daily Mail' correspondent, severely wounded, and seven sepoys wounded. The enemy's loss is nearly 500 killed and wounded, and 200 prisoners, all their camp and baggage, about 60 yaks and 30 mules, with 2 gingalls and a large number of matchlocks and swords, together with a few breechloaders, two of which were of Russian make. Amongst the Tibetans killed was the chief Lhasa Depon and the Lama representative of the Gaden Monastery; also one Shigatse Depon, whilst the Phari Depon was captured, severely wounded. Two companies 32nd Pioneers and the 2nd Mounted Infantry are established at Guru, as an advanced post, the remaining troops returning to Tuna by 7 P.M., after a long and trying day, having marched 21 miles and fought two engagements. Fuller details follow. Writing report. All Tibetan wounded have been brought in, and are being attended to."

APPENDIX P

Despatch of a correspondent in the field.

From the London *Times*, May 31, 1903. Under date April 22nd.—The Tibetans' peasants' manners are perfect. The small boy jumps off the harrow upon which he has been having a ride, and, stopping his song, bows with his joined hands in front of his face, elbows up and right knee bent. A householder smiles, gives two inches of tongue, and gives a Napoleonic salute as we pass.

APPENDIX Q

Page 90 (et seq.), "Further Papers Relating to Tibet, 1905."

Convention between Great Britain and Tibet.

Whereas doubts and difficulties have arisen as to the meaning and validity of the Anglo-Chinese Convention of 1890 and the Trade Regulations of 1895, and as to the liabilities of the Tibetan Government under these agreements; and whereas recent occurrences have tended towards a disturbance of the relations of friendship and good understanding which have existed between the British Government and the Government of Tibet; and whereas it is desirable to restore peace and amicable relations, and to resolve and determine the doubts and difficulties aforesaid, the said Governments have resolved to conclude a Convention with these objects, and the following articles have been agreed upon by Colonel F. E. Younghusband, C. I. E., in virtue of full powers vested in him by His Britannic Majesty's Government and on behalf of that Government, and Lo-Sang, Gyal-Tsen, the Ga-den Ti-Rimpoche, and the representatives of the Council, of the three monasteries Se-ra, Dre-pung, and Ga-den, and of the ecclesiastical and lay officials of the National Assembly on behalf of the Government of Tibet.

I

The Government of Tibet engages to respect the Anglo-Chinese Convention of 1890 and to recognise the frontier between Sikkim and Tibet, as defined in Article I. of the said Convention, and to erect boundary pillars accordingly.

II

The Tibetan Government undertakes to open forthwith trade marts to which all British and Tibetan subjects shall

have free right of access at Gyangtse and Gartok, as well as at Yatung.

The Regulations applicable to the trade mart at Yatung, under the Anglo-Chinese Agreement of 1893, shall, subject to such amendments as may hereafter be agreed upon by common consent between the British and Tibetan Governments, apply to the marts above mentioned.

In addition to establishing trade marts at the places mentioned, the Tibetan Government undertakes to place no restrictions on the trade by existing routes, and to consider the question of establishing fresh trade marts under similar conditions if development of trade requires it.

III

The question of the amendment of the Regulations of 1893 is reserved for separate consideration, and the Tibetan Government undertakes to appoint fully authorised delegates to negotiate with representatives of the British Government as to the details of the amendments required.

IV

The Tibetan Government undertakes to levy no dues of any kind other than those provided for in the tariff to be agreed upon.

V

The Tibetan Government undertakes to keep the roads to Gyangtse and Gartok from the frontier clear of all obstruction and in a state of repair suited to the needs of the trade, and to establish at Yatung, Gyangtse, and Gartok, and at each of the other trade marts that may hereafter be established, a Tibetan Agent who shall receive from the British Agent appointed to watch over British trade at the marts in question any letter which the latter may desire to send to the Tibetan or to the Chinese authorities. The Tibetan Agent shall also be responsible for the due delivery of such communications and for the transmission of replies.

VI

As an indemnity to the British Government for the expense incurred in the despatch of armed troops to Lhasa, to

exact reparation for breaches of treaty obligations, and for the insults offered to and attacks upon the British Commissioner and his following and escort, the Tibetan Government engages to pay a sum of pounds, five hundred thousand—equivalent to rupees seventy-five lakhs—to the British Government.

The indemnity shall be payable at such place as the British Government may, from time to time, after due notice, indicate, whether in Tibet or in the British districts of Darjeeling or Jalpaiguri, in seventy-five annual instalments of rupees, one lakh each on the 1st January in each year, beginning from the 1st January, 1906.

VII

As security for the payment of the above-mentioned indemnity, and for the fulfilment of the provisions relative to trade marts specified in Articles II, III, IV, and V, the British Government shall continue to occupy the Chumbi Valley until the indemnity has been paid and until the trade marts have been effectively opened for three years, whichever date may be the later.

VIII

The Tibetan Government agrees to raze all forts and fortifications and remove all armaments which might impede the free communication between the British frontier and the towns of Gyangtse and Lhasa.

IX

The Government of Tibet engages that, without the previous consent of the British Government,—

(*a*) No portion of Tibetan territory shall be ceded, sold, leased, mortgaged, or otherwise given for occupation, to any Foreign Power;

(*b*) No such Power shall be permitted to intervene in Tibetan affairs;

(*c*) No Representative or Agents of any Foreign Power shall be admitted to Tibet;

(*d*) No concessions for railways, roads, telegraphs, mining or other rights, shall be granted to any Foreign

Power, or the subject of any Foreign Power. In the event of consent to such concessions being granted, similar or equivalent concessions shall be granted to the British Government;

(*e*) No Tibetan revenues, whether in kind or in cash, shall be pledged or assigned to any Foreign Power, or the subject of any Foreign Power.

X

In witness whereof the negotiators have signed the same, and affixed thereunto the seal of their arms.

Done in duplicate at Lhasa, this 7th day of September in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and four, corresponding with the Tibetan date, the 27th day of the seventh month of the Wood Dragon year.

[*The seals of the Tibetan Commission* (*British*), *of the Council* (*Tibetan*), *of the Dalai Lama* (*applied by the Ga-den Ti-Rimpoche*), *of the Dre-pung, Se-ra, and Ga-den monasteries, and of the National Assembly are then affixed, and the signature of F. E. Younghusband, Colonel, British Commisioner, also appears.*—O. T. C.]

In proceeding to the signature of the Convention, dated this day, the representatives of Great Britain and Tibet declare that the English text shall be binding.

(*Seals as above repeated.*—O. T. C.)

This Convention was ratified by the Viceroy and Governor-General of India in Council at Simla on the 11th day of November, A.D., one thousand nine hundred and four.

(Signed) S. M. FRASER,
Secretary to the Government of India,
Foreign Department.

APPENDIX R

Declarations signed by His Excellency the Viceroy and the Governor-General of India, and appended to the Ratified Convention of 7th of September, 1904.

His Excellency the Viceroy and Governor-General of India, having ratified the convention which was concluded at Lhasa on the 7th of September, 1904, by Colonel Younghusband, C. I. E., British Commissioner for Tibet frontier matters, on behalf of His Britannic Majesty's Government, and by Lo-Sang, Gyal-Tsen, the Ga-den, Ti-Rimpoche, and the representatives of the Council of the monasteries, Se-ra, Dre-pung, and Ga-den, and of the Government of Tibet, is pleased to direct as an act of grace that the sum of money which the Tibetan Government have bound themselves, under the terms of Article 6 of the said convention, to pay to his Majesty's Government as an indemnity for the expenses incurred by the latter in connection with the dispatch of armed forces to Lhasa, be reduced from Rs. 7,500,000 to Rs. 2,500,000, and to declare that the British occupation of Chumbi Valley shall cease, after the payment of three annual installments of said indemnity, as fixed by the said Article. Provided, however, that the trade marts, as stipulated in Article 2 of the convention, shall have been effectively opened for three years, as provided in Article 6 of the convention, and that in the meantime the Tibetans shall have faithfully complied with the term of the said Convention in all other respects.

APPENDIX S

No. 193

Despatch from the Secretary of State for India to the Government of India, December 2nd, 1904.

(*Note the inconsistency between the declaration concerning isolation, and the insistence upon trade relations, an insistence for which London is equally responsible with Calcutta.*—O. T. C.)

Section 6. The object of that policy, as stated in Lord George Hamilton's despatch of the 27th of February, 1903, was that British influence should be recognised at Lhasa in such manner as to exclude that of any other power; and that Tibet should remain in that state of isolation from which, until recently, she had shown no intention to depart, and which has hitherto caused her presence on our frontier to be a matter of indifference to us. We have intended effecting this result not by establishing a Resident at Lhasa but by obtaining the consent of the Tibetan Government to a convention by which they undertook not to receive the agent of any foreign power, nor to grant concessions or assignments of revenue to the subject of any foreign power without the previous consent of the British Government.

Page 35 "*Further Papers Relating to Tibet, 1905.*"

Extract from a Letter from the Government of India to the Secretary of State for India, dated Simla, the 30th June, 1904.

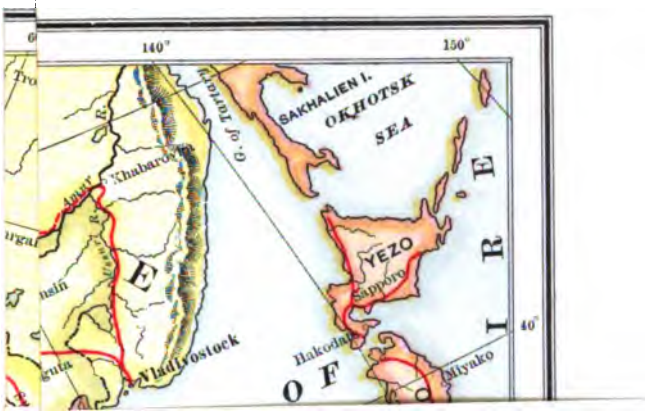
If on this occasion also, after protracted discussions and costly military operations in Tibetan territory, we retire, leaving no visible sign of our authority within their borders, and are content to secure a Convention which like its predecessors may be rendered nugatory by the non-existence of practical guarantees, then we shall only find ourselves, after heavy outlay, in a worse position than before, and the Tibetans will believe more firmly than ever that our failure to gain our ends is due to inability to force submission.

APPENDIX T

Page 483 "The Opening of Tibet," Landon.

In the hands of the three monasteries, therefore, lies all the power at this moment, and their bitter hostility to foreign influence of any kind is the strongest guarantee we have that no further philanderings with Russia will be allowed to go on. This, after all, is our chief aim. All other considerations are of insignificant importance, and we are willing on our part to co-operate with the Tibetans on our side of the frontier to keep unauthorised persons from visiting Tibet, provided, of course, that an equally strict isolation is enforced on all other frontiers.

We have not made ourselves beloved by the Lamaic hierarchy, but their grudging respect we have won, and that for an understanding with an Eastern oligarchy is a better basis than love.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